FORUM and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

PRESIDENT HOOVER is again to be congratulated on the appointment of Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as national administrator of unemployment relief. The President has picked the man who has captained the only corporation of greater magnitude which has withstood the depression on an even keel without appreciable curtailment of service, dividends, or wages. It is no reflection on Mr. Gifford to state that the Bell system enjoys not only the advantage of being almost as necessary as the butcher and the baker, but also freedom from competition and the restraints of the anti-trust laws, as well as protection, through government regulation of its services as an interstate public utility, against cyclical inflation or deflation.

WHAT MAY we expect from Mr. Gifford as unemployment administrator? We may expect an efficient integration of local relief plans. We may look for encouragement to every form of personal contribution, community chest, and civic unemployment committee. Mr. Gifford will support vigorously President Hoover's counsel of courage and individualism and strive in every way to make the sum total of individual and local action large enough to satisfy the employment needs of the nation as a whole. Through his agencies he will fight for the creation of jobs wherever human resourcefulness can devise them, and countenance the dispensing of charity only when the last ditch is reached.

WELL and good; but will the sum total of local initiative be sufficient to tide over the winter without supplementing local measures by some sort of federal Plan? It would be comforting to know that President Hoover, in giving Mr. Gifford his federal job, had insured it with some federal proposal to be kept in the background until necessary. That he did so is unlikely, in view of the President's repeated warnings against any form of national panacea for unemployment. But unless the President does take the

Contents for OCTOBER

Our Supreme Court Goes Liberal	JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD	193
What Is News?	STANLEY WALKER	200
Communism or the Catholic Church	GEORGE N. SHUSTER	207
Marianne in Clover	EDWARD ANGLY	213
Television. *Is It Getting Anywhere?*	GEORGE TICHENOR	218
Reflections on a Rotten Apple	G. K. CHESTERTON	224
The Sixth Decade	LEE WILSON DODD	228
Standards	JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS	232
The Morning After	PAUL D. GESNER	240
The Security Wage	JOHN T. FLYNN	247
Joseph T. Robinson. *Presidential Possibilities — III*	ELLIOTT THURSTON	252
Wipe Out the Gangsters!	SMEDLEY D. BUTLER	XVII
Opinions about Books		
The Brown Decades	NEWTON ARVIN	VI
Rousseau	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN	VIII
Alexanderplatz Berlin	LOUIS KRONENBERGER	IX
Our Rostrum		XIX
Travel. *A Convent in Spain*	ALICE CURTIS DESMOND	XXI
Downtown. *Taking Advantage of the Bear Market*	DONALD REA HANSON	XXVI
Toasts		XXXII

VOL. LXXXVI — No. 4

THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1931, in the United States and Great Britain. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM

Next Month

IS CAPITALISM DOOMED?

André Maurois

With communism and socialism getting a foothold in so many countries, it is of pressing interest to learn how far they are likely to go. Will they replace capitalism altogether? Is there no blood left in the old system? Mr. Maurois answers these questions by means of a keen analysis of the relative appeal to human nature of capitalism and communism.

NEW HOUSES

Walter B. Pitkin

Mr. Pitkin finds plumbers, plasterers, carpenters, architects, roofers, and their brethren as outmoded as he found the dirt farmer in his recent FORUM article. The average American home, he insists, is a conventional collection of hangovers from the middle ages. In this provocative article he offers blueprints for what he considers a truly modern house, and suggestions for rejuvenating the building trades.

WEEK-END RELIGION

Ernest W. Mandeville

A new religious movement which substitutes house parties for revival meetings is sweeping high society into its fold. "Buchmanites," as the followers of Frank Buchman are known, will be up in arms over this attack by Ernest Mandeville on the methods of the movement. He finds them more Freudian than religious, and cites cases in substantiation of his accusations.

NO MORE PLANS

L. M. Graves

Those who have been protesting against the Five Year Planners from the start, will find the words taken out of their mouths by this plain statement from a business man. And those who approved of the proposals of Charles A. Beard and Jay Franklin in their recent FORUM articles, will find the objections which Mr. Graves raises worthy at least of consideration.

SAMUEL SEABURY

Walter Chambers

An estimate of the presidential chances of the judge whose investigation into the corruption of New York City has brought him into prominence throughout the country. In this, the fourth in THE FORUM'S series of "presidential possibilities," Walter Chambers gives an intimate picture of the man and his policies.

RUBBER

Howard Wolf

Do you know where rubber comes from, who invented the present methods of using it, how many articles are made from it, how much money goes into it every year? There are hundreds of fascinating facts about this industry which the ordinary man does not know, and which he can learn from Mr. Wolf's readable account.

BUDGETS FOR MODERATE INCOMES

The results and the prize-winning papers in THE FORUM'S budget contest will be published in the November issue.

FOREWORD

Continued

leadership with such a Plan, it is probable that the next Congress will do it for him and cloud the sky with programs.

MR. GIFFORD might do well to frame on his wall a recommendation by Professor Charles A. Beard in his "'Five-Year Plan' for America" in the July FORUM: a gigantic national housing program to be carried out by local corporations but financed through the government "by Freedom Bonds and sold with the zeal of war issues." Be it said to the critics of the Beard Plan that Professor Beard recommends no more government regulation of business than that already accepted by American tradition and applied with satisfaction, for example, to Mr. Gifford's own corporation. Naturally we need something constructive to capture the imagination at the same time that individually we practice relentless saving and thrift. If a better-home crusade does not provide jobs enough for seven million idle hands, the federal loan might also supply funds to enable regional commissions to borrow from the government and press forward a variety of desirable projects in road building, reclamation, reforestration, water power, and quelling crime.

ONE OF THE clouds hanging over us this autumn is the "dole." This word is much abused, but specifically it means government unemployment insurance as practiced since the war in England. In this issue of THE FORUM we present an article by Mr. John T. Flynn in which he concludes that the guaranteeing of employment by and large will not become effective in America except by government regulation. Mr. Flynn may or may not be right, but the time has not yet come when it is necessary to throw up the sponge and call in the government. The present is the best time for employer and employee in every field of activity to get together and draft private plans similar to those of Proctor and Gamble, and the industries of the city of Rochester, New York. The right to fire and hire need not be restricted if retirement plans can be devised to set up sinking funds that will provide for all the social safeguards recommended for the worker.

IN A LETTER to the Editor, Mr. John R. Hall of New York, an authority on industrial retirement plans, says, "Capitalism seems to have encouraged the full enjoyment of the present — the spendthrift idea — and discouraged the idea of future security, which has been so persistent a factor in the economy of countries like France." Might not President Hoover, in his capacity not of dictator but adviser, recommend to American industry that it take the initiative?

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will *Man* at last capture this great secret of RESTORING LIFE --*and become Deathless?*

No discovery of modern science is more amazing than this — that the restoration of life has actually taken place! This miracle is as yet confined to the world of the microscope — but who can tell whether the omniscient eyes of Science already discern the possibility of human immortality?

THIS astonishing discovery was made through a simple experiment: A little water-animal called a *polyp* was cut into "mincemeat" — forced through a silk sieve. This should have killed the *polyp* completely, forever!

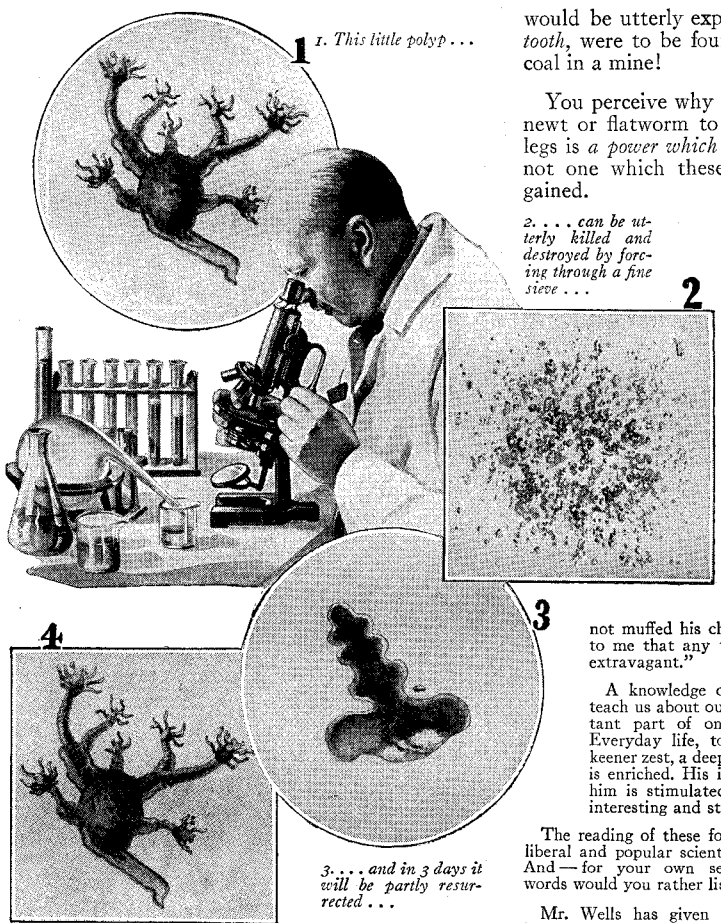
On the second day the cell-sediment began to draw together. On the third day the rough outlines of the original *polyp* mass showed themselves. By the sixth day the complete animal was reconstructed and restored to healthy activity!

It is inconceivable at present to think of the tissues of man being restored like this. But it is scarcely less remarkable than some of the amazing transformations that have actually occurred during man's age-long rise from the first single-celled *amoeba!*

From the SPIRAL FIRE MIST to the BABY BORN TODAY

"Man," writes H. G. Wells, in his great new work, *The Science of Life,*" is part of an unbroken stream of life. That same stream, in the dawn of life on earth, manifested itself in the form of single microscopic cells. Hundreds of millions of years later, after transformation through forms we dimly guess at — forms of polyps, of worm-like creatures, of headless things like lancelets — it flowed through thousands of generations in the form of fish. It emerged on land. It learnt to be a reptile. It covered itself with hair and warmed its blood and fed its young with milk. Still without break of continuity, it transformed itself to become fully mammalian, its young to grow as parasites upon its life. Four-footed, tailed and hairy, it took to the Eocene forests. It grew into lemur, into monkey, into ape. And finally ape turned man-ape, and man-ape grew to man."

In unfolding this fascinating story of life on earth, Mr. Wells has had the aid of Professor Julian Huxley, one of the most prominent scientists of today, and of Mr. G. P. Wells, the writer's son, a well-known research worker in biology.


1
1. This little polyp . . .
2. . . . can be utterly killed and destroyed by forcing through a fine sieve . . .
2
3
3. . . . and in 3 days it will be partly resurrected . . .
4
4. . . . and in a week it will be whole and healthy again.

ALL THAT MODERN MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIFE ON EARTH

You learn why the theory of Evolution, even though it is now proven "to the hilt," would be utterly exploded if *a single human tooth*, were to be found in the strata of the coal in a mine!

You perceive why the ability of a lobster, newt or flatworm to replace lost claws and legs is *a power which human beings have lost,* not one which these lower creatures have gained.

In a word, you absorb, through an easy-reading narrative with all the continuing interest of a novel, a comprehensive idea of all that life has been, is, and is likely to be on this earth.

Your Complete Cultural Background in Four Volumes

SPEAKING of *The Science of Life,* PROFESSOR HARRY ELMER BARNES of Smith College writes: "Among all who qualify for this function of humanizing knowledge . . . Wells stands easily at the top. And in this supreme effort of his life in this direction he has not muffed his chance. . . . It does not seem to me that any terms of praise could be too extravagant."

A knowledge of what modern science can teach us about ourselves has become an important part of one's "personal background." Everyday life, to such a person takes on a keener zest, a deeper meaning. His conversation is enriched. His interest in everything around him is stimulated — and he in turn becomes interesting and stimulating to others.

The reading of these four volumes is like putting a liberal and popular scientific education into your life. And — for your own self-improvement — to whose words would you rather listen than to Wells?

Mr. Wells has given these years to this project because he believes that a really liberal knowledge of *why* we are *what* we are, is the greatest force for self-improvement and personal happiness. He gives you the background of all life in order to help you make more of your own!

Sent for 5 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION

Merely mailing the coupon below will bring you, for FREE EXAMINATION, this amazing new Story of All Things Living. Read *The Science of Life* for five days free. You risk nothing, you pay nothing. You are not obligated at all unless you are delighted with these four handsomely bound books. Send coupon — without money — at once. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Dept. 6010, Garden City, N. Y.

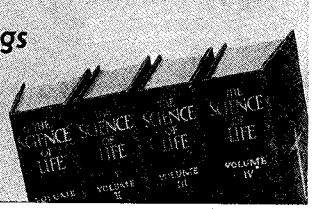
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

The Story of All Living Things

By H. G. WELLS

In Collaboration with

JULIAN HUXLEY AND G. P. WELLS



Doubleday, Doran & Co., Dept. 6010, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' free examination H. G. Wells' *The Science of Life* in four volumes. I will either return it at your expense, or I will send you $2.00 and $2.00 each month for five months, total of $12.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A World Can End

by IRINA SKARIATINA. "Of all the memoirs that have been written by exiled nobility this is without any exception the clearest, the truest, the most absorbing, the most moving." — *Knoxville News-Sentinel.* $3.50

Four Handsome Negresses

by R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST. "As original in its way as *Lolly Willowes* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* were in theirs." — Harry Hansen. $2.00

These Thirteen

by WILLIAM FAULKNER. The first collection of Faulkner's short stories to be published in book form. $2.50

Decent Fellows

by JOHN HEYGATE. The top-hatted, frock-coated young Etonians have at last appeared in a satisfying novel. $2.50

One Lives to Tell the Tale

by EDMUND GILLIGAN. An amazing true story of a German's escape from a war prison at Cape Town. *Foreword by* LOWELL THOMAS. $3.50

The Lodger

by MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Called by Edmund Pearson the best novel about murder written by any living author. $2.00

Scandal in the Chancery

by DIPLOMAT. Another gay farce comedy of diplomatic life by this anonymous author who knows enough to be able to poke fun at officialdom. $2.00

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East 46th Street New York

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Reviews by

NEWTON ARVIN JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Gilded Age

THE BROWN DECADES; A STUDY OF THE ARTS IN AMERICA, 1865–1895, by Lewis Mumford; Harcourt, Brace, $3.00.
Reviewed by NEWTON ARVIN.

HOW DIFFICULT it was, ten years ago — and, I suppose, still more, twenty years ago — to think with patience and tolerance of the period of thirty years between the Civil War and the end of the century! How "bogged and mired" those decades seemed in the commonplace and the tasteless, the genteel and the unsightly! Now, however, a whole generation intervenes between us and the last days of the period; between us and its early days, two generations intervene; and gradually it is becoming possible to envisage it with some discrimination, to appreciate its best without being reminded at the moment of its worst, to incorporate it at last in that imaginative whole into which, sooner or later, we must see to it that our entire past is taken up. Various books have latterly been written with this intention and with this effect, but none more pointedly, and few more skillfully, than this new volume of Mr. Mumford's.

For what several other writers have done somewhat indirectly or incidentally Mr. Mumford is here doing head-on: that is, rehabilitating the Gilded Age — not, to be sure, as a whole, but in what he argues to have been its brighter and more creative aspects. "Beneath the crass surface," he says, "a new life was stirring in departments of American thought and culture that had hitherto been barren, or entirely colonial and derivative; and it is to these growths that we now turn with a feeling of kinship and understanding." Mr. Mumford, in writing this book, is not unlike a man who might have ventured dispiritedly into the occupation and cultivation of some dreary tract of infertile soil, only to come, in digging, upon the outlying veins of a gold deposit or a rich supply of natural gas. But the analogy is unjust to him after all. It is no accident that he has hit upon these riches: it is a result of his talent for discovery, his fine gift of refreshed appreciation, his power of taking in an age as a totality and interpreting its major motives.

These are virtues we have come to expect of Mr. Mumford, and they are embodied in this book, less brilliantly I think than in *The Golden Day*, but still impressively. That earlier volume was devoted almost wholly to American letters: in this book, Mr. Mumford speaks of American writers only in the first chapter. His main concern is not with letters but with the other arts — with the "renewal of the landscape," with city-planning, with park-making, with bridge-building, with architecture, and with painting. Much of this is to most of us laymen, and no doubt to too many professionals, a new-found land. Figures such as James Jackson Jarves (who wrote an enlightened treatise on æsthetics, in the modern vein, before the Civil War), George Perkins Marsh (whose *Man and Nature*, anticipating the program of the conservationists, appeared in 1864), Frederick Law Olmstead (who designed Central Park and laid the foundations of modern park design), and even more recent figures such as John W. Root, Louis Sullivan, and Montgomery Schuyler, are either not known at all or not known by any means so widely as their distinction should imply. To the work of these men, Mr. Mumford contends persuasively, much of the most inspired activity of our own time goes back; and the argument is enriched by what he says of that extraordinary generation of painters which included Thomas Eakins, Albert C. Ryder, John La Farge, Winslow Homer, and Mary Cassatt.

Certainly this is a handful of men in the

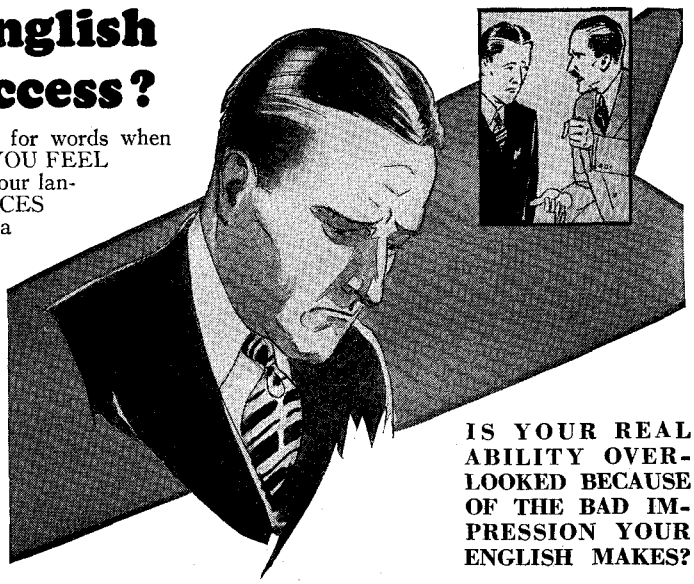
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do These Mistakes in English Block Your Road to Success?

DO YOU HANDICAP YOURSELF by hesitating and groping for words when you are called upon for information in a business conference? DO YOU FEEL ILL AT EASE when you talk to "the boss" because you know your language doesn't do you justice? DO YOU HURT YOUR CHANCES FOR SUCCESS by using slipshod English when you apply for a position, present a sales talk, or write a letter that might mean the turning point in your career? ARE YOU GUILTY of mistakes in pronunciation, slips in grammar, wrong use of words, limited vocabulary, bad punctuation? These faults HOLD YOU BACK. Why allow others to forge ahead of you, when you can now easily give yourself the mastery of English that will give you the advantage over all?

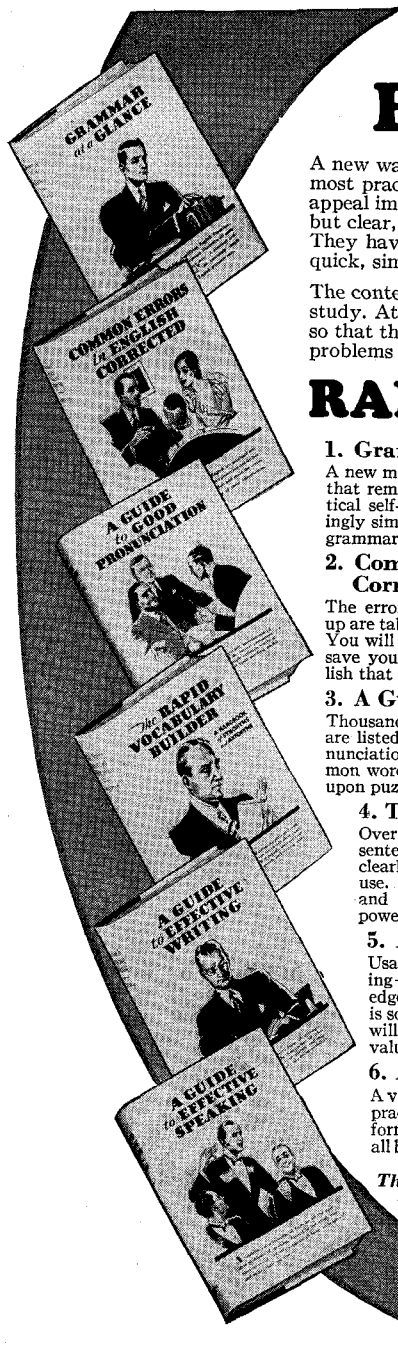
Correct, Fluent English Opens the Way to Good Fortune

It is the man who can express himself well — whose mastery of English enables him to present his ideas forcefully and interestingly — who captures the richest prizes in any line of work or in any social circle. To be able to speak well, write well, converse well, to be able to attract and influence people by the power of English is to put yourself in a position where opportunities come to you — and can be seized!



IS YOUR REAL ABILITY OVERLOOKED BECAUSE OF THE BAD IMPRESSION YOUR ENGLISH MAKES?

Now You Can Master Good English Quickly by This New, Easy, and Practical Method


GRAMMAR at a GLANCE
COMMON ERRORS in ENGLISH CORRECTED
A GUIDE to GOOD PRONUNCIATION
The RAPID VOCABULARY BUILDER
A GUIDE to EFFECTIVE WRITING
A GUIDE to EFFECTIVE SPEAKING

A new way to clear up your English troubles — to make you a master of good English — is now offered in the most practical and usable series of handy volumes ever prepared. These six Rapid Guides to Good English will appeal immediately to the practical person who doesn't want school-room exercises or long-drawn-out discussions, but clear, brief, easily grasped facts about the correct and effective use of English for both speaking and writing. They have been carefully designed by experts to meet the demands of daily life and to give to busy people a quick, simple and sure method of improving and broadening their powers of expression.

The contents of all six volumes are related and unified and comprise a complete and systematic course of English study. At the same time, each volume covers a distinct and separate classification of facts and is fully indexed, so that the set may be used as a reference library in which you can find instantly the answer to any of the specific problems of English usage that arise constantly in business, social, or literary matters.

RAPID GUIDES TO GOOD ENGLISH

1. Grammar at a Glance
A new method for simplifying English grammar that removes the mystery and drudgery. Practical self-testing system is included. An amazingly simple method that at last makes English grammar easy.

2. Common Errors in English Corrected
The errors in English most likely to trip you up are tabulated and the correct forms explained. You will be delighted to see how easily you can save yourself from the embarrassing bad English that mars your speech.

3. A Guide to Good Pronunciation
Thousands of words frequently mispronounced are listed here. For each word the correct pronunciation is given by examples of simple common words so that you do not have to depend upon puzzling marks or symbols.

4. The Ready Vocabulary Builder
Over 6000 synonyms and antonyms presented with *examples of use* so that you see clearly their exact meanings and correct use. Will rapidly increase your vocabulary and give your speech and writing more power, color, accuracy.

5. A Guide to Effective Writing
Usable information on every form of writing — business, social, literary. The knowledge of what makes writing effective, that is so plainly and thoroughly explained here, will prove of enormous dollars-and-cents value.

6. A Guide to Effective Speaking
A veritable encyclopaedia of facts on all the practical problems of speaking, formal or informal, business or social. Clearly explains all basic principles and makes their use easy.

The volumes are bound in handsome brown linen cloth, beautifully stamped with copper leaf.

Printed from new, clear type, on fine white book paper.

This new series of six Rapid Guides to Good English has been prepared by a group of three practical widely experienced instructors: P. T. Ward, Instructor in Business English at Columbia University and Lecturer in Business Correspondence, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; C. B. Anderson, Instructor in English, Columbia University; A. W. Riley, Lecturer in English and Debating Coach, Columbia University. The series represents the most valuable exposition of good English for the practical man that we, as publishers, have ever seen.

Examine Them FREE

Each one of the six books is based upon a definite, new practical idea worked out to make the subject clear, its treatment useful, its mastery easy. You will see this immediately for yourself when you examine the books. So we want to put them into your hands for FREE EXAMINATION without obligation or expense to you. If you agree, when you see them, that they are the most helpful books on the subject you have ever seen, keep them, make a first payment of $1.95, and three monthly payments of $2.00 — a total of only $7.95. If you do not want them, send them back and owe nothing. Don't let others have a better chance than you have. Give yourself the mastery of English that is essential to success.

MAIL THIS COUPON

D. VAN NOSTRAND CO.
250 Fourth Avenue, New York

Send me for free examination the six Rapid Guides to Good English. Within ten days I will either return them to you or make an initial payment of $1.95 and three monthly payments thereafter of $2.00 — a total of $7.95. (5% discount for cash with order. Same return privilege.) (*Forum* 10-31)

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....

Business Connection.....

Reference.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

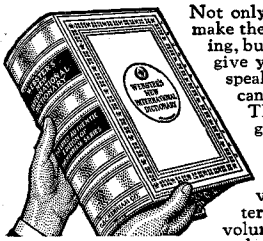
The Punishment of Tantalus Is Immortalized in Our Word

TANTALIZE

Greek mythology records the story of King Tantalus who seriously offended the gods and was punished in an extraordinary manner. He was placed in the midst of a lake whose waters reached his chin, but receded whenever he attempted to allay his thirst. Over his head hung branches laden with choice fruit, which likewise receded whenever he stretched out his hand in an attempt to satisfy his hunger. Tantalus became the symbol of teasing and torment, and his name is the origin of our word *tantalize*. When we know the source of the word, what a clear picture we have of its meaning! This is the way in which you come to understand the background and essential meanings of English words when you look them up in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The "Supreme Authority"



Not only do these word stories make the most interesting reading, but to know them will give you an effectiveness in speaking and writing that can come in no other way. The Merriam-Webster gives you the whole word power of the English language. It is a library in one volume, its type matter equivalent to a 15-volume encyclopedia. Its encyclopedic information makes it a general question-answerer on all subjects. In its **2,700 pages** there are **452,000 entries**, including thousands of **new words, 12,000 biographical** entries, **32,000 geographical** subjects, **100** valuable **tables,** over **6,000 illustrations.**

Get The Best

Rely on the testimony of **Presidents** and **Department Heads** of the leading **Universities;** the indorsement of hundreds of **Supreme Court Judges;** the judgment of **Librarians** all over the country who choose the MERRIAM-WEBSTER for their own use.

See It at Your Bookstore

Send for Free Booklet of Word Stories

A number of these fascinating stories about the origins of words are presented in an interesting illustrated booklet which we shall be glad to send you free on request, together with full information about The Merriam-Webster. Just mail coupon. No obligation.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me free your booklet "Surprising Origins of English Words" and full information about Webster's New International Dictionary. (Forum 10-31.)

Name_____

Street and Number _____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1931 by G. & C. Merriam Company.

Books

possession of whom no age could be disposed of as wholly fruitless. Along with a half-dozen literary figures, and perhaps still more a group of social scientists and radicals, they atone for much that was purely destructive and inhumane in the Gilded Age. Yet the lesson of their achievement would be lost on us, I think, if we forgot to see it in its entire setting. It remains true that the movement of American society in that period was in the direction of an abyss; that humane and creative activity had to be carried on against the current; that even the best of it, pursued in the teeth of prodigious obstacles; was tragically partial, abortive, or solitary. The careers of such men as Henry George, Louis Sullivan, A. P. Ryder, like the careers of Mark Twain and Emily Dickinson and W. D. Howells, were far from being as expansive, genial, richly cumulative and organic, as the careers of social thinkers, of artists, and of writers ought to be and in happy ages are. You cannot have rapacious individualism as the principle of a society and expect to gather the fruits of integrated sociality.

For this reason, Mr. Mumford, despite his skillful precautions, does not wholly succeed, I think, in giving the age its due. What he says of architecture, in explaining Sullivan's imperfect success, applies to more of the tale than Mr. Mumford makes it apply. "Architecture is, through and through, a social art, and all its interesting and valid answers must be couched in response to the demands of society." But the same is true of painting and poetry, and it will not do to idealize or sentimentalize as if it were not, even such geniuses as Ryder and Emily Dickinson. They too lost much; more than Mr. Mumford is willing to confess. But of course he makes no claim, in *The Brown Decades*, to final or undebatable simplicity of truth; he is concerned with redressing a deranged balance; and he does it with so much imagination, so much scholarship, so much expository charm, that one's last word about this study of the arts in America from 1865 to 1895 could hardly be any other than one of gratitude for a field well-covered.

The Good Neurotic

ROUSSEAU, by Matthew Josephson; Harcourt, Brace, $5.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

THERE is a bear market in Romanticism. Broker Irving Babbitt has been selling Rousseau short, and is loaded to the ceiling with promises to deliver the stock at whatsoever time he may confidently expect to buy in at a fraction of a decimal point. His customer's men, Messrs. Shafer, More, and Collins, are out canvassing the widows and the orphans. In the midst of all this activity a new force on the Exchange makes itself felt: operator Josephson, with money to burn, starts buying, buying, buying. The downward trend in Rousseau stops; whether Babbitt, Shafer, and More will be caught short remains to be seen.

In any case, Mr. Josephson has struck a valiant blow in defense of Jean-Jacques, and his logic has force and point throughout. He does not succeed in rehabilitating Romanticism as we have come to conceive Romanticism: tearing passions to tatters by a waterfall in the moonlight for the sake of literary effect is not likely to appeal to our generation unless the commotion is integrated with character — in which case the artist usually transcends the ancient classic-romantic dichotomy. Nor has Mr. Josephson made Rousseau seem anything other than a "difficult" and "impossible" fellow in the matter of personal relations: one can easily forgive Grimm, Madame d'Epinay, Hume, and Voltaire for their misgivings and downright hostility.

But Mr. Josephson has shown an admirable time-sense; he has realized that revolutions, whether in literature or in political structure, *are always fairly earned*. It is here that he emphasizes the fatal error in the whole Babbitt schematization: Rousseau was not an instrument of the devil — he was a healthy force in his time and place. Professor Babbitt may be able to count on the "magnanimity of the strong" of Back Bay, but virtually the whole of the Third Estate in the reign of Louis XV could count on little but grinding taxes and poverty of the sort that justifies any amelioration of the common lot. If ever a man came in answer to the demand of the age — a demand that would have been satisfied, willy-nilly — it was Rousseau.

Much of Rousseau is irrelevant to the present — which is the main reason why the Humanists' attack on the Citizen of Geneva is misguided. Although Jean-Jacques clearly foreshadowed Marx, the latter, coming as he did after the Industrial Revolution had plainly made itself felt, has replaced the great Romantic as our portent, stumblingblock, or hope. Aristocracy — which was openly to be beheld in its divine right — has been replaced by plutocracy, which works invisibly, or behind a smoke-screen of Rousseauistic speeches which still hark back to pre-industrial conditions. So thoroughly has Rousseau been displaced, in fact, that great liberal disciples of the Enlightenment, such as the late Vernon Parrington, have, with the passing of the old conditions, been deprived of their point of contact with realities. They have become as irrelevant as the Humanists who are led by Mr. Babbitt. And as for the revolution which Rousseau has in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stituted in literature — he exposed the dry-rot that had eaten through the French classical tradition after the great age of Racine and literally created the modern sensibility — it has now gone to such an extreme that the father would scarcely know his own child.

The novel, which Rousseau, along with Richardson and the Abbé Prevost, pushed into romantic channels, has forsaken the bed channeled for it by the generation of 1830, and become a matter for the scientific treatment of an Edwin Muir — it is to be talked of in terms of narrative, chronology, psychology, drama, space, and time, not in terms of classicism and romanticism. The Rousseauistic credo, that man is born "naturally good," has, too, lost any cogency it may have had; man is born merely natural. The dogma of the "goodness" of the natural man is as pre-scientific as the dogma of "original sin," and as meaningless. Whether man becomes "good" or "evil" depends wholly on a complexity of threads that link him to his fellows: a Rousseau in a corrupt age, such as that of Louis XV, will be a force for good; at another time, the Rousseauist who magnifies personal failings into universal wrongs will rightly be sent to the analyst or to jail. In the matter of personal failings and their magnification, however, it is well to note this: Mr. Josephson makes out an eloquent case to prove that the "good neurotic," with his over-refined sensorium, is socially very valuable. This "good neurotic" is the first to perceive the way the wind is blowing, and will often explain to the "normal" man what the commonalty is really thinking.

The literary quality of Mr. Josephson's *Rousseau* is of a high order. There is no sacrifice of complex analysis for an oversimple pith; the eighteenth century was complex, what with the twin growth of the scientific spirit and the "anti-intellectualism" of the naturistic forces unleashed by Rousseau; and Mr. Rousseau would have been foolish to turn out a modern "portrait" of his subject in terms of paradox. There has been so much bandying about of the name of Rousseau recently that a patient, sane, and inclusive job — such as Mr. Josephson has done — was in order.

German Labyrinth

ALEXANDERPLATZ BERLIN, by Alfred Doblin; Viking, $5.00.
Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER.

THIS BOOK has been compared to *Ulysses*, but it resembles it only in pattern. Actually it lies closer to that increasing number of sociological novels in which the hero is merely typical of a specific community, a great but enclosed society. The subject of *Alexanderplatz* is not, like that of *Ulysses*, a many-sided city, but the Berlin underworld; and the hero of *Alexanderplatz* is as much a symbol as a man. Franz Biberkopf, however, stands somewhat apart from his background, for he merges with the underworld unwillingly, and is a twofold victim: he is the victim of organized society which will not reclaim him and of criminal society which will not deal squarely by him. Accordingly (the real proof that *Alexanderplatz* is a sociological novel) he is at the mercy of environment; and environment, as always in a sociological novel, is the real hero of the book.

Franz Biberkopf serves four years in prison for beating his girl to death. When he comes out, he means to go straight. He peddles, and his partner tricks him. Then he innocently becomes lookout man for gangsters who throw him from a speeding car and make him lose an arm. Crippled, he is forced to become a pimp. The man who threw him from the car now tries to steal his girl and, being unsuccessful, kills her. Fritz, acting queerly, is arrested on suspicion and confined to a hospital for the insane where, at the point of death, he is cleansed by delirious visions and emerges into life redeemed. It is not a spiritual but a mental redemption: past fears, a past fatalism, are wiped out. In this sense character triumphs over environment and the book is not militantly deterministic.

What is most interesting and most effective about *Alexanderplatz* is its breadth. The life of Fritz and the people about him — gangsters, bums, radicals, tarts — is minutely chronicled in their own words and acts; their petty, sordid, violent existences, swirling in the vortex symbolized by the Alexanderplatz, grow more communal and more real through repetition and multiplication; and by using fantasy and allegory, comment and allusion with the emphasis of a Greek chorus, Herr Doblin pushes the realistic toward the grotesque, and gives the book, at rare moments, the ironic, pathetic, ominous, hallucinated touches of good grotesquerie. Franz's delirium, at the end, has this quality; at other times it hurts rather than helps the book.

For what *Alexanderplatz* gains dimensionally in breadth it loses in length. It utterly lacks that "forward march" which its American publishers ascribe to it. It is a congested rather than a full book. The criss-cross pattern which it shares with *Ulysses* is less successful with Doblin than with Joyce because it is less logical: *Ulysses* justifies its variety of pattern through its variety of scene, its cosmic intention; *Alexanderplatz* is single-scened; and so many repetitions (they cannot really be called variations) of a single theme clog and choke up the book. None of its people are deeply characterized;

Encouraged by $100

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have succeeded in selling a short story to 'War Birds,' aviation magazine, for which I received a check for $100. The story is the first I have attempted. As the story was paid for at higher than the regular rates, I certainly felt encouraged."

Darrell Jordan
Box 277, Friendship, N. Y.

How do *you* know *you can't write?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc., — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Forum & Century — October.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address.....

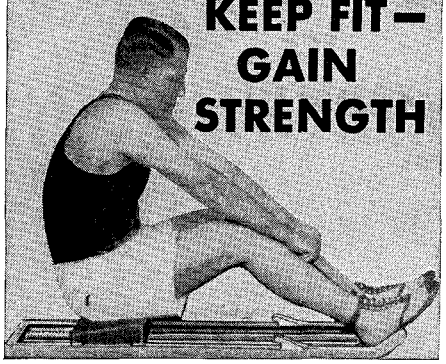
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 64J361

Why don't you write?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now It's FUN

TO REDUCE— KEEP FIT— GAIN STRENGTH



Try It 10 Days FREE

No Money in Advance

FIVE minutes of daily fun with the Steelflex Health Rowboat restores **Fitness** and **Figure** of **Youth.** Banishes **Excess Fat** around **Waistline,** hips, thighs, arms, legs, neck, shoulders. Generates **New Health, Strength, Stamina.** Stimulates internal organs to function regularly. Takes drudgery out of reducing!

This light, compact, Home Exercising Machine makes **Health Building and Reducing** a delight instead of a drudge. Priced within reach of everyone — only $9.85. Send no money in advance! Let us put the Steelflex in your bedroom for **10 Days Free Trial!**

STEELFLEX HEALTH ROWBOAT

This amazing invention provides the **Necessary Incentive** to reduce, build strength, maintain health, by making it a **Pleasure** to take a daily **Five-Minute Workout!** Provides **Not Only** the scientific rowing stroke but also a **Compensating Automatic "Pull-back"** utilizing the well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities.

$9.85 IF YOU DECIDE TO KEEP IT

No matter what part you wish to reduce or strengthen — no matter how busy you are — here is an inexpensive, **Enjoyable** way to regain or maintain the **Health** and **Figure** you desire. You must **Try** Steelflex to appreciate it. Try it in the morning — see how it makes you feel like a youngster." Try it just before bedtime, see how it brings sound sleep. Try it 10 days — if it isn't **Much More** than we claim, **Return It** — and forget the matter!

ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER
With ROLLING Seat

Provides racing-shell stroke with full leg and hip action, complete massaging of abdominal and thigh region. Brings every muscle into play. If ROWFLEX is desired, place X in square in coupon Will be sent for 10 days FREE TRIAL. Price $11.85 — If you decide to keep it!

We will send Steelflex (or Rowflex) for **10 Days Free Trial — No Money in Advance!** Try it for 10 days — and if you are not **Delighted** with it, **Return It** and you will owe **Nothing!** It must "sell itself" to you and your family. Just mail coupon — without money — **Now** to the Steelflex Corporation of America, Dept. 4310, 1783 East 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money . . . 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
THE STEELFLEX CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. 4310, 1783 East 11th St., Cleveland, O.

Send me Rowing Machine checked below, express collect, for 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. It is distinctly understood that if I am not delighted I will return the machine to you and owe you nothing. Otherwise I will send you its cost within 10 days after I receive the machine, in full payment for it.

☐ *Steelflex Health Rowboat — $9.85*
☐ *Rowflex Health Glider with Rolling Seat — $11.85*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Books

though parts of a realistic aggregate, they are only superficially real in themselves. And Doblin's running chorus, his fantasy and allegory and comment, is often inartistic, often bad: in reaching for the ironic and grotesque he frequently stops short at the clever and flippant. And these moments are not mere interruptions, they are displacements lifting us high out of a world into which we have plunged ourselves. One must at least question whether, in the long run, this might not have been a better book as a powerful narrative carrying us along with it than as a huge slice of life through which we burrow. In any case, as it stands it is more of an experiment — however interesting, vigorous, and fertile — than an achievement.

Mr. Jolas has done a masterly translation "into the American."

Books in Brief

THE MIRRORS OF 1932, Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.50.

As ONE might expect from the title, this book is merely a piece of clever ephemeral journalism. Although its anonymous author — who is quite obviously on the inside track — has some shrewd things to say about the men who are conceded to have at least a dark horse chance for the presidency, his portraits of them are unlikely to be accepted as definitive. His estimates are too biased, too superficial, too deceptively simplified. To Albert C. Ritchie, Dwight Morrow, and Al Smith he is scarcely just. Hoover he criticizes bitterly, acutely, and, on the whole, very effectively. For the capacities of Owen D. Young he has a considerable if reluctant respect. Only Newton D. Baker, of the ten figures discussed, commands an admiration which amounts to boyish hero-worship. This is a readable book, adequately enough written — although the wisecracks are sometimes less witty than cheap. It gives one the gratifying illusion of peering behind scenes and of seeing the prospective heroes of 1932 without their public paint.

THE CAREER OF JULIAN STANLEY-WILLIAMS, by Adrian Alington; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

To CONCEIVE and carry out successfully the plan of this novel must have been no mean feat, and that Mr. Alington has emerged so triumphantly is the best possible evidence that he is a writer of unusual perception and ability. For here the central character, the man whose life we follow from his pampered infancy to his unmourned grave, has absolutely no claim on the reader's sympathy: vain,

CURIOUS BOOKS

The largest publishers of PRIVATELY PRINTED literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of limited and unexpurgated editions on CURIOSA and ESOTERICA.

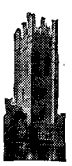
PANURGE BOOK CO.
100 FIFTH AVENUE..NEW YORK

SHORT STORY WRITING

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
Dr. Esenwein
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

HOME-STUDY COURSES



Continue your high-school, college or personal program of education. Teachers, Religious and Social Workers, Men and Women in many vocations are using the 450 courses in 45 different subjects to obtain guidance by experts for cultural and for practical purposes. The courses yield credit. Ask for free booklet.
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
639 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

CULTURED SPEECH

AT LAST! Something New!
Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self-Test. No obligation.
THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., *Dept. 1167,* Chicago

SPEAK FRENCH

GERMAN, SPANISH, OR ITALIAN
in a Short Time

INSTEAD of being totally ignorant of these four languages you already have an excellent start toward learning one or all of them! It is this remarkable fact that accounts for the wonderful success of the Pelman Method.

A Striking New Idea—Learn as Children Do

Here is the principle of the Pelman Method in a few words: You do not bother at first about grammar. Instead. you learn at once to use the language itself. When you can speak, read and understand others readily, then — and then only — you get the knowledge of grammar you need in a new simple way. Within eight to twelve weeks you will find yourself able to speak a foreign language.

***Send for* FREE BOOK** It shows why it is possible to agree that you will learn either French, Spanish, German or Italian within a short time, to your satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon at once. It places you under no obligation.

THE PELMAN LANGUAGE INSTITUTE,
Suite L-130A, 71 West 45th Street, New York City

Please send me full information about the Pelman System of Language Instruction.
I am interested in ☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ German ☐ Italian.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HOME STUDY COURSES

The University KNOCKS AT YOUR DOOR

In your home you can study under the guidance of members of the teaching staff of Columbia University. You can choose any subject that appeals to you from over 300 courses prepared specially for home study. ⁂ Some of the courses are academic; they interest people who wish constantly to broaden their cultural background. Other courses—more practical—tend to increase earning power. ⁂ The home study department was started 10 years ago. Since that time the number and variety of subjects offered have been steadily increased. Their value has been amply proved by the experience of thousands of students. It is probable that at least one or two will interest and benefit anyone who is willing to devote part of his leisure to study. ⁂ In the preparation of these courses sufficient elasticity has been allowed for adaptation to individual needs. This system of instruction assures the student the opportunity to master every part of a course under the personal guidance of competent teachers. ⁂ A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter, outlining your wishes, the members of our staff may be able to offer helpful suggestions. A bulletin showing the complete list of courses available for home study will be sent you upon request. A special high school bulletin, listing courses that cover complete high school and college preparatory training, is available also.

COUPON

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, University Extension — *Home Study Dept., New York, N. Y.*

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subjects: _____

FORUM 10-31

NAME _____ OCCUPATION _____

STREET _____ CITY AND COUNTY _____ STATE _____

HOME STUDY COURSES

ACCOUNTING
AGRICULTURE
AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
APPLIED GRAMMAR
BANKING
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
BUSINESS ENGLISH
BUSINESS LAW
BUSINESS MATHEMATICS
BUSINESS ORGANIZATION
BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY
CHEMISTRY
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY
CLASSICS
COMPOSITION
CONTEMPORARY NOVEL
CORPORATION FINANCE
DRAFTING
ECONOMICS
ENGLISH COMPOSITION
ENGLISH LITERATURE
ESSAY WRITING
EUROPEAN HISTORY
FIRE INSURANCE
FOREMANSHIP
FRENCH
GEOMETRY
GERMAN
GRAMMAR
GREEK
HARMONY
HIGH SCHOOL COURSES
HISTORY
INVESTMENTS
ITALIAN
JUVENILE STORY WRITING
LANGUAGES
LATIN
LIBRARY SERVICE
LITERATURE
MACHINE DESIGN
MAGAZINE ARTICLE WRITING
MARKETING
MATHEMATICS
PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION
PHILOSOPHY
PHYSICS
PLAYWRITING
POETRY
PSYCHOLOGY
PUBLIC SPEAKING
RELIGION
SECRETARIAL STUDIES
SHORT STORY WRITING
SOCIOLOGY
SPANISH
STENOGRAPHY
TYPEWRITING
WORLD LITERATURE, ETC.

4014

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I Wouldn't Take $400 For This Book"

Writes One Man Who Regained Priceless Good Health After Reading It.

He is One of Thousands—Many Hopelessly Ill and Despondent, Who Have Found the Secret of Certain Recovery and Future Happiness in This Amazing Book

Wm. Howard Hay, M.D., Director of the internationally famous Sun-Diet Sanatorium, has written a book, "Health via Food," in which he sets forth clearly and convincingly his methods for regaining radiant health, energy and vitality. Twenty years of success prove that he is right. If you are ill, fatigued, discouraged or depressed, you will find this book of great help to you.

What Causes Fatigue and Disease?

Dr. Hay will prove to you that fatigue and disease are self-created; therefore you have within yourself the power to eliminate them. He will show you how these ills begin at the dinner table and how you can end them at the same place. He will teach you how to rid your system of all poisons, without the use of drugs, and how to give your body a chance to rehabilitate itself. You have heard all this before? Perhaps — but you haven't read Dr. Hay's book!

Chronic Cases Easily Corrected

Would you be surprised to know that Dr. Hay has restored to perfect health thousands of chronic cases, some of whom were passed up by most of the leading specialists in the country? You will not be surprised at this statement after reading this book. And there is nothing mysterious about his methods. They work no hardships. The basis is simply detoxication of the body first and then the eating of foods you now eat in the correct combinations.

Perhaps you think you are well. Are you? Do you know how disease begins? Can you recognize early signs? Perhaps you have headaches, colds, insomnia, bad breath . . . or a more serious disorder such as asthma, rheumatism, kidney trouble or ulcers of the stomach. No matter . . . this book will be of great help to you.

We are so sure that you will find it of value, we will send you a copy for 10 days free examination . . . if you find your book dealer does not carry it. Send no money; simply mail the coupon.

SUN-DIET HEALTH SERVICE

SUN-DIET HEALTH SERVICE, Inc.
123 Cazenovia St., East Aurora, N. Y.

Please send me your book "Health via Food" for free examination. After 10 days, I will send payment of $3.50 or return the book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Books in Brief

selfish, a braggart, even without the virtue of a strong will, Julian Williams is all that the protagonist of such biographical fiction should not be. Yet, with amazing skill, Mr. Alington has so managed his story that his villain-hero is always believable, always human, and consistently interesting. Nor has he neglected to make those unfortunate people who become entangled with Julian equally credible and vivid — the wife, Winifred, is as excellent a portrait as her shallow actor-husband, and the various figures of London's theatrical world are no less adroitly executed, even though they play minor rôles in this comitragedy. On the whole, then, this sound and single-purposed novel is recommended without reservation; it contains the full-length likeness of a complex being whose failings were legion and whose virtues were none.

THE DELICATE SITUATION, by Naomi Royde-Smith; Harper, $2.50.

THIS pseudo-Victorian novel is much more successful than one would have any reason to expect. It is, in fact, singularly charming. The scene of the story is the small, stolid town of Queen's Beaton, nestling at the gates of that reprehensibly Popish stronghold, Malquoits Castle, and its ostensible heroine is an exquisitely young and beautiful girl, Mary Paradise, who is seduced, deserted, and left to perish by the son of the Castle owner — all in accordance with the best Victorian traditions. Actually, however, the outlines of this musty plot give no hint as to the story's quality — nor is Mary Paradise herself as integral to the novel as the two maiden ladies with whom she makes her home: her aunt, Lena Quinnell, and the eccentric little Miss Martin. These two are real people, delightful and complex. In fact, Miss Royde-Smith has paid all her characters the compliment of treating them seriously — with the result that her book is not merely a quaint *tour de force*. She adheres scrupulously to the Victorian manner and the stiff Victorian idiom, and yet the effect is not one of artificiality. *The Delicate Situation* is an enchanting light novel, both humorous and poignant.

MARTIN'S SUMMER, by Vicki Baum; Cosmopolitan, $2.00.

THIS IS the usual follow-up of a best seller — a rather hastily assembled concoction, relying on the author's already established reputation to carry it through a lean season. It is the somewhat flimsy tale of a penniless but devastatingly attractive young engineer who obtains a job in a fashionable resort for the summer. Here he teaches the elements of swimming to palpitating and invariably designing

Questionnaire

The editors of THE FORUM are endeavoring to include in each issue a selection of articles discussing topics of importance and to make their presentation in an interesting and effective fashion. We ask for your coöperation in answering these questions, and in helping us to make THE FORUM a better and more useful magazine.

1. What type of magazine article do you prefer? (Mark first choice 1, second choice 2, third choice 3, etc.) Political .... Social .... Philosophical .... Literary criticism .... Educational .... Economics .... Religious .... Geographical .... Serial fiction .... Short stories .... Poetry ....

2. Which articles in this issue of FORUM do you prefer?.....
.....
Which articles in this issue do not interest you?.....
.....

3. Do you think illustrations add to the interest of articles?.....

4. Do you like individual articles expressing one point of view?.....
Do you like Formal Debates?.....
Do you like Socratic Dialogues?.....
Which of these three do you like best?
.....

5. If a subscriber, how long have you been reading FORUM?.....
If a newsstand buyer, do you read FORUM regularly, or only when attracted by a special article?.....

6. Age..... Sex.....
Occupation.....
Residence (State only).....

THE FORUM
441 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

THE WAY PAST THE EDITOR

Write to Sell

Modern, practical training in fiction writing under David Raffelock; 80% of those trained sell stories before completing to national magazines; 100% are thoroughly, efficiently trained. Send for "The Way Past the Editor," free.

THE SIMPLIFIED TRAINING COURSE
1837 Champa Street Denver, Colo.

Learn Advertising at Home

Make money in advertising. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free booklet—"Win Success in Advertising", and full particulars. No obligation.
Page-Davis School of Advertising
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1167, Chicago, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

females while awaiting a communication which will inform him that he has obtained a patent for an invention which will place him in a position of comparative luxury for the rest of his days. How, in order to be true to the one he loves, he wards off the attentions of all the many ladies who are up to no good, and whether he wins both the lady and the patent in the end, it is scarcely necessary to mention. While *Martin's Summer* lacks the frank and humorous melodrama which gave *Grand Hotel* its impetus, it is an amusing enough piece. Frau Baum has a neat trick of swift and dramatic narrative, and the presence of this makes up in some measure for the lacunæ in plot and characterization.

FOUR HANDSOME NEGRESSES, by R. Hernekin Baptist; Cape & Smith, $2.00.

CIVILIZATION, says Mr. Baptist, thus echoing the judgment of other moralists, is not without its curses, and chief among these is the sorrow which it brings to the "savage" races which, from ancient times till now, it has set out to make its own. Not a new theme, surely, but the trappings with which it is here surrounded compensate for its lack of novelty. In a lush style which stems from Sir Thomas Browne, a tale is spun of four handsome Negresses whose lives were ruined in diverse ways by the Portuguese explorers who captured them. Down the east coast of Africa sails the ironically named *Santa Maria*, and with it the four tortured ebony damsels. Death comes to each of them, but not before each has suffered special punishments from the hands of the conquerors. At times the author's bitter sarcasm against a race of men capable of such actions grows a little wearing — the more so because, as perhaps he would be the first to admit, it is utterly futile. His wrath, however, is just if overvehement, and the present medium for it is so well written that it is worth reading if only for the curious, sensuous prose.

SNUG HARBOR, by W. W. Jacobs; Scribner, $2.50.

NOW THAT Saki has been rediscovered, perhaps W. W. Jacobs may come into his own. Certainly his yarns, as collected in this volume, are as entertaining in their very different manner as those of the gifted Mr. Munro. Jacobs' humor has often been imitated, but it has never been equalled, and it shines forth with undiminished jollity in these fifty-eight stories. His method is that of the quiet chuckle rather than the hearty laugh; his Night Watchman, best of raconteurs, knows how to tell a tale so as to get the most out of it, whether that be simple low comedy or the mirth afforded by the sight of a shrewd man fooled. Why, one wonders, cannot our magazines to-day contain such gems as these — even a few would be reason for gratitude — rather than a constant barrage of machine-made "humor"? The answer, probably, is that there is but one Jacobs, and that he writes all too little. This is another of the Scribner omnibuses — an excellent one-volume series which also contains the best of Ring Lardner, Richard Harding Davis, Galsworthy, J. M. Barrie, and others.

THE CHAMPION FROM FAR AWAY, by Ben Hecht; Covici Friede, $2.50.

THIS collection of short stories shows Mr. Hecht as the skillful reporter. Here are tales of athletes, actors, and criminals whom the newspaper man comes to know at the most crucial and dramatic points of their careers. The stories are swift, dramatic, and usually thoroughly impersonal, and they have a force which no other style could give them. The title story, that of a mighty and childlike Russian whose fame as a wrestler is built up by the ballyhoo of a crook manager, is perhaps the best in the book. "Baby Milly and the Pharoah," while not as good as the first, contains some very biting satire on Hollywood and a delightful character sketch of a movie magnate. There are excellent stories of fantasy and horror, including one of a ventriloquist who murders his dummy and another of a super-magician who wrecks two lives by being able to take on all the characteristics of his rival and so gain access to the unfortunate man's blind wife. The book closes with three death-house sketches which are as hair-raising as such stories should be. Hecht has an extraordinary ability for setting down rapid and vivid impression. Although he never has reached quite the heights he set for himself in *Erik Dorn*, one is always grateful for any new work from his pen.

BROTHERS IN THE WEST, by Robert Raynolds; Harpers, $2.50.

THE HARPER Prize Novel for 1931–32 holds to the high standard of this most fruitful of prize contests. It is the story of two brothers who go out to found their own dynasty in the West of the last century. The emphasis is laid not upon the joys and perils of pioneering in America, but upon the characters of the brothers themselves, who are giants among men and who are invested with a supernatural power by all who know them. Charles and David, the brothers, make their way farther and farther west toward the land of promise where they are sure they were born and where they are equally sure they can find peace. With them goes Karin, David's woman, but loved by

...Does Your ENGLISH Do You Justice?

Can you talk and write your way to a better position with higher pay and greater popularity? Do you, without realizing it, make mistakes in English which cause others to silently criticize you? Unless you have a perfect guide that shows you how to avoid the many pitfalls in English, you are holding yourself back from the Business and Social Advancement you desire.

SPEECHCRAFT, perfected by a group of educators after 25 years of research and teaching, is your infallible guide. It can make you a master of Correct English, Effective Speech and Perfect Business and Social Letter Writing.

SPEECHCRAFT is NOT a mere set of books. It is different, fascinating, complete and easy. No memorizing. No copying. No dull rules to learn. Just 15 minutes a day devoted to captivating, delightful study and you will be able to talk impressively on all occasions. Your letters will be interesting and convincing.

SPEECHCRAFT will develop your executive ability and prepare you for leadership in the Business and Social world.

FREE! A new, Big Book, "The Way to Win With Words," will be sent without charge to those who want to get ahead and earn more money. Write today! State age and position.

SPEECHCRAFT, Inc., Dept. C-18
25 West Elm Street, Chicago, Ill.

Speechcraft, Inc., Dept. C-18, 25 W. Elm St., Chicago, Illinois

Send me, without obligation, your big free book, "The Way to Win With Words."

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

IS IT TOO LATE?

Is there time "to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder and of political and economic revolution" now rising in many countries—and how can it be done?

This fateful question is asked in the recent startling address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University entitled *"Progress and Poverty,"* based on the great book by *Henry George.* A folder containing this notable address, abridged, and pointing the answer, will be sent free upon request.

Robert Schalkenbach Foundation
Murray-Park Bldg., Murray St., New York

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

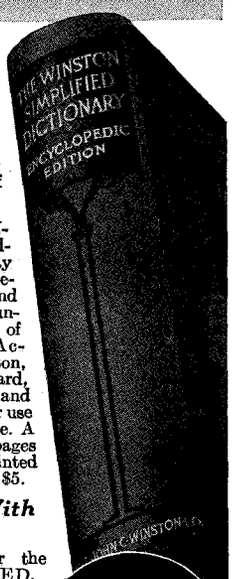
Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. *Free 64-Page Books Tell How.* Write *now* for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin *today.*

O Higher Accountancy	O Business Mgm't
O Mod. Salesmanship	O Business Corres.
O Traffic Management	O Credit and Collection Correspondence
O Law: Degree of LL.B.	
O Commercial Law	O Modern Foremanship
O Industrial Mgm't	O Personnel Mgm't
O Banking and Finance	O Expert Bookkeeping
O Telegraphy	O C. P. A. Coaching
O Rail. Station Mgm't	O Business English
O Railway Accounting	O Commercial Spanish
O Paper Salesmanship	O Effective Speaking

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 1096-R Chicago

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINSTON SIMPLIFIED ... the DICTIONARY that never "talks back to itself"



You know how the old-fashioned dictionary "talks back to itself!" The ordinary "onion" it defines as a *liliaceous plant* — the "goose" is a *lamellostral bird!* Precious minutes wasted, searching for the useful definition of the word you want!

Now comes the new WINSTON Simplified — a modern dictionary for every-day use. Each word is clearly defined so that its use and meaning can be instantly understood. Edited by men of scholastic reputation. Acclaimed by Booth Tarkington, Prof. Bliss Perry of Harvard, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and universally commended for use in home, school, and office. A handsome volume of 1500 pages with 3000 illustrations printed on Bible paper — for only $5.

Send No Money With This Coupon

Ask your bookseller for the WINSTON SIMPLIFIED. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon below and let the WINSTON *prove* its value to you. Keep it handy; let it answer your questions. Notice how it responds to every query quickly, accurately, fully. Mail coupon today.

Sent on 10 DAYS Approval

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
110 Winston Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the thin-paper Artcraft Edition of the new Encyclopedic WINSTON Simplified DICTIONARY by parcel post C. O. D. I will pay the postman its cost ($5). If, after 10 days' examination, I decide to return the book to you, you are to refund my $5 at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Orders from outside U. S. must be **accompanied** by remittance.

FREE! A Magazine for Writers

Get it—Learn how others, like yourself, have learned to write profitably.

MANY fail to realize that they can make money by writing. The Palmer Institute of Authorship, one of the oldest schools of its kind in the country, has helped many increase their income and their prestige by writing. RUPERT HUGHES, writer of many "best sellers", says: "The Palmer Institute is qualified to render invaluable aid in the art and business of authorship." The endorsement of such prominent writers as Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Frederick Stuart Greene, and many others, proves the high quality of Palmer training.

FREE! The coupon entitles you to the LATEST issue of "Writers' Markets & Methods", selling for 25c, edited by William David Ball, nationally known author and teacher.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP,
DEPT. 77-Y PALMER BLDG., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send me my FREE copy of "Writers' M & M", and with no obligation on my part, complete information about Fiction Writing [ ] Photoplay Writing [ ] English Expression [ ] Developing Ability by Psychology [ ] AGE: over 17 [ ] under 17 [ ]

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Books in Brief

them both as an equal in the hierarchy which must conquer the West. These three gather unto themselves others who are paired off with some of the precision and inevitability of the last act of a musical comedy, but who are needed as minions and followers of the giants. The caravan finally seeks its home in the mountains, where the brothers seem nearer than ever to the elemental forces from which they derive their strength. And after many full years, at the death of Karin the three go off once again, to build her a Brunnhilde's pyre high in the lonely mountains, and to wander on until they die within sight of their Valhalla. In the enormous significance of its background and the fact that the plot has more than a literal meaning in its treatment of a quest for things which are not of this earth but are deep in the minds of great men, *Brothers in the West* becomes a sort of *Moby Dick* of the plains. Mr. Raynolds writes with great sincerity and his book has a refreshing naturalness about it. In his hands the brothers become quite convincing for what they are — an idealization of the strength of all men.

ALL PASSION SPENT, by V. Sackville-West; Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

HERE again Miss Sackville-West turns her hand to gentle reminiscence over a golden age that is gone; and since there are few writers who can do it as gracefully as she, *All Passion Spent* emerges as a worthy successor to *The Edwardians*. This is the story of the wife of a man who who has lived his life in the public eye and basked in the public favor. Lady Slane has been a loyal wife and a devoted mother and submerged her whole life in that of her husband and children. When, at eighty-some years of age, her husband dies she realizes that she is left with one chapter of her life to complete by herself. Her children have families of their own and need her no longer, and though they dutifully try to fasten upon her and make her eke out her days in their somewhat frigid atmosphere, she slyly evades them and escapes with her aged French maid to a little cottage in Hampstead. Here she seeks out only the company of folk as old as herself and deliberately shuts herself away from all but her memories. With the detachment that the years have given her, she tries to gather together the tangled and delicate threads of her own existence and to find all possible meaning in the forces that have guided her life. She manages to find adventure not only in these reminiscences but in the stirrings of life that still go on about her, and which she realizes there is no escaping. The story is told with the gentleness and the dreaminess that such a theme demands, and through it seems to run faint music.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER, by Richard Aldington; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THE Empire Builders, and the stodgy exponents of British sportsmanship, take a bad beating in this bitter satire on post-war England. Mr. Aldington has observed with a jaundiced eye his retired colonels and fox-hunting squires, his parlor æsthetes and his village gossips. He has found them anything but good. Poor Georgie Smithers, his awkward and uncomely heroine, is the victim of a cramped and hypocritical society. Stupid, bungling, pathetic, a reluctant virgin, she sticks doggedly to the code in which she has been reared, and when her clumsy efforts fail to land even the beefy young Colonial upon whom she eventually sets her heart, she resigns herself to the dreary fate which the war — and her own background — preordained for her. Technically this novel is superior to *Death of a Hero*, is more coherent and better constructed. It lacks, however, the fire and the flaming indignation of Mr. Aldington's earlier book. Georgie herself is more a type than a person — though a type skillfully delineated — and the whole book has somewhat an air of contrivance. It is, however, a powerful piece of work, witty and unsparing in its attack on a venerable tradition.

SIBYL OF THE NORTH; THE TALE OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN, by Faith Compton Mackenzie; Houghton Mifflin, $3.00.

THIS account of the strange royal vagabond who titillated all Europe with her fantastic exploits would do credit to the imagination of an adventure writer. Christina succeeded to the throne of Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, at the age of six. After attaining her majority, she ruled brilliantly for ten years and then capriciously renounced her crown in order that she might lead the fuller life she craved. She turned Catholic, betook herself to Rome, and surrounded herself there with a picturesque and corrupt crew of foreign favorites. Always, despite her small stature and feminine appearance, she thought of herself as a man. She wore male attire, and fought and swore and adventured with the best of them. Said to have had many lovers, she refused to marry. She was always in debt and always in trouble, and she died as she had lived, a colorful and eccentric failure whose possibilities never had free play. Christina's story is, of course, practically fool proof. Even the barest recital of it could hardly be dull. One feels, however, that Mrs. Mackenzie has hardly made the best of her opportunities. Her book is engrossing, but it is rather thin, and it gives little indication of understanding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT!**

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG? WHAT'S** holding you back?

Just one fact—one **SCIENTIFIC** fact. That is all. And when you know what it **IS**, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you **STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY** to prosperity and independence.

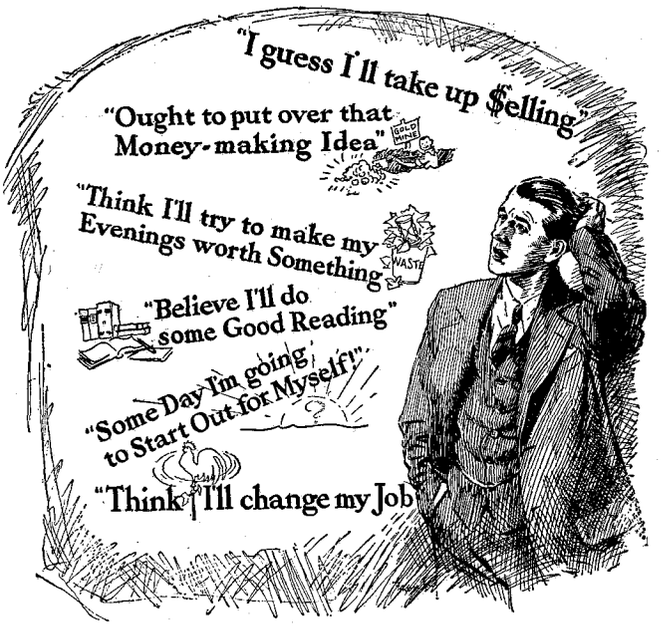
That fact is one which has been **PROVEN** and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only **ONE-TENTH** as successful as you **COULD** be! Why? **BECAUSE**, as Science says, you are using only **ONE-TENTH** of your real **BRAIN-POWER!**

TEN per cent of his brain is all the **AVERAGE** person uses. He is paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what he really possesses because that is all he actually **USES**. The remainder lies dormant. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes to use it. For the mind is like a muscle. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with idleness.

What can you **DO** about it? That is the question you are asking yourself. Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically—in short, how to make


"I guess I'll take up Selling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself!"
"Think I'll change my Job"

your brain an instrument of all-around **POWER**. It tells you how to banish the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fag, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.

Men like Edgar Wallace, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement, the late Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. **OVER 750,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.**

You have only **TWO CENTS** to lose by writing for your copy. You may **GAIN** thousands of dollars, peace of mind, happiness, independence!

Thousands who read this announcement will **DO NOTHING** about it. The effort and the will needed to send for this book—which is **FREE**—may be lacking. How can these people **EVER** gain what they hope for, crave for? They are the skeptics, the doubters, the "show me" wiseacres.

Other thousands will say, "I can lose only **TWO CENTS**. I may **GAIN** a great deal by reading 'Scientific Mind Training.' I will send for it **NOW**. It promises too much for me to **RISK MISSING.**"

The thousands who are open minded—who are willing to learn something to their advantage—will **ACT** on their impulse to send the coupon. They will be better, stronger minded for having **TAKEN SOME ACTION** about their lives, even if they do nothing more than to **READ** a booklet about the inner workings of the mind. For your own sake—and for the sake of your loved ones, don't continue to **GAMBLE** that your future will be bright whether or not you **DO** anything about it! Mail the coupon today—**NOW.**

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

Suite 130A, 71 West 45th Street, New York City

Offices in London, Paris, Stockholm, Delhi, Durban and Melbourne

The Pelman Institute of America
Suite 130A, 71 West 45th Street,
New York City

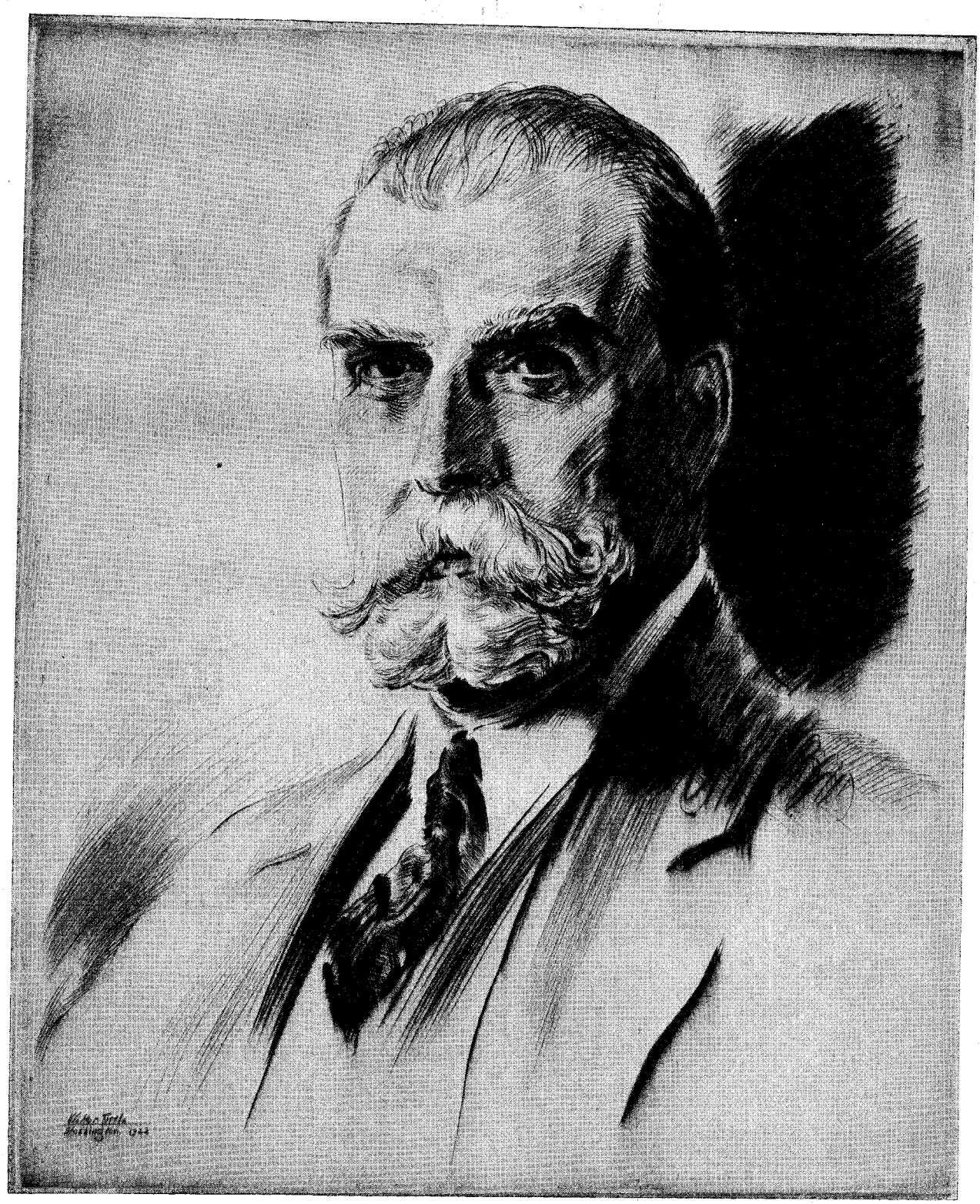
Please send me without obligation your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training." This does not place me under any obligation and no salesman is to call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From an etching by Walter Tittle

Courtesy of the Schwartz Galleries

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

FORUM

OCTOBER, 1931 VOL. 86, NO. 4

Our Supreme Court Goes Liberal

by JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

I

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States is no longer running the government in the interests of a favored few. A vastly important change has come over this most powerful of our governmental units, a change in personnel, in viewpoint, in decision and social effect. The extreme conservatism that has dominated the Court ever since the World War has at last been driven into the dark corner reserved for dissenters, and a new and brighter light is shining in the courtroom.

There are two main causes of this phenomenon. One is the superior judicial genius of Justices Holmes and Brandeis, whose intelligent and forceful views, written into the Court records over a period of twenty-nine and fifteen years respectively, have been seeping gradually into the consciousness of the American people, as they have moulded the attitudes of that younger generation of lawyers from which new judges are being recruited. The second cause, a corollary of the first, is the Senate storm in the spring of 1930, spending itself first upon the Supreme Court appointment of Mr. Hughes and then upon the appointment of Judge Parker of North Carolina. Mistaken as to Hughes but probably right as to Parker, the Senate aimed their venom at these two men, when in reality they were denouncing the Supreme Court itself, its judicial imperialism, its reading into the Constitution of an outworn conception of economic individualism, its arbitrary invalidating of state laws designed to achieve a social and financial democracy.

Justice Holmes stated the trouble succinctly and with some justifiable bitterness at that time, when he wrote, in dissenting from an opinion which annulled a Missouri taxing Act:

> "I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the states. As the decisions now stand I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this court as for any reason undesirable."

There was something tragic about this outcry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the aged jurist, then almost ninety years old, facing the possibility of going to his rest a great statesman and a great man, but impotent, helpless, a dissenter to the last. On the field of the Fourteenth Amendment, the main battleground of the Constitution, he had been beaten by superior forces bearing property's banner. "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law"—those were the magic words which his foes upon the bench used to justify their sweeping erasure of state welfare measures, their annulling of taxing Acts, price-fixing and utility valuation statutes, labor laws, and all manner of industrial and social legislation. That was the section of the Constitution used by the reactionary judges to throw aside Holmes' theory of letting state legislators make social experiments, even experiments which he, personally, did not applaud. The spirit of tolerance was badly beaten, the political power of once-sovereign states was humbled, and the common man was denied that measure of governmental protection to which he was entitled in a complex industrial era dominated by men of large means, impelled too much by selfish, and too little by human, motives. It was a state of affairs which made inevitable a Senatorial revolt when that body of men was called upon to approve the new appointments to the Supreme Court.

Portraits by Lowell Balcom

Justice Brandeis

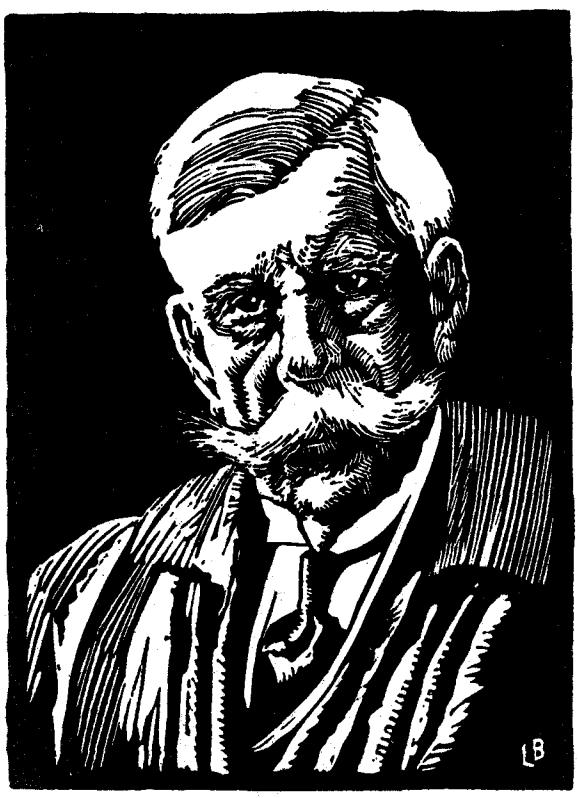
As Professor Felix Frankfurter said at the time of that revolt, in his urbane and polite discussion of the Court's conservatism, everything turns on men. The narrow limits within which choice moves in determining the ordinary disputes of private law is one thing, and the broad scope given to judges in settling problems of constitutional law is quite another. Private law involves merely disputes between individual litigants, and certain time-honored rules apply, regardless of the judge's personality. Constitutional law, however, is a matter of government and politics, involving the relations between the individual and the State, and between State and Nation. The Constitution is broad and general in terms, intended thus by its wise framers to be adjustable to the new and unseen conditions of the future years. The Constitution in truth is what the judges say it is, and different judges say different things at different times. Their interpretation depends upon the forces at work molding public opinion outside the courtroom, upon their own private economic and political predilections, their conscious or subconscious slants for or against property, and many other subtle and intangible factors. Despite the old maxim to the contrary, it is becoming increasingly apparent that ours is a government more of men than of laws.

II

TWO JUDGES died in 1930, two conservatives who had read into the Constitution their personal approval of the outworn economic individualism and political centralization of the nineteenth century. It was a matter of importance to progressive thinkers and humble people that their successors should be more imbued with the principles of democratic government. A change in that direction might mean a change in the whole system of American governmental control. From the War to the beginning of 1925, "Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" was commonly recorded in the published accounts of the high court's actions. In the beginning of 1925, Justice Stone came on the bench, and for over five years it was "Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone dissenting" on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most matters of grave social consequence. Three liberals, three men whose interpretation of the Constitution was widely at variance with the dominating interpretation in favor of federalism and big business. If these were joined by two more, their views would become the views of the Court and the law of the land. That is what happened. Hughes and Roberts, belonging to the new school of social jurisprudence, have voted liberally, and the Old Guard is overthrown. It must have been gratifying to Justice Holmes during the last court term, during what he called his "little finishing canter," to see victory come his way, after so many years of struggling in vain.



Justice Holmes

During the last term of the Court it seemed as if the judges were impatient to undo not only the work of the Court under Taft, but also much of its work under Marshall. Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone eagerly seized the opportunity to make effective doctrines which they had consistently advocated. But it was surprising to many that Hughes and Roberts should be so eager to join them, both of them being, in the light of the common fallacy which failed to distinguish between lawyer and judge, tainted with the psychology of wealth attending every big corporation lawyer. Aside from his commendable display of ability and good manners in exposing official corruption in the oil scandals, Roberts was an unknown quantity. The Senate accepted him largely because they were tired out from fighting about the merits of Parker. Hughes was not unknown, he had had previous experience on the very bench to which he was now appointed. But so excited were the Senators about the fact that he represented big business at the bar (because he had the ability) that they failed to look into his judicial record. If they had, they would have discovered that it was liberal, and thus saved themselves the narrow escape from defeating their own ends which would have resulted had they rejected Mr. Hughes. But blunder as they did, the Senate got results. The new appointees heeded the storm and went right to work. Seldom in the Court's history has a change in personnel effected such an abrupt change in its decisions. It was as if the Potomac River had suddenly decided to flow inward from the sea.

In one short year the Fourteenth Amendment was given such a beating that it will be crippled for many years to come. The state police power, the power to regulate business enterprise for the general welfare, got even for the many defeats it had suffered under the Taft régime. For it was only necessary to start new judicial doctrines in order to be assured of future success—progressive judges can follow their precedent, as reactionaries so long and so consistently followed theirs. Let us consider the various fields of democratic legislation. See what happened then and now to the legislative efforts to equalize bargaining between property on the one hand and labor and consumer on the other.

III

Consider first the price-fixing Acts. The history of their rise and fall and resurrection would require more space than is here permitted, but the importance of this type of social control warrants a brief mention of the Granger cases of 1877, when the Supreme Court first allowed legislative interference with private capital and free bargaining. The great railroads and grain elevators of the growing West of that time were making a good deal of money as well as developing the country, and the prairie law-makers thought the general welfare would be best served by limiting the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rates which these industries could charge. The Supreme Court of Chief Justice Waite agreed with them, and upheld the price-fixing statutes on the ground that the carriers and the grain companies were businesses "clothed with a public interest," and as such, subject to governmental control. It was a victory for democratic thought, and consequently one bitterly assailed by vested interests. The fight raged through the years, as conditions changed and new enterprises struggled to keep out of the legislative clutches. Except for a brief liberal period before the late war, the interests were successful, and the Supreme Court of modern days refused to extend the doctrine of the Granger Cases to include businesses which were, actually, in the light of modern circumstances, "clothed with a public interest."

Chief among these to come before the post-war Court were the cases of theater-ticket brokers in New York, large dairy proprietors in the great dairy state of Minnesota, and private employment agencies in New Jersey. Many other states having similar laws were affected by the disposition of these cases, each involving the same question of the power of the state legislature to fix the rates to be charged. There was good reason for the legislation: playgoers in New York City were at the mercy of ticket-brokers who took undue advantage of the law of supply and demand as it affected popular shows; consumers of milk in the Northwest were the victims of overcharging; and, worst of all, helpless people seeking the means of earning their very livelihood were being badly exploited by fraudulent, fee-splitting, ill-serving employment agencies. In each case, the proprietors complaining of the legislation fixing their rates relied on the dear old Fourteenth Amendment, and won the day.

IV

Such was the situation regarding this type of social control before the shake-up on the bench. Despite Justice Holmes' sensible observation that "the legislature may forbid or restrict *any* business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it," the law of the land was decidedly otherwise. But now witness the resurrection of the buried doctrine of the Granger Cases. Shortly after the change in the Court's personnel there came before the Court a New Jersey statute limiting the rates of commission to be charged by agents for insurance companies. Notice that this went beyond anything attempted before; it was not merely a fixing of rates to be charged policy-holders by the company, thus directly affecting a large part of the public, but it went further and fixed the fees of a mere agent, whose relation to the public was certainly more remote.

And what happened? The new Court of Chief Justice Hughes *upheld* the Act as a valid exercise of the police power, held that an insurance agent was an integral part of a business "clothed with a public interest," and that the fixing of his fees was fitting and proper. A great victory for States' Rights and economic democracy — and one which, as pointed out in the bitter dissent of Justice Sutherland, would never have been permitted in the old days.

Justice Sutherland was especially aroused by this new display of liberalism, for it upset the precedent which he himself had set a few years before. He it was who wrote the opinions in the cases which annulled the New York theater ticket law and the New Jersey employment agency law. It must have been humilitating to this firm believer in free contract to have to fulminate in feeble dissent after eight years of triumph on behalf of predatory interests. But he was destined to become used to it. As writer of the opinion in 1923 which rendered invalid all attempts to fix a minimum wage in industry, Justice Sutherland can afford to take with philosophic calm his new demotion to the ranks of the minority judges — for awhile at least. But old scores are being settled rapidly. The fate that lately met his theory of price-fixing legislation is the same that met his views on taxing acts.

Taxation has never been exactly palatable to men of means. Embarrassing as their complaints and reticences have made things for the public servants seeking to raise revenue for the general good, the lot of legislators was made doubly hard by the tendency of the Taft Court to declare their taxing Acts unconstitutional. When the progressive state of Wisconsin passed an inheritance tax which sought to avoid the widespread evil of tax-dodging by bringing within the assessment all gifts made within a certain time of the donor's death, the Supreme Court annulled the Act as in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. When Pennsylvania imposed a tax upon the gross receipts of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taxicab corporations without making a similar levy upon the receipts of individual cabs, the Act was thrown out as working an arbitrary discrimination in violation of the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the same amendment.

If the Fourteenth Amendment failed to cover the case for those seeking to avoid payment, other parts of the Constitution were successfully invoked — the Commerce Clause, for instance, giving the federal Congress control over interstate and foreign commerce. Here political jealousy for the supremacy of the federal government combined with the judges' slant in favor of property to void the legislation. The practise of requiring a license of corporations of a foreign state for the privilege of doing business in the home state was held not to apply to telegraph companies and others whose business was mainly interstate. When Pennsylvania required steamship brokers to obtain a license upon proof of good moral character, in order to lessen the frauds practised upon poor and illiterate immigrants, the law was invalidated as an interference with the federal government's exclusive, though unexercised, control of foreign commerce. Then there was the Court's sweeping extension of John Marshall's dictum that no state could tax any instrumentality of the federal government. Mississippi was prevented from levying a tax on sales of gasoline to the federal Coast Guard in that state, the Court going so far as to deem the gasoline company an agency of the federal government for that particular transaction. And Massachusetts was prevented from levying an income tax on patent royalties, because the patent had been issued by the federal government.

These were a few typical instances of the work of the Taft Court in effectively discouraging state effort to raise revenue. Precedent was established in favor of unrestrained private enterprise which bade fair to last well into a far-off future. It was disheartening to a new court with liberal views. But the Hughes Court at once set to work to restore to the states some of their self-respect, and in the short space of a year performed the unique judicial feat of setting a contrary precedent of their own. One outstanding example was the decision sustaining the Indiana Act taxing chain stores. The principle here involved was similar to that in the old cases. The chain store owners relied on the Fourteenth Amendment, claiming they should not be discriminated against. It was the old plaint of the Pennsylvania taxicab corporations when the little fellows were not included in the tax. Only, in the taxicab case the law was annulled, while in the chain store case the law was upheld. The personnel of the court had changed. Everything turns on men.

One interesting sidelight on these two cases reveals the fallacy of thinking that a lawyer who represents big business at the bar will continue to do so from the bench. Mr. Owen Roberts represented the complaining taxi corporations before the old court, and won the case. Three years later, as Mr. Justice Roberts, he listened to a similar argument on behalf of the chain stores, shook his head, and wrote the opinion of the court against the chain stores and for the Indiana lawmakers.

The protection accorded to big business by the federalism of the old court was also withdrawn. There is very little, if any, difference in essence and social effect between an attempt on the part of West Virginia to say that its natural gas shall go first to its own citizens and then to other states, and an attempt on the part of Ohio to impose a tax on natural gas brought into Ohio from another state. Both are efforts to protect the interests of local citizens. Both Acts were attacked in the Supreme Court by the gas companies. But the first case came before the old Court and the second case came before the new. The West Virginia Act was thrown out in 1923 as imposing an undue burden on interstate commerce. The Ohio Act was upheld in 1931 as a valid exercise of the taxing power of a sovereign state.

A similar sharp lens is necessary to see the difference between a state statute which includes income from patent royalties and federal bonds in its assessment on property, and one which includes income derived from copyrights. Patents, copyrights, and bonds all owe their existence to the grace of the federal government. The point was elaborately argued in the Supreme Court that the great John Marshall would never tolerate the interference here of a mere state. And when the court was dominated by super-Federalists the point was won.

As to patents and bonds, the state statute (Massachusetts) was declared invalid by the Court shortly before the change in personnel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The copyright statute (New York) did not come up for determination until 1931, at which time the majority of the new court held that New York State had a perfect right to include copyright income in its taxing Act. So obviously was this decision a reversal of the previous decisions — though not admitted to be such by the judges, who drew fine distinctions here and there — that it resulted in the sedate *Harvard Law Review* giving its leading space for April, 1931, to a satirical treatment of this situation by the liberal professor Thomas Reed Powell. In the course of this "imaginary judicial opinion" Professor Powell wrote:

> "That the new brethren were not unaware of the cleavages of opinion in the Court and of the widespread dissatisfaction with several of the decisions prior to their appointment is hardly to be doubted. It may be inferred also that their own training and capacity have induced in them an outlook that on the whole is one that leans toward wisdom and the desire to have the opinions of the Court meet with respect. These personal factors, which are not wholly extraneous to the process of constitutional interpretation, may account in some measure for the fact that the Massachusetts case is not deemed to be entitled to controlling weight in determining the present judgment."

But liberal judges do not vote to uphold all state legislation. In the field of personal liberty covered by the Bill of Rights the restraints of statutes tend to safeguard rather than hinder the selfish interests of the respectable and wealthy right-thinkers. Liberal judges see that legislation curbing free speech and free press means governmental protection from proprietary oppression. They see that the exercise of the state police power in economic and industrial matters is one thing, and its exercise in matters of flag-waving is quite another. The late war took heavy toll of tolerance in both judges and lawmakers. The fate of Debs, Abrams, Berger, and others at the hands of the majority of the Supreme Court is an old, familiar story. But the feeling against pacifists and Socialists lasted far beyond the days of the war. Post-war conservatism placed upon the statute books of many states harsh edicts which made certain political actions criminal. Under the New York syndicalism law, Benjamin Gitlow, Socialist leader, was sentenced to prison for merely expressing his mind in opposition to the prevailing government. Under the California law, Miss Anita Whitney, prominent humanitarian, was sentenced to prison for the very mild offense of joining the Communist party. These and similar convictions were sustained by the Supreme Court of Chief Justice Taft, and the restraining statutes were applauded.

But now before the Supreme Court of Chief Justice Hughes in 1931 came the California red flag law, and the conviction under it of a young girl whose only offense, like Miss Whitney's, was her belief in the principles of her Communist comrades. The statute, a recent enactment of fear against a supposed red menace in California, made criminal the display of the flag "as a symbol of opposition to organized government." This Act was overthrown, and the girl, who had been arrested for displaying the red flag at a camp school where Communism was taught, was ordered to be freed. The Chief Justice, he who had been so bitterly attacked in the Senate by those whose cause he has always, in public life, advanced, delivered the opinion of the Court:

> "The maintenance of an opportunity for free political discussion, to the end that government may be responsive to the will of the people, and that changes may be obtained by lawful means, an opportunity essential to the security of the republic, is a fundamental principle of our constitutional system."

The Old Guard judges who dominated the Court in the old days had never been particularly impressed with this "fundamental principle of our constitutional system." A new day had certainly dawned.

Then came, on the last day of the term just ended, the Court's decision in the Minnesota "gag law" case. The statute, which made possible the enjoining of any publication which, in the opinion of a single judge, was contrary to public morals, was a shining example of the exercise of that kind of police power which makes for governmental tyranny. If effective, political corruption and business fraud could flourish without fear of exposure. Censorship such as this, holding over newspapers the threat of abolishing all future publication if what they printed was offensive to powerful interests, had not been attempted in the one hundred and fifty years since this country became a free nation. And Chief Justice Hughes and his liberal colleagues decided that this attempt was unconstitutional. Four of the Old Guard judges, under the leadership of Justice Butler, who comes from Minnesota and is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interested in protecting its respectable citizens from the possibility of abuse, fulminated in burning dissent against this liberal decision, as they had against so many others, both in the field of direct economic control and in the field of guaranteed personal rights.

The latter had suffered some bad beatings at the hands of the Taft Court, especially in the prohibition cases. The old court had been exceedingly dry, and in glorifying the Eighteenth Amendment they had punished such of the first ten amendments as came in conflict with it. Trial by jury was supplanted by injunction; prosecution in both state and federal courts, for both possession and sale of liquor, overrode the constitutional protection against double jeopardy; and search and seizure without warrant was indulged in by prohibition agents and upheld by the Court. One of the harshest rulings of the old court was that which permitted the confiscation of automobiles and boats used for transporting liquor, without protecting the rights of innocent owners of the vehicles, or of financing companies who innocently held mortgages on them. The old court had ruled that the confiscation proceedings could be brought by the government under the Revenue Act, which did not protect such lawful interests. But when the question was brought before the new court, the judges held, Justice Stone writing the opinion, in the Richbourg Motor case, that such forfeiture actions must be brought under the Prohibition Act, which did expressly exempt such owners and mortgagees. This case was typical of the liberal trend of the Hughes Court in lightening somewhat the burdens imposed by their predecessors in cases under the Eighteenth Amendment.

V

One of the earliest signs of change was a labor decision which was handed down shortly after the storm in the Senate had centered on a decision adverse to labor by the new appointee, Judge Parker. Parker was rejected largely because he had had the misfortune to follow the precedent set by a conservative Supreme Court in upholding the "yellow dog" contract, or agreement forced upon miners and workers that they would not join a national union while in the employ of the companies coercing them. This ruling enabled the operating companies to rush into the federal courts and get an injunction restraining the workmen from having anything to do with national unions seeking to better their lot in life. And it was a practice vigorously and successfully indulged in. Meanwhile it had occurred to some labor officials that they might try to get an injunction once in a while. They had fared badly as defendants in courts of equity, and they might have better luck by becoming plaintiffs. So when the Texas and New Orleans Railroad sought to thwart the good work of the Railway Clerks' Union by forcing upon the men a local company union with which the company proposed exclusively to deal, in matters regarding wages and working conditions, the Union went into the federal court and asked for an injunction against this attempt of the company to displace it as the representative of the employees. And the injunction was granted. For the first time in the history of labor struggles the tables were turned and the weapon which had been so effective *against* labor was being put to good use *for* labor. On appeal to the Supreme Court, the judgment was affirmed, and Chief Justice Hughes delivered the opinion.

From that day to this the Supreme Court has been liberal. The agencies for social control, the state legislatures, are at last able to do their welfare work without fear of the Fourteenth Amendment or the Commerce Clause or some other part of the Constitution, interpreted by old-school federalist judges in favor of political centralization and economic individualism. The coöperation necessary to bring about an industrial democracy is at last meeting with the approval of the Supreme Court. The collapse of our economic structure and the present widespread depression show that business enterprise free from governmental control will not work, and the new judges know it. Nor will suppression of free thought achieve anything worthwhile in an enlightened era. This too the judges have realized, and, with the single unfortunate exception of the Dr. MacIntosh citizenship case, they have acted broadly, tolerantly, and humanely. Much has been accomplished in the single year in which they have been together on the bench. Much more will be accomplished in the years to come, and the Supreme Court will play a part of ever-increasing prominence in the progressive development of the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Is News?

by **STANLEY WALKER**

News is that inexact measure with which gentlemen known as newspaper editors or journalists seek in their fumbling but usually well-intentioned fashion to chart the ebb and flow of the tides of human aspiration, the ignominy of mankind, the glory of the race. It is the best record we have of the incredible meanness and the magnificent courage of man. It is that curious, motley budget which, read at breakfast time, repels and shocks and fascinates, and sometimes amuses and informs.

It is something else. To the young man in newspaper work (unless he is a dullard or an anæmic misfit) news is a compelling and tempestuous siren who will not be denied, and for whom the stripling, whether he wills it or not, will throw away his eyesight, his digestion, and his hope of heaven; to the middle-aged it is a termagant wife whom he curses but embraces, and to the aged, gray fuddy-duddy with the flinty arteries it is a slatternly mistress, terribly coarse and faded but capable of moments of such sweet excitement that he would not forsake her if he could.

News is not a great many things. It is not the account of the doings in Amos Cummings's unnatural world in which a man, to be news, had to bite a dog. It is not necessarily a departure from the normal course of life that makes a man news; if he will only remain normal long enough he will be material for a splendid story on his eightieth birthday. News is not the space-filling platitudes of a windbag or a propagandist who is saying precisely what everyone knew he would say. Indeed, every newspaper now and then, by accident or carelessness or stupidity or designs of policy, prints long items which are not news.

There is no exact definition of news; it is as variant as the winds. A night news editor, with all the facts in his possession, can draw a diagram of his front page in less than one minute, but if you asked him why he did thus and so, why one story obviously should have the preferred position, he would be hard put to it to explain. He would halt over his explanation, not because he is inarticulate, but because what he had done has been the result of little conscious analysis.

Of course he is wrong now and then, but he probably would be just as wrong if he sought to make graphs of the social importance of every news item that went on the first page. He is dealing with a medium which is peculiarly fluid and evanescent. It is probably just as well that he makes his evaluations without the aid of philosophers, relying solely upon his natural and acquired sense of what is news — something he can't quite define but which he knows, or is supposed to know.

How does he know it? Why, bless you, sir, he knows it, in its more definite manifestations, as surely as you do. News comes when a great ship is so hurt that she pitches and buckles and flounders and goes down with people aboard; it comes when the earth shudders and yawns and a great city is ruined; it comes when a surgeon walks out on the doorsteps of a noble house and says to the reporters, "He died at 6:15"; it comes when the man in high place, astonishingly but beyond doubt, is revealed as a scoundrel; it comes when a young man of whom few ever have heard flies the Atlantic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone; it comes when the villagers send up their cheers and their prayers for the prince who has just been born and who will be a king some day; it comes when a sinister entrepreneur of crime, surrounded by legends, walks into a splutter of machine gun fire and falls dead on the sidewalk; it comes when a man of superb talent sends a bullet through his brain for some reason that lies in the inscrutable, secret places of his soul. More, a picture can be news. Was there ever a more poignant photograph than the one taken of Al Smith and his friends late on that night in November, 1928, when he realized the enormity of his defeat? Or the photograph of the captain of the Vestris, one of the tragic figures of all news stories, arms folded, and staring out to sea as his ship tilted for the plunge.

II

One doesn't have to be even a pretender to journalistic expertness to know that certain great events are news. But there is a vast field of undefined material which lies in a sort of misty borderland between what obviously is news and what cannot be news. It is in the handling of the problems that arise from this foggy frontier that a newspaper either makes its ruinous mistakes or performs its most brilliant and effective work.

The bulk of such matter is not "spot" news in the sense that the collapse of a skyscraper would be news; it consists chiefly, for want of a better term, of situations, of puzzling trends, of subtle changes in the manners and customs and thoughts of a whole people. There is no yardstick by which such imponderables may be gauged accurately. But the time always comes to the thoughtful news editor when he will be sitting at his desk, with all the obvious news well covered, and the conviction will come to him that something else is happening, something which refuses quite to come out in the open, but something tremendously important all the same. That, too, when it can be understood, makes news, whether it be the impending signs of economic change, a shift in religious opinion, or the premonitions which indicate a difference in the social or economic temper of a nation.

"Spot" news is like a fast-flying game bird which must be shot quickly on the wing, and there are many men working for American newspapers who do the job well. But in the other field, where things are considerably less plain than a pikestaff, the editors of outstanding competence are fewer. There is big game in that field, but few are the hunters who know how to find it.

This is almost like saying that what a great newspaper needs is to go back of the superstructure, that it should strive for an acute social consciousness; that it should take the long view of current events with something of the eye of the historian, and that it should do its best to present a comprehensive picture of contemporary civilization. All of which may be true and profound, or it may be so much gibberish. It is pleasant to think it is true, or that it can be true, but it also is probable that such a credo, adhered to with too much conscience, might lead many a pretty good paper into bankruptcy. The dreamers of the craft, however, like to believe that it is possible for a paper to hold such a policy and at the same time avoid being dull — a job which requires the maximum of professional skill.

George Bernard Shaw (he is always news, even when he is talking about news) said recently that journalists suffer from "time-lag," which is to say that it requires many years for newspapers to wake up to facts, to recognize reality, and to realize that revolutions actually have taken place. He cited the tardiness with which the press awoke to the news values inherent in the Russian experiment. He is, of course, allowing perhaps for a certain overemphasis, absolutely correct. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler complained once that the ordinary man who reads newspapers is in the position of a bather at the seashore who is charmed and interested by the individual waves breaking over him but who is unable to get any clear idea of what the ocean looks like.

Thus the newspaper reader, even if he knows a great many news facts concerning the world to-day, is unable to get a clear picture of momentous world affairs. It is a little like saying that the forest often is difficult to see because of the trees, which is true enough, even if it isn't news. Few will dispute the soundness of the Shaw and Butler observations. Yet there probably will be fairly general agreement that the better and more responsible papers in America are less open to criticism for "time-lag" or lack of broad outlook in dealing with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world-wide trends than they were even a very few years ago. Heaven knows they are sometimes pretty bad, but they are catching up with the big news.

Indeed, some news men, as always, are able to look far ahead and make predictions which turn out to be remarkably sound. The late Northcliffe was one of these, at his best brilliant, able, and long-headed. On his last visit to America he sat one afternoon in his hotel suite and talked to a group of New York reporters who, like all reporters everywhere, regarded him with the admiration which pious people always have reserved for their more potent gods.

"There are," he said, "to my way of thinking, two great news stories in this world, and they will be big stories for a long time. One of them is in England. There are two million more women in England than men. The news inherent in those figures, which is only part of the whole post-war problem, seems to me worth noticing. The other big story is here in America. I am speaking of prohibition. The law and the attempts at its enforcement, together with its political and social consequences, will make news in this country for many years, certainly for more than a decade. Few people will ever get tired of reading about it. The news it produces, and I observe it already is producing much, will come nearer interesting everybody for an indefinitely long time than any news of which I know."

Certainly it seems that Northcliffe was right in his appraisal of the news value of prohibition. And the press has handled it in all manner of ways — fairly and with contemptible bias, calmly and sensationally. The question has brought more letters to editors than all the religious wars of history put together. Such letters, whether written in praise or bitter hatred, afford a generally dependable guide to the value of all news items that deal with controversy. The voice of the people, that grand collection of nuts, visionaries, bigots, special pleaders, honest taxpayers, exhibitionists, indignant mothers, sensitive souls, worried fathers, passionate thinkers, and "For Forty Years a Reader But No More After What You Said About Coolidge," is listened to with vast respect by news editors — perhaps, indeed, with too much awe, for the letter writers do not always represent a cross section of a paper's circulation. There are millions of delighted customers who never write a letter; millions of angry ones, too, no doubt.

Every newspaper, as sure as there is anything true in this world, should have in mind a synthetic creature which it can call its Composite Reader, the person to whom the paper's appeal is directed. The New York *World*, according to expert diagnosis, failed because it forgot this average reader. It had hikers and animal lovers and intellectuals and jobless perusers of want ads and a few sterling Democrats, but it couldn't produce the composite fellow, hybrid though he may be, to whom the chief news and feature appeal of any successful paper must be directed. It got lost in the jungle, hunting elephants and humming birds with a blunderbuss. In its last years there were times when even the friendly observer began to fear that, in its judgment of news, it was difficult for it to distinguish clearly between Primo Carnera and a flock of Singer's midgets.

III

THE HIGHER editors, the presidents of the larger universities, the jurists of distinction, and a varied assortment of other outstanding commentators on the press and its relation to the well-being of humanity, make the charge with monotonous regularity that newspapers, even the respectable ones, are too much inclined to favor the sensational though basically trivial news over the news which is genuinely important. Such charges occasionally lead to much grave soul-searching and to an appalling lot of nonsense. Too many indictments against "the play of news" are based upon false or incomplete evidence.

For example, there is the belief, held almost universally now, that Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, and Rudolph Valentino, the motion picture actor, died at the same time, and that all papers everywhere turned over their front pages to the departed sheik and buried the educator somewhere on the inside pages. Indeed, this idea is so firmly implanted in the national consciousness of everybody who remembers anything that it is almost a part of American folklore, and probably never can be removed from its present status as the perfect example of "news play," and somehow wrong.

The facts, however, may be ascertained with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ease. Dr. Eliot died on Sunday, August 22, 1926, at Northeast Harbor, Maine. In their Monday morning editions both the *New York Herald Tribune* and *The New York Times* gave his death the preferred position on page one, and other papers, even some of the more sensational ones, judged the event to be important. The *Herald Tribune* had a two-column headline and Dr. Eliot's photograph on the right hand side on the first page. In their Tuesday morning editions the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* each gave a column (on the inside pages, naturally enough, as the man had been dead since Sunday and everybody knew it) to the funeral plans.

Valentino, who had been ill for several days, died on Monday, August 23, at 12:10 P.M. Some of the earlier editions of the New York afternoon papers still thought enough of the death of Dr. Eliot to place the news on the first page, although the morning papers already had told it. When Valentino died, the later editions of the afternoon papers, with unimpeachable judgment, put the Eliot item on an inside page and let the news of the passing of Valentino occupy a prominent place on the first page. Of course the tabloids went wild, but they were right according to their lights, and their action was justified in the grotesque scenes which attended the funeral orgies of the dead actor. If the death of Dr. Eliot was news after the first day, then the strange poisoning of Socrates (Big Hemlock Mystery) is still the leading story of to-morrow morning's tabloid.

And yet, somewhere in all this, there lies an issue. Let us suppose that Eliot and Valentino had died unexpectedly at the same time, at night, and the dignified or respectable (or whatever the correct term is) morning papers of America had been confronted with the necessity of deciding which was the more important as news. A good guess is that most of them, sensing the dangers on both horns of the dilemma, would have compromised by giving them as nearly equal space and prominence as possible. They might have put Dr. Eliot on the right hand side and Valentino on the left, which would have been sound enough, provided the heads of both were reproduced.

However, in the event of simultaneous death, a good case could have been made out by the editor of a conservative paper for regarding Valentino's death as of greater news interest. After all, Dr. Eliot had been out of things for a long time; most people identified him, not as a great educator or a first-rate mind, but as an old gentleman with sideburns who had selected a five-foot shelf of books. Valentino was a hero of some sort or another; almost everybody knew who he was, and the women and the youth of the country particularly were interested in his death, whether they should have been or not. Long queues of strange ladies lined Broadway for their last look at the dead actor; they didn't do that for Dr. Eliot. True, no one expected them to, and it would have been startling news if they had, but a paper, if it values its news, must deal with things as they are and not as they might be in a perfect world which regards educators as of more importance than actors. The place for deploring is on the editorial page. The place for the full account of frailty and pathos and for all the comic antics of our citizens is in the news columns. And the more complete, the more mercilessly accurate the narrative, the better the newspaper.

IV

There is an incessant flow of balderdash, usually from perfectly well-meaning critics, about the sensationalism of even the more solid papers, particularly in their handling of crime news. These charges are most common: "You know very well that decent, intelligent people can't possibly be interested in the murderous doings of a moron." "Don't you realize that by printing all those details you are making dangerous suggestions to the youth of this country, sometimes making the criminal a hero, whether he ends in disaster or not?" "You call yourself a paper for nice, clean people, but when you give all that space to that terrible affair, we know what ails you — you're afraid of the tabloids and you've got an eye out for the low-class readers."

To all three indictments any paper with pretensions of honor and dignity can plead a loud, vigorous "Not Guilty." This is not to say that eminently respectable editors do not make mistakes in judgment, sometimes assessing certain crime items at more than their intrinsic worth, but the blanket charges simply will not stand.

In the first place, decent, intelligent people are very much interested in crime. If they are not interested they are abnormal. If they have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to justify this interest to God or their consciences, they can do it on the ground of social curiosity, drama and entertainment, civic importance, or merely because, so to speak, they had a yen, they wanted to know the low down about the mugs who had the finger on Kid Umpchay and finally put him on the spot.

Again, if the youth of this country, reading the facts about the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago, the endless chevying by enemies and the police of the battered and sievelike person of "Legs" Diamond, or a dozen other crime stories, is impelled to rush out and begin firing, then American youth is already in a pretty sorry state. As well argue that news of prohibition graft should not be printed because it is sure to give somebody an idea of how to make easy money. Gang motion pictures and, possibly, a few gang novels may be shown rather conclusively in a few sentences to have furnished the suggestion that prompted a youth to commit a terrible crime. In most instances, however, the young rascal picks on a book, a picture, or a newspaper as a convenient way of diverting attention from his own cussedness or congenital lack of balance. Loeb and Leopold made poor old Nietzsche look bad until the whole facts about their personalities were on record.

Crime news, the accounts of the activities of a gangster or a criminal system, is almost always necessary before any attempt at reform is made. Does anyone believe that the weight of the Federal Government finally would have descended upon Al Capone if the man's activities (sometimes, to be sure, rather flamboyantly treated) had not been described so often and so thoroughly that he became the very symbol of evil — a target so shining and so important that it is said President Hoover himself pressed the button which set the Federal men after him?

All this, of course, is not to say that the motives of all the newspaper men who have written about Capone, or the editors who have assigned their reporters and put the articles in the papers, have been permeated with a noble spirit of altruism and public service. It was news to them — that's all. The news man who tears his heart out at the sight of every injustice, and gets all choked up with indignation, will find that he is taking too much punishment in the psychic regions.

The best argument against the treatment of crime news by the American press (the British press, by the way, is infinitely worse, despite the common Yankee belief that all English newspapers are models of virtue and dignity) may be made on the ground of journalistic craftsmanship — that is to say, the American reporters frequently turn in dreadfully incompetent pieces of work. The more sensational press often "builds up" a story, distorting the truth a little here and there, inventing phrases of grotesque imagery to describe the characters, until the result is so much hogwash, hot but unpalatable.

Some students of these high matters believe that it would be possible for a sensational paper to please its readers by stopping faking, cutting out the sobbing and gasping for a spurious effect, and printing straight, simple, clear, and moving details of what something looked like and what happened. They might have to retain the large headlines and the photographs of the gun molls with their legs crossed, but that would suit everybody except a few sensitive folks who wouldn't read the paper anyway unless they were sure no one was looking. The so-called dignified papers print just as much, and sometimes more, crime news than the others, the chief difference being one of emphasis and the display of legs. The plea here, briefly, is for more honest realism.

Some of the best examples of crime news in the last decade, which drew their strength from their unabashed and realistic treatment, lay a bit outside the regular, obvious mold of "spot news." They were important sociological documents, and at the same time they were news that not even a stage tabloid editor of the wildest type could ignore. One was the painstaking, unemotional, amazingly detailed report of the woman probation officer who had investigated the upbringing of Celia Cooney, the original bob-haired bandit. The New York *World* obtained the document and printed it under a separate headline, without comment. It was more absorbing than a "cosmograph" of the Second Coming, though it was as coldly factual as a treasurer's statement for the fiscal year. Another example of this sort of treatment was offered by *The New York Times* when the Whittemore mob, as desperate an aggregation as ever blew a safe, robbed a bank, or murdered a man, was rounded up by the New York police.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The surface facts concerning the remarkable attainments of the various highly talented members of the outfit were unusual and shocking enough to make important news, but the *Times* went further. It set a group of reporters to digging into the backgrounds, including genealogy, race, religion, schooling, and every other personal detail of every man in the mob. The result was a story that ran for columns and columns, and it was worth every line on its news value.

The stories of the deeds and execution of that courageous and gifted criminal, Gerald Chapman; the accounts of the Hall-Mills murder in New Jersey, which ranks close to the top in the list of the most nearly perfect real crime mysteries; the frayed and dingy love story of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray which ended in the chair at Sing Sing — all these were sensational crimes in which the various types of newspapers showed all their strength and their weaknesses of judgment. There were gross lapses from taste in the professional handling of all of them, but if anything ever is important news, these were, from the standpoint of either the emotions or the mind.

There is a tendency on the part of tabloids sometimes to "play" a story long after its own readers have tired of it, or to revive an old story which might as well have been left alone. It isn't always profitable. It took them a long time to realize that the marital and other adventures of Leonard Kip Rhinelander and Edward W. Browning were no longer news; and the second investigation of the Hall-Mills murder, instigated by a tabloid, was a costly and futile undertaking. This is not to say that tabloid editors don't know their own business. They usually do.

There are two great principles at work, mutually contradictory, and they may be stated thus:

1. The American public is growing steadily better educated, more alert, intelligent, and sophisticated.

2. There is no record of a publisher ever having lost money by underestimating the intelligence of the American people.

Which is truth? Probably neither, but the philosopher who wants to know about news may be able to make a beginning if he will seek to learn whether the founts of love and tears and laughter are nearer the surface in Park Avenue than in Hester Street. Then he can work on up to deciding what is good taste and what is bad, what is cheap and what is valuable.

V

THE POLICY of going back of the external facts appears to be gaining favor among many newspapers and magazines; indeed, the better newspapers more and more are printing in their news columns material which a few years ago would have been rejected as "just magazine stuff, no news in that," and magazines are dealing with topics as timely as practicable. Morris Markey in *The New Yorker* occasionally has an article which for timeliness and news interest would be welcome in the news columns of almost any paper. Edmund Wilson in *The New Republic* last spring told of the backgrounds and personalities of three persons who in one day had tried to kill themselves in Brooklyn. None of the would-be suicides amounted to much; they were the sort, and the circumstances were such, that the newspapers dismissed each in a paragraph, or didn't print anything. Yet Wilson, by using the talents of the reporter, investigated and found facts which surely would have made a distinguished exhibit in the news columns of more than one daily paper.

One day the *New York Herald Tribune* received a letter from a leading citizen of a medium-sized Indiana city remonstrating with the paper for its anti-prohibition editorial policy and declaring that New York newspapers did not realize that there were a great many such centers where there was no drinking, and where the sentiment was overwhelmingly in support of the dry laws. The paper sent Alva Johnston out to visit the town, and his five-column account of the drinking habits of the citizenry made a striking and brilliant news story.

Beyond doubt there has been a shift in the last ten or fifteen years in the standards by which news is judged, certainly by the newspapers of weight and standing, which are primarily under consideration here. Time was when trivialities, such as small fires and inconsequential brawls, were accorded thorough attention. Labor news once consisted principally of blackjackings, and the silly bluffing statements of labor leaders and employers' associations; now more attention is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paid to the racket problem, basic economic questions, and the underlying causes of unrest — unless, of course, as in the Gastonia troubles of two years ago, some dramatic violence lifts the situation above the ordinary considerations of an industrial situation.

The other shifts have been many. Church news does not always consist now either of the sex excursions of a pastor or his long and platitudinous pulpit utterances; the better men among the clergy are viewed from a more sensible perspective, and the clowns and fakers are usually ignored except when their doings furnish comic relief to an otherwise stodgy page. Society news is more factual, with much of the gush gone; true, it has been replaced by the Broadway gossip columns, but even they are in better taste than much of what used to pass for news of society. The financial and industrial pages of the newspapers have expanded enormously, and better men are writing for them. There is more sports news and it is covered more competently than ever before. Moreover, thanks to the pioneering of W. O. McGeehan and Damon Runyon, it is more realistic.

One rather disturbing trend, however, is the growth of what might be called among newspaper men "the comment racket." It is getting to the point where every time anything usual occurs, every prominent man in town must be called up to ask what he thinks about it, often without regard for whether his comment is that of an expert. This foolish custom, which is so easy to overdo, probably will be laughed out of existence very soon. Certainly such comments are not news. If they are, then a column of political guff from Washington with the headline, "McAdoo Believed Willing to Accept Democratic Nomination" is certainly fresh news.

It is difficult to appraise all the varieties of synthetic news, which in most instances is the result of the schemes of propagandists. The belief appears to be gaining ground that a story which is put out primarily for publicity purposes, even though it is so interesting or involves so many important persons that it cannot be ignored, should be tagged with a clear label which would identify its origin and even the possible motives back of it. The Edison intelligence tests were given chiefly in the interests of free advertising; if the newspapers did not make that fact clear at the time, it was either because they lacked excessive candor or because they felt that their readers had intelligence enough to know it without being told.

Telling how the wheels work behind the machinery of propaganda often makes news of the first order. An excellent example is the article written by Frank R. Kent describing the workings of the publicity bureau of the Democratic National Committee in charge of Charles Michelson. Every newspaper man in Washington had observed the smooth and effective workings of this machine, but only Kent had the ingenuity to perceive that it was news.

Washington correspondents are always targets for criticism by students of the press, though it is probable that, by and large, they do their work honestly and competently. Mr. Kent believes, and many agree with him, that they pay too much attention to political fakers and do not go to enough pains to identify a man's brain power and motives before sending out news about him. "What manner of man is this?" is an excellent question to ask in sizing up the importance of any news item concerning the doings and sayings of a politician — or of anyone else, for that matter.

The more solvent, progressive, and intelligent papers, despite all the mergers, failures, and machine-age problems which beset the newspaper business, appear to be headed in the direction of sounder news judgment. Even their so-called feature stories, dealing with the zoo, the fastest barber in town, the birthday reminiscences of an old codger, the rescue of a tenement child from a sewer, the eccentricities of prize fighters, and all that mass of charming triviality without which a paper becomes a dreary catalogue, are less maudlin and trite than they once were. But they still continue to be news.

There has been a noticeable increase in impartiality, a tendency to be absolutely fair, as nearly as the defects of human judgment will allow, in the news columns. The call now is for even more fairness, for cold and honest appraisal of facts, and for a broadening of interests. It is quite possible that in this world, somewhere in the deep ground swell of human feeling, there is news of a type which no newspaper has yet been able to recognize.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNISM or the Catholic Church

by **GEORGE N. SHUSTER**

FIFTEEN YEARS ago the nations of the West were fighting for victory; to-day they are fighting for life. That is, I think, the most accurate possible summary of recent history. Now for some of the details. Russia, after a million murders, in the hands of Stalin, perfectly willing to do a million more if necessary. Germany starving, with hundreds of thousands of families eating at soup kitchens and ridding themselves wholesale of unborn offspring. Britain gradually succumbing to industrial anemia. Italy afraid to whimper, but the girls who sew laces for the American market get fifteen cents a day and furnish their own thread. South Central Europe a fantastic collection of boundaries and of businesses none of which could pay a nickel on the dollar. The colonial countries, out of which cowboys took millions in hard cash a generation ago, worse than stone broke. And even the United States, dividend clipper to mankind, so short of work that the American Federation of Labor is afraid to publish what it knows and so short of markets that the cash register is an extravagance.

A depression? No doubt. A reckoning surely. The distance between Mr. Norman Angell and Mr. Montagu Norman — the first said in 1910 that we were heading for the place which the second informs us in 1931 we have almost reached — has turned out to be startingly short. It is all a familiar narrative of disaster from which just one lesson needs to be drawn: the surprising thing is not that there has been a marked drift to Communism, but that the drift has been so slow and ineffectual. Before me as I write are two letters from directors of personnel in great American enterprises. Both concur in believing that the major phenomenon of present hard times has been the patience and the confidence of the American workingman. These virtues are no longer so manifest in other countries, and the reason is not a difference in human nature but simply a varying duration of economic pressure. What right has anyone to imagine that, in the kind of world we now inhabit, hordes of penniless, jobless, hopeless creatures will sit around forever, thanking God for the blessings showered on half a thousand bankers, brokers, manufacturers, and owners of real property? The motives which have kept so many sitting this long are simple but no longer good insurance risks. Your ordinary man is no revolutionist. The habit of living for thousands of years in the shadow of protective institutions is in his blood and marrow. He cannot as yet wean himself from them — cannot believe that they are no longer human, as human as himself. Many rich men, he knows too, live in the spirit of these same institutions and have made courageous efforts to dry up the sources of poverty. Then again, he is religious in a far deeper sense than most of us have given him credit for. He may have stopped reading prayers, or admitting that Heaven keeps an accurate record of the sparrows. But your ordinary man has not yet — even yet — convinced himself that there is no principle of sacred order in the universe. Finally, he keeps on pinning faith to what he reads in the newspapers and going to bed certain that help is coming from somewhere, some time.

This widespread failure to appreciate the logic of Communism is our good fortune. Granted the right premises, it is an irresistible conclusion. The Communist, bear in mind, is not necessarily a Russian — a moujik whipped into line by Messianic corporals who understand the art of strategy. In the final analysis he is just a man who believes that property can be taken from those who now own it, either

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly or through mortgage control, and deeded back to the community from which it was orginally acquired. The Communist program may not, theoretically speaking, hold a drop of water. It needn't. Hegel was absolutely correct when he said that a society has a being before it has a sense: that is, the given social facts constitute social reality regardless of the intellectual trigonometry with which men map out the social future. When a sufficient number of citizens are property-less in the nearly absolute sense, they will get something one way or another. Granted existing conditions, Communism is the simplest and shortest way.

Take, for example, the program of the German Communist Party. It shoots straight for the bull's-eye on all the following points:

International debts of every kind are to be repudiated.

All organs of modern capitalistic industrialism — the factory, the bank, the mine, means of transportation — are to be confiscated.

Agriculture is to be reëstablished on the basis of the coöperative community.

The Soviet system of government is to supplant the representative and capitalistic republic.

Workers are to be given the most attractive social contract yet devised.

The new state is to exercise absolute control over the agencies of culture.

When one has looked around Germany a little and seen that 4,000,000 people or more are out of work and that 35,000 families live in the cellars of Berlin while the nation pours out its wealth to pay for a war ended thirteen years ago, it is not astounding that 4,590,178 votes were cast for Communism at the last general election. And unless the faith of the average citizen in his institutions and in the Power that makes for righteousness is justified, the four million will be ten before we know it.

That the appeal of the Communist idea is not limited to a continent or any given set of national boundaries is evident from the circumstance that every defender of the existing social order everywhere is afraid of it. Quite as plainly, Russia has retarded rather than aided the attack on private property in Europe, however successful her propaganda may have become in Asia. If the nations to the west did not shrink so violently from the excesses committed by Moscow — if even Communistic agitators did not have to distinguish carefully between their aims and those of Stalin — the revolutionary tide would have risen far more rapidly. Naturally Russia will still count for much. Should it achieve a measure of prosperity and attain to a fair degree of civilization, propaganda for what it has done to divide the profits of industry and agriculture need not be smuggled in anywhere. Just now Communism in Europe must stand on its own merits as a theory; and the point is that its stance appears to be pretty firm.

The Pope Speaks His Mind

This having been conceded, a voice speaks from the central platform of the world. Some think it an outmoded voice; to others it is sharp with the bitterness of old wars and controversies. But that the utterance of the Pope is eagerly awaited, listened to, criticized, pondered with respect, not even the most hostile will deny. I shall make no claims for it, excepting this: what there is left of moral authority in the traditional social order of the Western world speaks through Pope Pius and no one else. Living men familiar with the records of the past will not doubt that ethics — in so far as ethics are rules of conduct and not codes of emancipation from them — abide for us only because the Christian faith adopted them and taught them to our European ancestors. Nor will any man acquainted with the present hold that any form of belief proposed as a substitute for Christianity is competent to back successfully the ethics underlying our social structure. I shall make no case against the agnostic or the humanistic Protestant; and to my mind it is a species of arrant blindness to look upon the historic churches dissident from Rome without genuine regard. But neither the agnostic nor the Protestant built the moral foundations upon which we are still relying. Both are valuably critical individualists, both are tolerant (at least in theory) of everybody else because there is no reason why everybody else may not be right. It is either a case of listening to the Pope or of listening to nobody.

A detailed analysis of Papal utterances on modern social problems cannot be attempted here. Briefly summarized, the main points are:

1. The right to private property must abide, but in accord with its correct definition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. This definition includes the element of property "use," which means that no man's right to ownership can create "intolerable burdens" for others.

3. The task of harmonizing private property rights and social property use inheres in the government, assisted by organizations of workers and employers.

4. Principles which should guide the government are: increasing the amount of property owned by workers, by high wages and the social management of industry; curbing the "immense power and despotic economic domination concentrated in the hands of a few."

5. Coöperation between nations, in the interest of peace and social justice, is imperatively needed.

6. Communism is the enemy.

7. Religion alone can inculcate social virtues; and the greatest of these virtues is charity.

Such a program is by no means revolutionary, nor is it practical in the sense that it outlines steps by which the goal it proposes can be reached. Inherent in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, moreover, is the principle that economic and social conditions change, so that a working formula effective in one generation means very little in the next. Accordingly many people have, to put it mildly, been disappointed with the Pope. The *Christian Century* even ventured to be contemptuous — they are so much farther along in Chicago. Nevertheless I believe — and shall, I hope, prove — that this remarkable document is the plan of defense for what may be western civilization's last stand. We shall either win by this decision, or we shall raise the white flag. Mind you, this is not a "Catholic" manifesto. It is not the Church as a corporation of the faithful which can solve mankind's social and economic difficulties. The Pope makes only a limited appeal to his spiritual subjects proper — indeed, he says clearly that practical measures are not within the province of Catholic action. He knows as well as anybody that between us and defeat there stand only governments, organizations, individual leaders, public opinion. To each of these he leaves every whit of authority it possesses, reserving for himself the power to distinguish between what is right and what is wrong. Upon that distinction everything depends. Communism is based on the evidence for an undeniable, tangible social wrong; a society which hopes to win out over it must be undeniably and tangibly right.

The Strength of Communism

So much having been said, I shall transfer the discussion to the terrain of fact. What is the source of the insufferable misery which now afflicts millions of toilers throughout the world? What are the objectives envisaged by revolutionary activity? It seems reasonable to reply by saying that social economics is like a game of poker. In this game, all depends upon securing cards which belong together. A hand in which there is a sequence of the five highest cards in the same suit is perfection, against which the onslaughts of the enemy are in vain; and the nearer one comes to such perfection, the more certain one is of winning. Likewise it has often enough been demonstrated that the economic order depends, ideally speaking, upon the relative smoothness with which the component parts interlock. Wealth is created by production; production depends upon markets; markets depend upon purchasing power; and purchasing power depends upon the number of people with money to spend and inclination to do so. Throw one of these parts out, and the whole collapses.

And has collapsed. No two elements of the contemporary capitalistic system are synchronized. In analyzing the wreck it makes precious little difference which part one singles out for special attention. You may agree with Professor Cassel that poor distribution of the gold supply is at fault; you may hold with Dr. Schacht that the trouble can be traced to the world's inorganic, chaotic credit policy; you may think that over-production, especially of agricultural products, has taken the pinning from under the commodity structure; you may turn a little romantic, and upbraid the machine for having robbed men of work; you may appeal to Malthus and look upon population statistics as the handwriting on the wall. Something can be said for every one of these explanations. But the common denominator for all of them is this simple fact: *it has now been proved beyond any possible doubt that the elements of our economic order will not assemble themselves, and that they have to be assembled by somebody.*

Accordingly the solution advanced by Communism for the basic modern economic diseases manifests its logical strength as soon as it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stated. Let the community — the nation, primarily — own and control the productive mechanism. Then let it distribute the proceeds in accordance with individual needs for sustenance and personal improvement. Theoretically this recipe is almost perfect. Granted the requisite popular coöperation and a right adjustment with the outside world, a Communistic nation would be able to tie all the elements of the social order into a compact knot. No longer obliged to reckon with clashes between the separate factors in the industrial process, it could devote itself exclusively to the right management of the whole. One cannot repeat too frequently that Catholic moral teaching has never denied the validity of the Communistic thesis under the right conditions. Not only are the great religious orders of the Church proofs that common ownership and management can succeed, but there are on record specific instances of endorsement by Rome of communal enterprises similar in character to the famous Brook Farm. If, then, we find Catholic authority straining every nerve in its battle against modern Communism, we must look for a very particular reason.

First is the important principle that surrender of the right to private property must be voluntary. The Catholic thesis stands or falls by the priority which it accords to personal will. I shall ignore for the time being the purely spiritual motives for this action, and stress the social objectives. That capital is *not* exclusively the product of labor applied to natural resources has been made quite clear by the Bolshevist experiment. It is the prize struggled for in all Russia's business with the outside world; it is that without which the Soviet hope must pale. Accordingly we know that capital is a thing of incalculable individual and social value, regardless of whether or not we can define it under existing conditions. It follows that those who rightfully possess capital cannot legitimately be despoiled of it excepting in such measure as the welfare of the community may exact. Again, if the state confiscates all private capital and reserves to itself for the future the right to amass and use it, the priceless value of the individual as a saver and investor is lost. We have no justification for supposing that such a loss would ever be compensated for by increased communal thrift, and every possible reason for predicting the exact opposite. In short: the Catholic thesis holds that capital is a valuable thing which can be secured in the largest amount by individual thrift which operates under a social guarantee limited by the needs of the community.

The Urge to Work

Secondly, the initiative to work and to exploit natural resources under the Communist system is essentially a form of ethical mandate. The citizen "should" do his utmost for a community in the success of which he will eventually share. To a certain extent this motive can be reinforced by constraint, by the rule of no work, no food. Subjected to a little examination, the Communist (like the Marxist of every variety) is beheld appealing to a categorical imperative. Between Kant's injunction to live so that one's code of action may at any time serve as a general principle and the Soviet appeal to live in the service of a community purpose there is the same difference and the same relationship as exists between Kantian ethics and Behaviorism. The German philosopher believed that God's laws are echoed in the human breast; the modern Communist believes that the state's decrees are echoed in the human breast. To a given extent this faith can be justified in the realm of labor and of nature exploitation. But it is obvious that the system — whether Kantian or Communist — exacts a tremendous and perilous sacrifice of *élan*. The Catholic refuses to believe that the full, free flowering of human conduct can follow aught but the ceaseless *urge* to secure for the person something worth the effort expended. In the domain of the spiritual life he holds that the hard toil of sublimation is worth while only because the reward is the love of God himself. And in more mundane pursuits, he stands by the principle that sustained effort is prompted only by sustained desire. In short: the Catholic thesis holds that labor is the individual's response to desire and its prospective reward, and that efforts to ennoble labor must follow efforts to ennoble desire.

So clear were both these Catholic views to reflective reason that, separated from a Catholic social philosophy correlative with them, they constituted the foundations of the economic system which underlay more than a hundred years of capitalistic development. Adam Smith and his fellows believed that if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urge, in the sense defined, were trusted sufficiently it would of itself settle all problems. They served as spokesmen for a new and growing industrial movement eager to shake off the bonds of medieval society and gain freedom to act. These bonds were, as a matter of fact, so tight and conventional that they could not be adjusted to a new social girth. Looking back, who is there who will assert that modern capitalism could possibly have used the creaky machinery inside which the once active medieval guilds were fastened? Capitalism, however, made the lamentable mistake of abolishing all social bonds. Its trust in individualism brought the world by slow and inevitable stages to the present horrible debacle. Against its history the whole of humanity now rises.

Imperatively needed, therefore, is a new and effective association of Catholic individualism with Catholic social doctrine. And what is this doctrine in practice? Let me divide the answer into two parts.

In the first place, the Church may properly suggest that under its tutelage Europe had once learned a number of basic social facts as important to the present as they ever were to the past. That the forms which the medieval conception of labor and property took ceased to be useful may be conceded; but the reasons which created those forms were never more plainly right than now. I shall confine myself to three topics. First, medieval moralists foresaw the harm that could be done by exorbitant interest taking and, therefore, by unwarranted credit restriction; and while their prohibition of any and all interest was no doubt too drastic, it was socially wiser than the well-nigh unlimited earning power of money in our time. The unnatural, artificially stimulated flow of credit to speculative pools is possibly the primary cause of the universal catastrophe which has been visited upon agriculture, of periods of inflation which strip the middle-class investor of his funds, and of the collapse of whole nations as solvent industrial powers. Secondly, the fact that labor in the Middle Ages, whether employed or not, had a stake in industrial earnings came as a shock to those who believe the present system of "earn or die" can be mitigated only by some kind of dole. Nor was medieval profit-sharing so foolish as not to realize that shorter working hours must form an essential part of any distributivist program. Third, the conception of real property as something having first of all a social purpose — a conception only very slowly coming to life again — was as self-evident to a medieval economist as a gargoyle or a godwit.

In the second place, the slow, laborious work done by the modern conscience during the past hundred years to reconstruct a human social order has supplied at least an outline of the forms which the medieval, Catholic doctrine of justice will have to take in our time. The whole weight of reputable social thinking is already on the side of practical measures adequate to carry out at least several recommendations of the Encyclical. *Could these measures be put into effect*, we should have next month a social system fully as competent to assemble the elements of the economic order as Communism is and beyond that endowed with all the priceless advantages of right individualism. There would then be no danger of rushing into social bonds as suffocating as the capitalistic abolition of all bonds is decimating.

Our trouble is that we can't put them into effect! Our society is powerless to rouse within itself, or more particularly in its wealthier and more influential sections, more than a spark of that reconstructive energy with which the Communist movement is aglow. Personally I think that one basic reason for this supine and devastating inactivity is the failure of Wilsonian idealism after 1918. Into the making of this idealism there had gone: all that was most farseeing in the social reform movement of the nineteenth century; the dictates of the Christian conscience, appalled at the fury which so-called civilization had unleashed; and the aspirations of many million stricken human beings, burdened with more than they could bear. But unavoidably or otherwise (that question is not under discussion here) Wilsonian idealism surrendered to the War — the War which, like a huge and poisonous marsh, had absorbed all that was ruthless, materialistic, calculating, and dishonest in the era of imperialistic expansion. Afterward only a shadow remained of that once tremendous will to improve which had united Papacy and governments, rulers and peoples.

Only One Hope Left

To-day one source of reconstructive energy alone remains — the Christian Church,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beyond any trace of doubt the soul of the western world. Likewise it is clear that, however earnestly we acknowledge the real virtues of Protestant groups, Rome is the true voice and power of that soul. Where it moves and acts, Christ also is present, as He was in the beginning. We have only to visualize the forms which Catholic effort to refashion the economic order might take, and a new hope arises.

Suppose that all the teaching energies of the Church were to be devoted for one year well nigh exclusively to the doctrine of social order and social justice.

Suppose that the Church itself ceased for the time being to acquire property in its own right and, following the counsel of St. Francis, gave every cent of its income to the alleviation of social need.

Suppose that the churches voluntarily shouldered the taxation burden on ecclesiastical property.

Suppose that its wealthy membership were called upon not primarily for donations but for world-embracing leadership in the remedying of evils in international finance and trade.

Suppose that bishops and priests entered, as individuals, associations of business men, workers, professional thinkers, not for some purpose quite their own but for the sake of helping to meet the difficulties those associations are facing.

Suppose that each and every single Christian were required to learn the principles of social justice as he or she learns other moral rules, and to give an account of his or her conduct accordingly.

Suppose that the right-minded outside the Church recognized the invaluable idealistic power of this institution and coöperated with it to the fullest possible extent.

Suppose that the Vatican joined with the international energies being fostered at Geneva, and that Protestants and Catholics urged the United States to do likewise.

One has merely to suggest such a program in order to see that the vital thing so sadly missing in contemporary life — the unified desire to do what the situation requires — is actually within reach. But shall we get it? That depends first of all upon developing the requisite insight and foresight. Unless the Church becomes quite as courageous and idealistic as the Communist revolution, it cannot hope to win acclaim for an economic code, no matter how right that may be. We need no Georges Sorel to tell us that the social conscience must be dynamic or dead.

Well, there are many who hold that the Church — *i.e.*, not as a divine foundation but as the body of the faithful — has neither the energy nor the hardihood needed for the present task. I shall state their point of view as frankly as I can in as few words as possible. Perhaps (they say) no institutions in the United States — where the church enjoys no special privilege — have joined so effectively in the chorus of capitalist praise as those which either serve religion or have grown out of that service. Is there one which has a disbursement record greater than its acquisitive record? When ecclesiastical properties reach a total which rivals the assets of the largest industrial corporations; when such an agency of service as the Red Cross reduces its activities in exact ratio to the number of new buildings it erects; when universities (originally founded by the church) become the most secure haunts available to the well-to-do and the last places on earth to which a poor devil can turn; when thousands upon thousands of ministers of the Gospel, equipped with sundry conveniences of life, urge the penniless to square accounts with justice by means of contraceptive devices or unblest celibacy — when all this is as true as the shining of the sun, one need not be astounded if the enormous laughter of the dispossessed one day or another shakes the whole business to the ground.

But, after all, such justice as there may be in this attack is beside the point. Christianity has never flattered man by saying that he could do anything for it, either as an individual or as a member of society. None of the stench of human nature, acrid in the present as throughout history, has any power to sully it; the canniest flights of human reason make no dent in its eternal serenity. No: Christianity is what Christ does in us, is nothing more nor less than His might to humiliate, ennoble, transfigure, refashion us. And I for one believe that when our collective humanistic pride is broken and we see that the exits from our nicest plans are death and slavery, we shall be more passive in His hands. So that our children may be redeemed. Seen in that light, the antithesis of Communism and the Catholic Church is not terrible. For, ultimately, He alone endures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marianne in Clover

by **EDWARD ANGLY**

ONE WARM and pleasant afternoon in July, only five summers ago, a sprightly group of young Englishmen stepped from a boat train at Calais and boarded a cross-channel steamer. They were returning home from the most inexpensive holiday that any of them had ever experienced in France, or elsewhere. Before leaving French soil they pulled from their pockets some pink, wrinkled five franc notes which they carefully pasted on their luggage amid the patch-quilts of hotel stickers. Then they strolled into the steamer's buffet, ordered a round of English ale, and remarked what an honest, reassuring ring a half crown made when spun upon a bar of solid British oak.

Illustrations by Doris Spiegel

That same week, in Paris, as a sight-seeing bus loaded with amused and eager Americans rolled along a mean, narrow street, some of the passengers observed on the door of a small restaurant an awkwardly painted placard which read: "*Déjeuner, prix fixe, Fr. 4.50.*"

Four francs fifty centimes for lunch. About a dime in real money. The tourists pointed to the placard and laughed. What a crazy country, France! In a little while these travelers also went home. Back to a land where money had the same value on Tuesday as on Monday, a land where businessmen talked horse sense without a lot of fool gesticulating and haggling. They left the funny, garrulous Gauls to their fluttering francs, their squawking, seven-horsepower automobiles, their tiny farms and old-fashioned plows, their rickety little freight cars, and their crazy offices and factories where all the workers took two hours off for lunch, and even, in some places, closed the doors throughout the month of August.

That year France was indeed a happy bargain-hunting ground for tourists with "real money" in their jeans. By the hundreds of thousands they swarmed across the frontiers and through the ports — Germans, Dutchmen, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Britons, Nordic Americans and Latin Americans. On returning homeward with their memories and their bargain souvenirs, some of the more thoughtful of the tourists wondered what would happen to France, with its franc sliding lower and lower and its government seemingly on the brink of bankruptcy. Franco-phobes who had never forgiven the invasion of the Ruhr chuckled and said Marianne was getting her just deserts — from *Gott*, presumably. The trouble with the French, it was remarked by many an important man of affairs in America, Germany, and England, was that they were too avaricious, individualistic, selfish, and small-minded to keep up with the New Era in Big Business. The up-and-coming peoples, they pointed out, had learned to think in terms of efficiency, of mass production, mergers, team

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, quick turnovers, scientific salesmanship, and the substitution of corporation ownership for individual proprietorship in everything from farms and factories to retail stores, hot dog stands, and orange juice counters.

Four years later the Anglo-Saxon business geniuses, surveying the pathetic results of their New Era, glanced over the grousing globe and remarked that France was suddenly and surprisingly standing out as almost the one and only prosperous, contented country in a depressed, deflated, and somewhat disillusioned world. Of all the great nations of the earth, only France strode through the woeful year 1930 without a limp. Until almost Christmastide there was no unemployment in France. Even now, with the world depression approaching its second birthday, with other countries counting their job-hunting citizens by the hundreds of thousands and the millions, France numbers her own men without work in only five figures. Her steel workers and textile workers have even been able this year to afford themselves the luxury of going on strike.

At the beginning of the summer of 1931 France had 49,958 registered unemployed. Italy, at that time, counted 670,000 names on her list of involuntarily idle. England was paying the dole to more than 2,000,000 men and women, and Germany was even worse off, with 5,000,000 idle and a government verging on bankruptcy. On this side of the Atlantic even President Hoover's most ardent apologists were admitting that the American unemployed numbered around 6,000,000. China, India, Australia, and Latin America were also in the doldrums.

Such unemployment as afflicts France to-day is largely attributable to the slump in the luxury trades in which she has set the fashion for the world since before the dawn of the machine age. These trades depend for full prosperity on purchases from abroad and on the squanderings of tourists. It is true that car loadings have declined in France, as elsewhere, that the railroads are showing deficits this year, and that some of the heavy industries have had to trim their sails. But the only really long faces are to be found among the jewelers, the couturiers, the owners of hotels de luxe, the lace and silk exporters, and in the night-blooming plants of Montmartre and Montparnasse. Thus a foreign traveler, gadding about France, talking only to counter jumpers, hotel servants, and others making their livings out of *tourists*, is sure to hear about as much grumbling over hard times in France as he has been listening to at home. But he will not see the *Croix Rouge* feeding farmers in the provinces, nor stumble on a breadline or a sidewalk apple hawker in the cities. If he digs under the sightseer's surface, he will learn that the light depression which lies upon France is due, more than anything else, to the fact that this is a pretty small world after all. It was inevitable that France should at least be affected to some extent by the business recession common to every country with which she trades. But where other people have been engulfed in a wave of depression, the French have been only slightly dampened by its spray — blown in, one might say, by the trade winds.

Only a few weeks ago an habitually melancholy German-American publicist, coming home from eight months passed in "studying conditions" in Europe, complained that France was "rotten with gold."

Now that is precisely what most of us would like to be — and the rottener the better. Perhaps France may have a few lessons to teach us on how to get that way. It wouldn't hurt to look into the matter. It might, conceivably, be a more worth-while occupation than getting into a cold sweat over Russia. In recent months our befuddled builders of the New Era, shorn of the cock-sureness of 1929, doubting, wondering,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passing dividends, grasping at straws, have become mightily worked up over Russia. They are even buying books about Russia — and reading them. To borrow from their own boom-time jargon, they have become Russia-conscious, Russia-minded. Indeed there is growing up a feeling that perhaps what this country needs is not so much a good five cent cigar as a good Five Year Plan.

Well, I have existed for a time in the Red Paradise, and I have lived a longer and happier time in France, and it seems to me that if we Americans did get off on the wrong track before the derailment of October, 1929, the right track, when we get on it again, will probably be more similar to the standard gauge of individualistic France than to the wide gauge of communized Russia.

The French, of course, cannot teach us anything about efficiency. Let us agree at the outset that they are inefficient. They do not even have a word in their language for "efficiency." When they mention it, they are obliged to employ the English term, as they also must do when they want to say "knock-out." If you like, I will even admit that one of the reasons why there is so little unemployment in France is that the French have an ingrained habit of not letting one man do a job which three men can do just as well. Even the least observant tripper must have noticed that when he presented his ticket to the *controle* at the Folies Bergeres. Nor have I ever encountered a French plumber who could repair a water faucet without one or two assistant plumbers in attendance at his side.

Not only are the French comparatively inefficient, but they are sometimes irritatingly small-minded in small things, and they often seem, to us profligate observers, to be a bit too carried away with the idea that a franc in the hand is worth two in the bush. But they are rather large in large things and they know that history isn't bunk, especially the history of economics. They have been doing business at the same old stand, and in much the same old way, for a long time. Generations ago they learned, and have not yet permitted their children to forget, that the four big essential elements to well-being, happiness, and contentment here below are a roof over one's head, a comfortable bed, a well laden table, and a sense of security for the future.

Assured of those things a man can be as happy, as independent, as individualistic as he pleases. After all, the Frenchman reasons, the end of man, here and hereafter, is happiness. It isn't efficiency. It isn't wealth or the power that wealth bestows. It isn't success with a big S, and certainly it isn't hiding one's light and dignity under a Communistic bushel.

The first requisite for getting along comfortably in this world, the Frenchman has learned, is security — security of employment while one works, and security of income after one retires — which *Monsieur* jolly well intends to do before he dies. In his logical mind, *Monsieur*, whether he lives in Paris or at the forks of the creek, has decided that the best way to assure the future is to own property and to save — always to spend less than he makes, never to count his chickens before they are hatched. As a child learns to crawl before he walks, so the Frenchman learns to ride, and afford, a bicycle before he learns to drive, or to feel that he can afford, an automobile. Before a growing *demoiselle* learns to display a calf in a silk stocking, she has been taught how to hide a coin in a woolen sock. Only the Frenchman's Gallic politeness would restrain him from laughing in the face of anyone who should spring upon him such a phrase as "Buy for Prosperity." Prosperity, he knows, is a state arrived at by saving. If the Frenchman cannot afford both a bond and a radio set, he will buy the bond. In his scheme of things, wine in the cellar is more important than gasoline in the garage, and holding title to one's bed and board is more important than either.

Such an old-fashioned philosophy, as both Henry Ford and Lenin have often reminded us, is not conducive to efficiency. But France is old and efficiency is new, like some of the great hungers and the great fortunes for which it is responsible. The very word "efficiency" may die ere the unhurried Forty Immortals of the French Academy get around to a solemn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consideration of it. But there is another word that is old in every language, and that word is "proprietor." The French like it in its singular form. That liking, I think, is one of the reasons for their prosperity, their contentment, and their traditional ability to recuperate rapidly from misfortunes, whether of war or peace, whether from the hand of God or the machines of man. The strength of France lies not in great corporations, far-flung retail chains, and vast mechanized farms, but in small farms and vineyards tilled by their owners, small shops conducted by their proprietors, and small factories where the *patron* is more often a neighbor with a beard and a paunch, than a far-away name with a long impressive title and a press agent.

Even a person who knows only what he reads in the newspapers must have noted that the tendency in most countries in recent years has been away from small proprietorship, whether in farming, shop-keeping, or manufacturing. We Americans and the lagging, envious British and the enthusiastic, imitative Germans passed the first decade after the world war in wiping out one small proprietor after another — to increase our national efficiency we were told; to eliminate waste and to make the world safe for mechanization.

During that giddy era we merged and mechanized every institution and instrument susceptive to either process. Even now our farmers are told from all sides that they will never get back on their feet — or into their sedans — until the little farms have been merged into big farms, to be owned, of course, by corporations.

The inefficient French have done their merging in moderation. In agriculture the tendency has been in the opposite direction. Through the workings of an ancient inheritance law, they have gone on dividing their farm lands into more and more parcels, so that there are now in excess of 145,000,000 of these individual strips of land in France, and next year there will be even more of them. That isn't efficient, and neither Stalin nor Ford would like it, but it does make for a diversity of ownership and a democratic diffusion of whatever prosperity is going around. More than half of the farms cover less than 100 acres each, and on eighty per cent of the farms, the owner is a perspiring occupant of the property. French farm owners and independent occupiers exceed agricultural hired hands in the proportion of more than two to one.

In whatever part of France you find him, the peasant is never a slave to one crop, nor does he idolize the internal combustion engine or need to mortgage his all to a small town bank. His establishment, however small, is generally as self-supporting as he can make it. Somewhere on his farm there will be a vegetable garden. He will have a cow or two, perhaps some pigs and sheep, certainly a flock of chickens. Even in years when his crop lets him down, he will eat well.

Moreover, he can toil away with the assurance that the Parliament sitting in Paris will think first of him and his soil, and only afterwards of the city fellow. The Chamber of Deputies clamps a tariff on wheat before it puts a duty on plows. With the world glutted with grain, and the Russians getting back into the export market, the French, in 1930, raised their tariff on cereals so high that wheat which cost less than half a dollar in Chicago brought almost $1.25 in Paris. The man in the street wasn't called upon to contribute funds to feed the man on the farm. Yet a loaf of bread costs no more in Lyons than in Pittsburgh.

As the peasant owns his little farm and sticks to it, so the French trades-people own their little shops and hold onto them. In most of France the chain store idea has fallen on rather barren soil. In a large proportion of the little shops *Papa*, the owner, does the buying and the selling over the counters, and *Maman* sits sternly at the cash register a-watching every sou. When *Papa* reaches the age of sixty-five, he and *Maman* retire on their savings, as their ancestors did before them. Their shop would be more efficient, no doubt, and could sell certain articles a bit cheaper if *Papa* would sell out to a chain store and act as a salaried manager. But he instinctively knows, I imagine, that long before he became sixty-five he might be dropped out of the chain to make

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room for a stronger, more useful link. If he did sell out and should then make good as a salaried manager for a chain, what would be his reward? Transfer to a larger city where larger sales alone would justify a higher salary. But *Papa* doesn't hanker to move. He usually owns his home, and, if his town is quite small, he probably has a cultivated *parcelle* or two of land. He has no desire to uproot himself and go away looking for the end of the rainbow. So he keeps his shop and remains ignorant of card index systems, quick turnovers, weekly come-on sales, and the rest of the hocus-pocus of "scientific" merchandising. In bad times or good he has work to do, and no executive can fire him when sales happen to be off fifteen per cent below those of the corresponding period of a more profitable year.

With all her conservatism, her fidelity to a peasant civilization, and her belief in the solid virtues inherent in small ownership, France has kept up rather well with the industrial procession. Consider automobiles. When we were keeping cool with Cal, and in those giddy days when we got het up with Herbert over a dream of perpetual prosperity, it was fashionable to cite the number of automobiles rolling around the United States as evidence of our indisputable superiority over more pedestrian peoples. By 1928 the production of motor cars in France had caught up with that of industrial Britain, and has since forged ahead. In either country there is now one automobile for about every thirty inhabitants. Compared to America's vaunted one-to-five ratio, that is nothing to toot a horn about, but again it may be remarked that the French have never learned to buy what they cannot afford — and call the result prosperity. Nor has your Frenchman been tempted by instalment buying to swim beyond his financial depth. He may build a home on credit, but he isn't likely to mortgage his future for a phonograph under the delusion that he is thereby raising his standard of living.

If you prefer digging deeper than automobiles for your business barometer, consider coal, pig iron, and steel. France has replaced Great Britain as the second largest European producer of steel and iron. Her coal production set an all-time record last year. Her ports and waterways have been vastly improved since the war; her potash production has been doubled; her merchant marine has grown to twice its 1913 tonnage; and her railroads have been put into such good shape that to-day the fastest trains in the world run out of Paris. In some industries the merger habit has caught on, and in certain of the so-called heavy industries the French have joined in *cartels* with their European neighbors to apportion (not to increase) production, the idea seemingly being that with over-production, as with older maladies, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Thanks to the support which the French people gave to the Poincaré government of 1926–1929, the franc, so piteously weak when he was called to power as to be the laughing stock among folk who had "real money" in their trousers, has to-day become the strongest monetary unit in Europe. And the French stock of gold per capita of population is now the largest accumulation of that metal to be found in any country.

Not long ago M. Clement Moret, governor of the Bank of France, addressing the directors of that institution, spoke of how well his country had weathered the economic storms of the past eighteen months. He offered a lucid explanation in these words:

"The happy diversity of national wealth, the harmonious equilibrium between industry and agriculture, always characteristic of France's economic activity, the hard working qualities of her people, their well known virtue of saving, and the traditional contentment of the people have once more demonstrated their efficacy."

Those are phrases worth pondering upon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The happy diversity of national wealth!" Here in the United States twenty per cent of the total national income tax for earnings in 1929 was paid by 504 individuals. In fifteen years the number of individuals with million dollar incomes increased more than eight-fold, and one reads, with astonishment, that a third of the national wealth is controlled by one per cent of the population.

"The harmonious equilibrium between industry and agriculture." Was there a bale of cotton or a bushel of wheat grown in this land of opportunity last year that paid for its raising?

The "well-known virtue of saving." Or do you prefer "Buying for Prosperity?"

Last, and best of all, "traditional contentment." The Frenchman did not get that way by having his own patch of land gobbled up in a million acre farm in the grandiose manner of the Bolsheviks. Nor by disposing of his shop to a billion dollar corporation. Nor by sheepishly submitting his mind and his body, his time and his dignity, to being a cog in the working out of some other fellow's Five Year Plan. No, he got that way, I think, by sticking to his *bon petit coin*. It is the millions of *bons petits coins* that have put Marianne in clover.

TELEVISION

Is It Getting Anywhere?

by GEORGE TICHENOR

In the public mind, television is vaguely the process of seeing things with a radio set. To newspaper feature writers, television is the new miracle of science that will bring all parts of this revolving world into sight by the twirling of a dial — an invention to be described in terms of "miracle, wizardry, mystery," and in similar vague and charming manner. To the radio industry, television is not new and not miraculous, but a cat which got out of the bag too soon, to the annoyance of some radio interests and the keen delight of others.

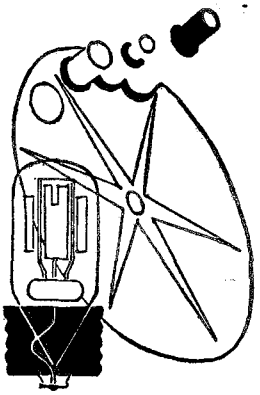
The bag was opened, specifically, on April 26, 1931. The basic principles of the present method of television were known forty-seven years ago. Alexanderson, of the General Electric Company, and Charles F. Jenkins, of Washington, had given successful demonstrations five years ago. For the past two years the National Broadcasting Company has been carrying on experimental work and saying nothing, though the company has a well-manned publicity staff. It remained for the Jenkins Television Corporation to bring the matter definitely before the public.

Our Best People were invited and came in formal dress to New York's softly carpeted Aeolian Hall. Some were patient enough to remain seated, but the greater number politely jostled and craned necks in front of two small cabinets in which the Twentieth Century peep show was making its debut. A lens about ten inches across was set into the face of each cabinet, and inside could be seen the flickering moving image of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Primo Carnera, Gertrude Lawrence, Roark Bradford, and fifty other celebrities who filed before the television transmitter for two hours. A reddish haze colored the image in the cabinet, but familiar faces could be distinguished, and voices which came over an adjacent radio receiver

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

synchronized perfectly with the movement of the lips.

This demonstration could be interpreted as a gesture of good will toward science, but it is easier to suppose that the Jenkins people felt that the light had been burning under the bushel long enough, that the public was ready to become miracle-minded, that it was a good time to force the hand of rivals and to impress the Federal Radio Commission with the feasibility of "commercially sponsored programs" — in other words, television advertising. It is the Federal Radio Commission which allots wave-length channels, and a broadcasting company without one is like a street car company without a franchise. At present all television stations operate on temporary experimental licenses. The Jenkins Company, like all the others, is jockeying for a favorable position when the permanent licenses are handed out. That will not come to pass until the Federal Radio Commission is satisfied that television is commercially practical. So far it has not been sufficiently convinced.



How It Works

JUST HOW FAR, in view of all the commotion over television, has it progressed? It began back in 1873 when Willoughby Smith, a cable operator, discovered discrepancies in the electrical characteristics of his circuits. He traced the cause to his selenium insulators, which became conductors of electricity when sunlight fell upon them, the modulations differing with the amount of light. Selenium thus became the first "electric eye." Three years later, when the telephone was invented, scientists turned their attention to the possibilities of transmitting sight. If the microphone could serve as an electric ear, why not selenium as an electric eye?

The problem of television, briefly, is to break up an image into a number of elements, transmit a succession of the elements over the ether, and reassemble them in the right order at the receiving end. You may imagine a picture stamped upon a piece of linen goods, then unraveled into a thread bearing light and dark marks, and then re-woven accurately, so that the light and dark marks again work into a picture. Television breaks up every image, line by line, repeating the process twenty times a second in order to give the illusion of movement, much as a motion picture projector does.

The simplest and most practical method of thus breaking up images is by means of a "scanning disk," patented back in 1884 by Paul Nipkow, a German engineer. This disc is perforated around the outer edge with a succession of sixty holes in the line of a spiral. As the disc revolves, each hole crosses the image just below the preceding hole, so that a full revolution of the disc covers the image completely. As the holes break up the image, the photoelectric cells pick up the modulations of light and shade, which they register in proportionate conductivity. After being thus unraveled and translated into electrical terms, the images are magnified many million times and transmitted to the ether.

The receiving equipment is a short wave radio receiver tuning to the 100–150 meter wave band in which most television broadcasting is done. When the electrical impulses are received, instead of actuating a loud speaker they cause a neon lamp to flicker in proportion to the strength of the pulsations. Thus the neon lamp recreates the variations in light and shade recorded by the photo-electric cell which confronts the image at the transmitting end. In front of this neon lamp is another scanning disc, synchronized with the one at the transmitting end and running at the same speed. By looking at the flickering lamp through the disc, the image is created line by line, so rapidly as to have continuity.

Simple as it seems, the present method was arrived at after years of experimentation in this country by Alexanderson, Jenkins, De-Forest, Ives, Zworykin, engineers of the Bell laboratories, and others. Five years ago Jenkins successfully televized a windmill in motion. The television industry might have developed haphazardly from that point with public sponsorship, if the Federal Radio Commission had not stepped in.

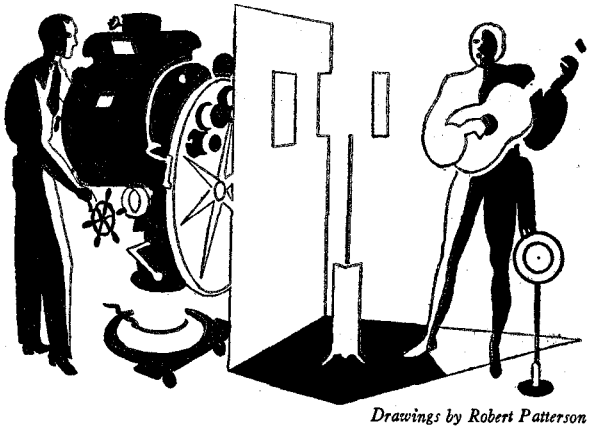
The Commission was organized in 1927, to bring order in the audible radio field, which was cluttered with nearly a thousand broadcasting stations in the ether belt, actually wide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough for about six hundred. Television, requiring ten times as much space, came into a field that was already limited and crowded. The Commission assigned four channels for television, between two thousand and three thousand kilocycles, and has been careful to grant experimental licenses only to those stations with a definite program of investigation.

The Scramble for Precedence

There are twenty-nine experimental licenses now in effect, and the owners of these



Drawings by Robert Patterson

stations can be roughly divided into two groups: the Radio Corporation of America and its affiliates, among them the National Broadcasting Company with its chain of sound broadcasting stations, and in the other group a number of independent stations and radio manufacturers who, in addition to competing among themselves, have a much feared rival in the Radio Corporation.

Modesty has never been one of the traits of the radio industry, so it may be surmised that the reticence of the RCA group and the anxiety of the Jenkins Corporation to hasten the arrival of television may have been due to the belief that the Jenkins Corporation held trump cards. Since Dr. Jenkins was a pioneer in the field, he has taken out many important patents. Of the one hundred and fifty patents covering television to-day, fifty-eight or more are said to be controlled by the Jenkins Corporation. That company in turn is controlled by the DeForest Radio Corporation, which has filed suit against the RCA claiming damages of $4,000,000 suffered by the latter's alleged violation of the Clayton Act. (All damage suits filed by competitors against the RCA total over $48,000,000.)

To some it would seem poetic justice if the RCA, which has bested a number of competitors in the audible radio field, were now placed at a disadvantage in a television joust. What if the RCA could not compete, or better still, could be forced to pay royalties on patents, as the RCA levied royalties in the audible radio field?

It cannot be known how well the RCA would have faced the competition, because competition was unnecessary. The Federal Radio Commission made no move toward recognizing television as commercially applicable. Everybody said television was coming along at a great pace, including David Sarnoff of the RCA, who predicted a rosy future. The RCA dug in and threw up a wall of secrecy around its experimentation at Camden, New Jersey, where it is carrying on the research hitherto conducted by General Electric and Westinghouse.

In common with the soon-but-not-now attitude apparent in the RCA statements, M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, explained his company's classic restraint in the New York *Sun* on August 1: "Television, as it stands to-day . . . cannot by the wildest stretch of the imagination be declared a public service for the benefit of the vast audience which radio broadcasting has won. Until such time as it can be used for public benefit, we are not interested in talking about it. I do not honestly believe that the radio audience is, or would be, interested in receiving pictures such as have marked television experiments up to the present time."

The managers of television stations now in operation give us another picture. The writer sent questionnaires to all those outside the New York zone, who could not, therefore, be reached directly. All who replied reported fair or good reception, with a total audience estimated between 8,000 and 15,000. In answer to the question, "When do you estimate television will be ready for commercial use?" all but one replied, "Now."

Radio Pictures — of What?

A variety of programs are regularly broadcast, with sound accompaniment. There have been Helen Morgan, Vera Hurst, George Gershwin, Sigmund Spaeth, and others in individual appearances. Jimmy McLarnin, boxer, and Ray Steele, wrestler, were interviewed. A fashion show was staged by W2XCR, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six models parading before the camera. Boxing bouts, fencing, golf lessons, and even piano lessons have been scheduled. From its Passaic station, W2XCD, the DeForest Company conducted the first band concert by remote control. The concert was given by the police band at their headquarters. The Commissioner of Public Safety led the movements before a transmitter in the studio. His lieutenant in the concert hall followed the directions as he viewed them in the receiver, and a sound radio hook-up brought the music back to the studio, so that the Commissioner could take up his lead.

The Jenkins studio once broadcast pictures that were received on the *Ile de France*, but the Shortwave and Television Corporation of Boston outshowmanshipped its rival by sending to the *Leviathan*, which is, of course, a larger boat. The *Chicago Daily News* station, W9XAP, claims to have broadcast the first sight and sound play, with WMAQ as a sound outlet. The air talkie was presented in movie style: close-ups cutting to long shots and semi-close-ups, without a break in the dialogue. Station W2XCW, of Schenectady, New York, on 20,000 watts, has sent out images received in Germany.

Nothing good or bad can be done in television now without the good old press agent and his familiar song: "Science has discovered a new method." Two magazines devoted exclusively to television have appeared in recent weeks, the New York *World-Telegram* ran a six-day feature on "The Flying Spot That Is Television," and when the Columbia Broadcasting System opened W2XAB, in July, it was done with full benefit of clergy. Mayor Walker drew aside the curtain from the sensitive photo-electric cells, or radio "eyes." George Gershwin played his "Liza" at the piano, and though Columbia did not have the number of celebrities the Jenkins people had, still they had the edge on the National Broadcasting Company. That company has been modestly exhibiting Felix the Cat, who photographs better but hasn't the personality of Mayor Walker.

Disregarding the overtones of ballyhoo, the television broadcasters are steadily improving the tone of their work. The writer visited the New York studio of the Jenkins Corporation four months after witnessing the initial splurge and was impressed by the quiet seriousness of the work. In a darkened ante-room performers sat waiting their turn, and through a glass partition one could see into the studio where a performer was flooded with bright light as he stood before a white background. Through the aperture of the transmitting room poked the "muzzle" of the camera, resembling a small gun on a battleship, and playing its "flying spot" over the features of the subject. A Scotch boy from Nova Scotia was playing the bagpipes. The sound was conducted by a hidden microphone and the image appeared in a receiver in the ante-room. You could see the

puffed-out cheeks, his jaunty little cap and kilt, and the movements of his fingers to the skirling of his pipes.

The Radio Commission Sits on the Lid

Between the whoopers-up and howlers-down stands the Federal Radio Commission, whose word is final and whose opinion decides the official status of television. To find out, if possible, when The Day will come, the writer made a trip to Washington to interview Dr. C. B. Jolliffe, Chief Engineer of the Federal Radio Commission. Briefly, it was said that television is still in a state of flux, with the inauguration of sponsored programs not yet authorized. A criterion of excellence by which television may be considered beyond the experimental stage has not yet been set, and it was the opinion of Dr. Jolliffe that the present day receiving sets may soon be outmoded.

To the prediction of David Sarnoff and others that commercial television will have arrived by 1932, Dr. Jolliffe was decidedly non-committal. From the trend of his remarks it was inferred that 1932 would be an optimistic expectation. When asked at what period in the development of commercial radio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication he considered television comparable, Dr. Jolliffe answered laconically, "1910."

"In the opinion of engineers," said Dr. Jolliffe, "television is still in an experimental stage. Every time you see anything about television in the papers to-day, something is bound to be said about 'great progress,' or 'revolutionary invention.' The greatest progress I have noticed in the past few months has been in publicity. The basic principles of present-day television were laid down several years ago, but progress seems faster now because engineers are making refinements of those basic principles. The progress of television is steady and normal, with nothing unusual about it, not even the statement that recognition is 'just around the corner.'"

"What is the Government's standard for determining when television has passed beyond the experimental stage?" he was asked.

"At this stage of the game there has been no criterion set," he answered. "The Commission is chiefly concerned now with encouraging experimentation."

The conversation turned to the line of probable future development. His capacity as Chief Engineer of the Commission, in whose custody confidential reports of progress have been intrusted, would not allow Dr. Jolliffe to divulge the methods by which various engineers are progressing, but he indicated that they are seeking refinements of present methods and new methods and are experimenting extensively in the higher frequency bands. He said that the Commission had not considered evacuating any of the bands now used by broadcasting stations in favor of television. "It would, of course, not be in the public interest at the present time to cancel ten broadcasting stations to make room for one television station."

Up the Wrong Alley?

Some there are who believe that television not only has not gotten very far but that it is headed in the wrong direction. The present principles, though simple, present obstacles that may prove to be blind alleys. Selenium was long ago discarded as too sluggish and replaced by photoelectric cells. Other substitutes have been found for the neon lamp, but none quite suitable. There are obstacles to sharper transmission and reception, and until sharper pictures can be obtained enlargement on a screen is impossible and the final test of television cannot be met.

U. A. Sanabria, of Chicago, is credited with showing a seven-foot picture on a screen. The showings were made in Washington and New York, but the method of transmission and reception kept secret. It is generally known that the method employs 45 lines instead of 60, and instead of the usual 60–75 impulses to each stripe, Mr. Sanabria claims that his method has the effect of varying the light over 400 times as the beam travels from one side of the image to the other. Mr. Sanabria has a company of his own, he is consulting engineer for the Shortwave Corporation, and his life is said to be insured for $2,000,000.

The Western Television Corporation, of Chicago, has innovated a multiple spiral system of transmission — that is, three series of 45 holes. Several companies are experimenting with lenses and mirrors to get enlargement. One school of engineers, on the other hand, steadfastly holds against all foregoing methods in favor of one laid down by Boris Rosing, a Russian professor, in 1907. Philo Farnsworth, of Los Angeles, and others are developing it. The receiving apparatus consists of a cathode ray tube and fluorescent screen. The cathode ray is a form of electrical discharge that can be produced in a thin, pencil-like stream which, when striking a certain fluorescent screen, is rendered visible. The present drawback of that method is that the life of the cathode ray tube is about 200 hours and the tube is rather expensive. This method is important, though, because it is suspected to be the line of development being followed by the RCA, and is also, incidentally, the field which seems least covered by patents.

The future of the television industry will be much more apparent when the RCA brings out its eagerly awaited set. The individual inventor is giving ground in this era of organized research to corps of engineers, and spoils most often go to the best equipped laboratories. The value of the RCA-Victor Company laboratories, where research has been going on for a year, is $5,000,000, according to Edward E. Shumaker, President. Of this, $500,000 is directly applicable to television. "We have already an investment of $250,000 in television experimental broadcasting and receiving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apparatus," he is quoted as reporting to the Federal Radio Commission.

The RCA and affiliates hold experimental licenses to eleven of the twenty-nine positions staked out in the new ether-ways. It is not unlikely that the Federal Radio Commission will be influenced by priority of position when it grants its commercial licenses, though there is nothing in the present license agreement to warrant such an expectation. Some way may be found of putting more stations in the ether bands than is now possible; otherwise the RCA, with its complementary sound broadcasting chains, is in the best position in the field. The history of the radio industry has been marked by fights of all kinds, so television cannot be expected to develop altogether peaceably. One continually suspects a lot of shin-kicking under the table, though all is fair and comely above the board.

Whichever way the rivalry turns, the RCA group is making adequate plans for housing this latest step-child of science. There will be studios in New York's "Radio City," and in the new RCA headquarters. The NBC has leased the east half of the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building and before long will hang out an aerial from the mooring mast. In many branches of the infant industry there is similar activity of an optimistic turn.

The spaces between television optimists are wider in Wall Street. One does not hear of any great rush to pick up stocks. The *Standard Trade and Securities* reporting on the radio industry as a whole, June 5, seemed bearish and slightly soured. It advised against representation in the RCA common because of litigation pending; it said uncertainties surrounded the outlook of the DeForest Radio Corporation, "with an asset of potential value in its control of the Jenkins Television Corporation," and added, "television, however, is not likely to be an income-producing factor for a year or more at best."

The *Wall Street Review* of June 26 predicted in television "tremendous potential possibilities and money-making opportunities," and advised "shrewd investors and speculators alike" to get in on the ground floor, but failed to analyze or suggest a stock.

Jenkins and Shortwave, both with a million shares of common stock authorized, have been running about even, between $3 and $4 a share on the Produce Exchange. A prospectus of the Shortwave Corporation, just come to hand, is a model for vagueness. It gives the price of receiving sets, mentions distribution privileges accorded to S. S. Kresge & Company, touches on "mass production," "steadily growing sales," and "volume of business anticipated," but nowhere — not even in the statement of financial condition — are definite figures given as to the sale of sets thus far, or the extent of liabilities — a proposition more likely to appeal to one's sporting instincts than investing judgment.

Though investment prospects are uncertain, the writer has found television, even at present, definitely entertaining. The prospective purchaser of a receiving set will, of course, judge for himself by a demonstration. The best known manufacturers are the Shortwave and Television Corporation of Boston, the Jenkins Television Corporation of Passaic, New Jersey, and the Western Television Corporation of Chicago. Sets are sold at retail from about $125 to $300.

Most of the programs broadcast so far have been indoors, but recent experiments have shown that a television camera, with slight modifications, can be mounted on a truck and serve admirably out-of-doors. An outstanding demonstration was given in England this past June, when the Baird Company televised the Derby so successfully as to elicit praise from the very conservative English press. News events, especially outdoor shots, may prove most popular because of their timeliness and spontaneity. For television plays, lines must be memorized instead of read, as they are now, and several rehearsals gone through for perhaps a single showing. Visual drama moves slower than merely spoken, and few advertisers will be found whose interest in pure art extends beyond half an hour of sponsored entertainment. But it is certain that for soup, nut, and bicycle people who care to pay, television will have something smooth, zippy, and mentally non-taxing to offer.

Though this is a time of uncertainty and unrest for everyone else, it is a golden age for the engineers who are searching the woods for the *elixir vitae* of television. The spring will be discovered soon enough, the site marked out for concessionaires, and a bottling works set up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REFLECTIONS on a Rotten Apple

by **G. K. CHESTERTON**

OUR AGE is obviously the Nonsense Age; the wiser sort of nonsense being provided for the children and the sillier sort of nonsense for the grown-up people. The eighteenth century has been called the Age of Reason; I suppose there is no doubt that the twentieth century is the Age of Unreason. But even that is an understatement. The Age of Reason was nicknamed from a famous rationalist book. But the rationalist was not really so much concerned to urge the rational against the irrational, but rather specially to urge the natural against the supernatural. But there is a degree of the unreasonable that would go even beyond the unnatural. It is not merely an incredible tale but an inconsistent idea. As I pointed out to somebody long ago, it is one thing to believe that a beanstalk scaled the sky; and quite another to believe that fifty-seven beans make five.

For instance, a man may disbelieve in miracles; normally on some *a priori* principle of determinist thought; in some cases even on examination of the evidence. But on being told of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, he is told something that is logical, if it is not natural. He is not told that there were fewer fishes because the fishes had been multiplied. Multiplication is still a mathematical term, and a mob all feeding on miraculous fishes is a less mysterious or monstrous sight than a man saying that multiplication is the same as subtraction. Such a story, for such a skeptic, does not carry conviction; but it does make sense. He can recognize the logical consequence, if he cannot understand the logical cause. But no hope or priest ever asked him to believe that thousands died of starvation in the desert because they were loaded with loaves and fishes. No creed or dogma ever declared that there was too little food because there was too much fish. But that is the precise, practical, and prosaic definition of the present situation in the modern science of economics. And the man of the Nonsense Age must bow his head and repeat his credo, the motto of his time: *Credo quia impossibile.*

Or again, the term unreason is sometimes used rather more reasonably; for a sort of loose or elliptical statement, which is at least illogical in form. The most popular case is what was called the Irish Bull; often suspected of resembling the Papal Bull in being a supernatural monster bred of credulity and superstition. But even this old sort of confusion stopped short of the new sort of contradiction. If any Irishman really does say, "We are not birds, to be in two places at once," at least we know what he means; even if it is not what he says. But suppose he says that one bird has been miraculously multiplied into a million birds, and that in consequence there are less birds in the world than there were before. We should then be dealing, not merely with an Irish Bull but with a Mad Bull; and concerned not with the incredible but with the incomprehensible. Or, to apply the parable, the Irish have sometimes been accused of unbalanced emotion or morbid sentiment. But nobody says that they merely imagined the Great Famine, in which multitudes starved because the potatoes were few and small. Only suppose an Irishman had said that they starved because the potatoes were gigantic and innumerable. I think we should not yet have heard the last of the wrong-headed absurdity of the Irishman.

Yet that is an exact description of the economic condition to-day as it affects the English-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man. And, to a great extent, the American. We learn that there is a famine because there is not a scarcity; and there is such a good potato crop that there are no potatoes. The Irishman, with his bull or his bird, is quite a hard-headed realist and rationalist compared to that. Thus the old examples of the fantastic fell far short of the modern fact; whether they were mysteries supposed to be above reason or merely muddles supposed to be below it. Their miracles were more normal than our scientific averages; and the Irish blunder was less illogical than the actual logic of events.

For it seems that we live to-day in a world of witchcraft, in which the orchards wither because they prosper, and the multitude of apples on the apple tree of itself turns them into forbidden fruit, and makes the effort to consume them in every sense fruitless. This is the modern economic paradox, which is called Overproduction, or a glut in the market, and though at first sight it sounds like the wildest fantasy, it is well to realize in what sense it is the most solid of facts. Let it be clearly understood, therefore, that as a description of the objective social situation at this instant in this industrial society, the paradox is perfectly true.

But it is not really true that the contradiction in terms is true. If we take it, not as a description but as a definition; if we take it as a matter of abstract argument, then certainly the contradiction is untrue, as every contradiction is untrue. The truth is that a third element has entered into the matter, which is not mentioned in this abstract statement of it. That element might be stated in many ways; perhaps the shortest statement of it is in the fable of the man who sold razors and afterward explained to an indignant customer, with simple dignity, that he had never said the razors would shave. When asked if razors were not made to shave, he replied that they were made to sell. That is A Short History of Trade and Industry During the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries.

GOD MADE a world of reason as sure as God made little apples (as the beautiful proverb goes); and God did not make little apples larger than large apples. It is not true that a man whose apple tree is loaded with apples will suffer from a want of apples; though he may indulge in a waste of apples. But if he never looks upon apples as things to eat, but always looks on them as things to sell, he will really get into another sort of complication, which may end in a sort of contradiction. If, instead of producing as many apples as he wants, he produces as many apples as he imagines the whole world wants, with the hope of capturing the trade of the whole world — then he will be either successful or unsuccessful in competing with the man next door who also wants the whole world's trade to himself. Between them, they will produce so many apples that apples in the market will be about as valuable as pebbles on the beach. Thus each of them will find that he has very little money in his pocket with which to go and buy fresh pears at the fruiterers' shop. If he had never expected to get fruit at the fruiterers' shop, but had put up his hand and pulled them off his own tree, his difficulty would never have arisen. It seems simple; but at the root of all apple trees and apple growing, it is really as simple as that.

Of course I do not mean that the practice is at present simple; for no practical problem is simple, least of all at the present time, when everything is confused by the corrupt and evasive muddlers who are called practical politicians. But the principle is simple; and the only way to proceed through a complex situation is to start with the right first principle. How far we can do without, or control, or merely modify the disadvantages of buying and selling is quite another matter. But the disadvantages do arise from buying and selling, and not from producing; not even from overproducing.

And it is some satisfaction to realize that we are not living in a nightmare in which No is the same as Yes; that even the modern world has not actually gone mad, with all its ingenious attempts to do so; that two and two do in fact make four; and that the man who has four apples really has more than the man who has three. For some modern metaphysicians and moral philosophers seem disposed to leave us in doubt on these points. It is not the fundamental reason in things that is at fault; it is a particular hitch or falsification, arising from a very recent trick of regarding everything only in re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lation to trade. Trade is all very well in its way, but Trade has been put in the place of Truth. Trade, which is in its nature a secondary or dependent thing, has been treated as a primary and independent thing; as an absolute. The moderns, mad upon mere multiplication, have even made a plural out of what is eternally singular, in the sense of single. They have taken what all ancient philosophers called the Good, and translated it as the Goods.

I believe that certain mystics, in the American business world, protested against the slump by pinning labels to their coats inscribed, "Trade Is Good," along with other similar proclamations, such as "Capone Is Dead," or "Cancer Is Pleasant," or "Death Is Abolished," or any other hard realistic truths for which they might find space upon their persons. But what interests me about these magicians is that, having decided to call up ideal conditions by means of spells and incantations to control the elements, they did not (so to speak) understand the elements of the elements. They did not go to the root of the matter, and imagine that their troubles had really come to an end. Rather they worshiped the means instead of the end. While they were about it, they ought to have said, not "Trade Is Good," but "Living Is Good," or "Life Is Good."

I suppose it would be too much to expect such thoroughly respectable people to say, "God Is Good"; but it is really true that their conception of what is good lacks the philosophical finality that belonged to the goodness of God. When God looked on created things and saw that they were good, it meant that they were good in themselves and as they stood; but by the modern mercantile idea, God would only have looked at them and seen that they were the Goods. In other words, there would be a label tied to the tree or the hill, as to the hat of the Mad Hatter, with "This Style, 3/9." All the flowers and birds would be ticketed with their reduced prices; all the creation would be for sale or all the creatures seeking employment; with all the morning stars making sky-signs together and all the sons of God shouting for jobs.

In other words, these people are incapable of imagining any good except that which comes from bartering something for something else. The idea of a man enjoying a thing in itself, for himself, is inconceivable to them. The notion of a man eating his own apples off his own apple tree seems like a fairy tale. Yet the fall from that first creation that was called good has very largely come from the restless incapacity for valuing things in themselves; the madness of the trader who cannot see any good in a good except as something to get rid of. It was once admitted that with sin and death there entered the world something that we call change. It is none the less true and tragic, because what we called change we called afterward exchange.

Anyhow, the result of that extravagance of exchange has been that when there are too many apples there are too few apple eaters. I do not insist on the symbol of Eden or the parable of the apple tree, but it is odd to notice that even that accidental image pursues us at every stage of this strange story. The last result of treating a tree as a shop or store instead of as a storeroom, the last effect of treating apples as goods rather than as good, has been in a desperate drive of public charity and in poor men selling apples in the street.

In all normal civilizations the trader existed and must exist. But in all normal civilizations the trader was the exception; certainly he was never the rule; and most certainly he was never the ruler. The predominance which he has gained in the modern world is the cause of all the disasters of the modern world. The universal habit of humanity has been to produce and consume as part of the same process; largely conducted by the same people in the same place. Sometimes goods were produced and consumed on the same great feudal manor; sometimes even on the same small peasant farm. Sometimes there was a tribute from serfs as yet hardly distinguishable from slaves; sometimes there was a coöperation between freemen which the superficial can hardly distinguish from Communism.

But none of these many historical methods, whatever their vices or limitations, ever were strangled in the particular tangle of our own time; because most of the people, for most of the time, were thinking about growing food and then eating it; not entirely about growing food

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and selling it at the stiffest price to somebody who had nothing to eat. And I for one do not believe that there is any way out of the modern tangle, except to increase the proportion of the people who are living according to the ancient simplicity.

Nobody in his five wits proposes that there should be no trade and no traders. Nevertheless, it is important to remember, as a matter of mere logic, that there might conceivably be great wealth, even if there were no trade and no traders. It is important for the sort of man whose only hope is that Trade Is Good or whose only secret terror is that Trade Is Bad. In principle, prosperity might be very great, even if trade were very bad. If a village were so fortunately situated that, for some reason, it was very easy for every family to keep its own chickens, to grow its own vegetables, to milk its own cow, and (I will add) to brew its own beer, the standard of life and property might be very high indeed, even though the long memory of the Oldest Inhabitant only recorded two or three pure transactions of trade; if he could only recall the one far-off event of his neighbor buying a new hat from a gypsy's barrow; or the singular incident of Farmer Billings purchasing an umbrella.

As I have said, I do not imagine, or desire, that things would ever be quite so simple as that. But we must understand things in their simplicity before we can explain or correct their complexity. The complexity of commercial society has become intolerable, because that society is commercial and nothing else. The whole mind of the community is occupied, not with the idea of possessing things, but with the idea of passing them on. When the simple enthusiasts already mentioned say that Trade Is Good, they mean that all the people who possess goods are perpetually parting with them. These optimists presumably invoke the poet, with some slight emandation of the poet's meaning, when he cried aloud, "Our souls are love and a perpetual farewell."

In that sense, our individualistic and commercial modern society is actually the very reverse of a society founded on private property, as distinct from the excitement of exchanging it or getting a profit on it, is rather rarer than in many simple communities that seem almost communal in their simplicity. In the case of this sort of private consumption, which is also private production, it is very unlikely that it will run continually into overproduction. There is a limit to the number of apples a man can eat, and there will probably be a limit, drawn by his rich and healthy hatred of work, to the number of apples which he will produce but cannot eat. But there is no limit to the number of apples he may possibly sell; and he soon becomes a pushing, dexterous, and successful salesman and turns the whole world upside down.

For it is he who produces this huge pantomimic paradox, with which this rambling reflection began. It is he who makes a wilder revolution than the apple of Adam which was the loosening of death, or the apple of Newton which was the apocalypse of gravitation; by proclaiming the supreme blasphemy and heresy, that the apple was made for the market and not for the mouth. It was he, by starting the wild race of pouring endless apples into a bottomless market, who opened the abyss of irony and contradiction into which we are staring to-day. That trick of treating the trade as the test, and the only test, has left us face to face with a piece of stark staring nonsense written in gigantic letters across the world; more gigantic than all its own absurd, bumptious advertisements and announcements; the statement that the more we produce, the less we possess.

Oscar Wilde would probably have fainted with equal promptitude, if told he was being used in an argument about American salesmanship, or in defense of a thrifty and respectable family life on the farm. But it does so happen that one true epigram, among many of his false epigrams, sums up correctly and compactly a certain truth, not (I am happy to say) about Art, but about all that he desired to separate from Art: ethics and even economics. He said in one of his plays: "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." It is extraordinarily true; and the answer to most other things that he said. But it is yet more extraordinary that the modern men who make that mistake most obviously are not the cynics. On the contrary, they are those who call them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves the Optimists; perhaps even those who would call themselves the Idealists; certainly those who have come to regard themselves as the Regular Guys and the Sons of Service and Uplift.

It is too often those very people who have spoilt all their good effect, and weakened their considerable good example in work and social contact, by that very error; that things are to be judged by the price and not by the value. And since Price is a crazy and incalculable thing, while Value is an intrinsic and indestructible thing, they have swept us into a society which is no longer solid but fluid; as unfathomable as a sea and as treacherous as a quicksand. Whether anything more solid can be built again upon a social philosophy of values, there is now no space to discuss at length here; but I am certain that nothing solid can be built on any other philosophy; certainly not upon the utterly unphilosophical philosophy of blind buying and selling; of bullying people into purchasing what they do not want; of making it badly so that they may break it and imagine they want it again; of keeping rubbish in rapid circulation like a dust storm in a desert; and pretending that you are teaching men to hope, because you do not leave them one intelligent instant in which to despair.

The Sixth Decade

by **LEE WILSON DODD**

I

MEN WHO have entered upon the ten years leading from fifty to sixty are very apt to speak of that doubtful period as "the prime of life." But this is mere whistling to keep up one's courage. A man past fifty who has even a modicum of common sense is aware that the prime of his life has already vanished. He is not so sound a man as he once was — not so sound physically, not so alert mentally. He has begun to draw on his accumulated momentum, and he may of course — though the life insurance tables are not too encouraging — live actively on it yet for many an interesting, and even productive, year. Nevertheless, he is running down now, and he knows it — though he will seldom care to admit that he knows it. If an upright, steadily revolving top should speak, you would hardly expect it to say, "I am running down."

I rather think that for most men of any sensitiveness and intelligence the sixth decade is above all the period for private reflection. As we pass fifty (oh, very quietly, and entirely for our personal information) we begin checking up on ourselves, taking a sort of psychical inventory. Are we mentally and spiritually going concerns, or are we in imminent danger of bankruptcy? That, or something curiously like it, is what the fairly intelligent man who has crossed the meridian of fifty wants most to know.

He finds, however, that taking a psychical inventory is not so simple a matter as he had hoped. But let us drop these commercial analogies! They are not illuminating; they can do nothing but vulgarize for us the sober and delicate process of self-examination, self-appraisal, which becomes for many a man, I believe, the chief interest, secret and engrossing, of his sixth decade.

By fifty one knows as much of the world as one is ever likely to know. Life can hold few genuine surprises for the aspirant to sixty. One can hardly have completed his half-century without acquiring a fund of more or less unreliable information and what may pass at least for a working philosophy. A certain pragmatic stoicism, a tinge, too, of what seems to me a perfectly legitimate cynicism will by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then be native to our minds. Rarely indeed will a man who is not a congenital idiot enter his sixth decade as a blindly optimistic non-observer of the very disturbing spectacle in which he is playing his tiny (yet to him so enormously important and absorbing) part. To have moved on through the gray arch of fifty without having noticed that men are often cruel, often rapacious, often unjust; without having noticed that virtue is frequently defeated and vice as frequently triumphant; without having noticed that the operations of nature are no respecters of human wishes; without, in brief, having looked out of one's window or just across the next field or the village street — well, that indeed is to write oneself down a most lamentable ass. For to all who are even moderately enlightened life teaches a bitter wisdom; and by fifty we have learned hard lessons — if we are ever to learn them.

Very well, we have learned them; I am venturing to speak for those who have learned them. Have we learned nothing more?

That, I suspect, is the leading question which insistently — with increasing insistence — jogs the elbow of many a doubtful pilgrim between fifty and sixty. Wordly wisdom we have gained, and may wish ourselves joy of it, for it lies cold and heavy upon our hearts. To have lived so long, to have experienced so much, only to have discovered the vanity of vanity and the proud weariness of disillusion; and just ahead of us — a few years, a few declining years — the silence. . . . By heaven, the old, worn pulpit similes return upon us and for the first time perhaps we are shaken by them, by their somber poetry and force. It is a pitiful thin harvest of mildewed wheat and tares . . . and worms, the inheritors. . . .

II

In a recent number of The Forum (December, 1930) George Jean Nathan has, with his accustomed gay truculence, flung to us beggars for bread that old painted stone idol, Hedonism, or Cyrenaicism, or Walter Paterism crossed with Nietzscheism, or Enlightened Selfishness mitigated by good manners and a taste for the arts. It is in many respects an engaging document and contains nuggets of gold for light-hearted searchers of the fourth decade or the fifth decade. As for example, "Learning to play at least one musical instrument and then to play it only in private. . . ." Excellent. No advice could be better. But there is another clause in the same sweeping paragraph, slipped in between semicolons, and it is this clause which, as a pilgrim of the elegiac sixth decade, I have naturally seized upon for further rumination. It reads: "Never allow oneself even a passing thought of death. . . ."

Now, apart from the fact that Mr. Nathan has evidently been troubled by more than one passing thought of death or he would never have written that admonition, I should be interested to know whether or not he supposed as he wrote it that it had practical value for any man or woman capable of occasional reflection. To reflect upon human life in any manner is to be aware of mortality. Bodily death is omnipresent, an inescapable fact. A normal person could no more thrust occasional, and even frequent, thoughts of it from him than he could escape from those wandering sexual solicitations which are part of the atmosphere of adult consciousness. It is never wise to deny the presence of the obvious; wisdom lies in our dealings with it. If our passing thoughts of death are so destructive of the values we find in living as to seem intolerable, is there perhaps not something wrong with our scheme of values? Death we shall not escape, not even by lying to ourselves about it; but isn't it probable that sound thinking about it (which includes sound thinking about life) might rob death of its so largely imaginary terrors? The pilgrim of the sixth decade, I submit, if he is a wise pilgrim, will think long and with stubborn integrity of death.

What he thinks of it will of course depend upon how he estimates the likelihood of psychical survival beyond it. If he is convinced through religious faith, or through philosophical considerations, of personal immortality — that is one thing; if personal survival beyond the grave strikes him as but a wild hope, or perhaps even as absurd, that is quite another. Death as the blotting out of consciousness is presumably the death most feared, though a candid mind reflecting upon it must be puzzled to determine why. We are not fearful of passing nightly into dreamless sleep; we are only fearful of lying wearily awake, or of sleeping lightly or restlessly, a prey to bad dreams. "But in that sleep of death what dreams may come" — that was Hamlet's fear,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it would seem to be the one rational fear in that connection. It is silly to be afraid of nothing.

"Perhaps the best cure for the fear of death," said Hazlitt, writing of death as final, "is to reflect that life has a beginning as well as an end. There was a time when we were not: this gives us no concern — why, then, should it trouble us that a time will come when we shall cease to be? I have no wish to have been alive a hundred years ago, or in the reign of Queen Anne: why should I regret . . . that I shall not be alive a hundred years hence, in the reign of I cannot tell whom?"

That seems to me a very sensible remark — though not one, I suspect, with much comfort in it for the fearful. For the fearful, I again suspect, have mistaken the object of their fear. It is not death they are afraid of; it is the melancholy business of dying. If they could simply be dead, and there an end of it, most of their apprehensions would depart; and in confirmation of this I offer the complaint once made to me by a casual acquaintance:

"I believe I'm the unluckiest man now living," he said. "Three years ago I was sitting at my desk, reading a business letter. I died — an unannounced stroke — and knew nothing about it. Several days later the clot on my brain reabsorbed, or something, and I returned to life. Now I have the whole thing to face again, and it may not be so swift and painless the second time. Rotten luck, don't you think so! Gee, if I had only stayed dead — all my troubles were over!" He sincerely meant it. He was regretting death, while afraid to die.

There is nothing morbid, I think, in this fear; it is common to most of us. But happy is that man who can look forward to death as to a great adventure. Bad sailors do not hesitate to cross the ocean if they can look beyond it to new interests and challenging experiences. While I see nothing in death as annihilation to terrify a reasonably thoughtful person, I am sure that I could grow old more gracefully if I were convinced that death is not, as we say, the end. For, in the first place, if death be the end there is very little from a human standpoint to be said for the universe. Humanly considered, the total scheme of things must then be pronounced an unmitigated washout.

One may accept human life as a mysterious but necessary preparation for other planes of existence, and suspend all judgment; but for human life as a finality no man with a drop of equity in his veins could say a respectful word. Nor for a universe that made our lives as finalities possible! There would be no heart of justice in it, much less of mercy. It is not merely that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; that we might unflinchingly bear. But it is not bearable, it is abominable, if the dice are all loaded against us. Pain, evil, misfortune apart, no man even begins, after a long life, to do a small fraction of his obvious job, the harmonious development of the powers and possibilities he feels latent within him. Hampered by a thousand conflicts of circumstances, it is well for him if by his sixth decade he has begun a casual bowing acquaintance with his central self, with his own mind, with what we mystically (but not, I think, too mystically) call his soul. Consider, briefly, the death of Keats. If the mind of Keats, that genius still in germ, was blotted out with his suffering body, then — though he suffers no more — whatever is is wrong, wrong beyond curing or hope of cure. That is the plain fact, to which only a besotted silliness could shut its eyes.

If immortality, then, that "amazing assumption," may not be assumed, we shall be forced by an inescapable logic into cynical contempt of the Cosmos and of the wretched farce we are microscopically playing in it. Radical injustice is not to be swallowed; it is nauseous; it will not down. I demand for my fellows from whatever gods there be another and a fairer chance.

I see they are entitled to it, and I believe they are going to get it.

Why? Because I want to believe it? Mere wishful thinking? Not at all.

I believe they are going to get it, because — on a weighing of probabilities — I am unable to believe that the cry of my heart for justice is a fortuitous cry. "Nature is made better by no mean, but Nature makes that mean." We are as we are, surely, because the total scheme of things is as it is. If we have immortal longings in us, Nature put them there, and if she put them there she is likely to satisfy them. Bodily hunger implies bread. Spiritual hunger implies spiritual bread. This is called the argument from analogy, and science will have none of it. Poetry, however, was born

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it — and poetry also is a part of Nature.

It seems to me probable that death is not the end of one's psychic existence. For this view many further considerations might well be urged. The mechanistic materialism of the late nineteenth century has been pretty well shot to pieces these latter years, and our philosophical physicists are now indulging in Berkeleyan and mystical speculations. They may, in the welter of new knowledge, have been losing their grip upon reality, as the unreconstructed Mencken has scornfully asserted; but it would rather seem that they are being reluctantly forced by inescapable facts toward the conclusion that the stuff of Nature has far more of unmeasurable Mind and far less of locatable and measurable Body in it than earlier scientists supposed. The older picture of our psychic life as a temporary product of some chance concourse of atoms now strikes the advancing wing of scientific thinkers as merely absurd, and they no longer seek to account for the mind of a Leonardo da Vinci as an "epiphenomenon." If Nature produced that mind then all its possibilities are implicit in Nature, and we can reasonably expect far more in that line from Nature than has hitherto been certainly revealed to us. Our poets and seers, with their "unverifiable" intuitions, are coming back into favor. They may not give us literal truth, but we begin to suspect again that their transcendental (and often contradictory) assertions are pointing us in the right direction.

Religion, poetry, the arts can no longer be brushed aside, and when Shelley informs us that life, like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity, it once more strikes us as rather stupid to assume that he is merely beating in the void his luminous wings in vain. If Nature gave birth to the luminous and winged mind of Shelley, then Nature at least is very much less like a steam engine than we once dully thought, and very much more like a God than we once (so very lately) considered it possible to suppose. We have found room again for our airiest speculations, our wildest and most whirling words.

III

A FRIEND of mine, another pilgrim through the sixth decade, is shaking his head mournfully. "You and your kind," he assures me, "are dangerous. You will end by destroying a hard-won intellectual integrity and preparing for the return of barbarism. Our Western civilizations are far from perfect, or even satisfactory; yet, such as they are, they are a vast improvement on former civilizations — they are cleaner, healthier, juster, kinder. And whatever gains they have made have been due to the slow, painful accumulation of exact knowledge, of experimentally verifiable facts. Science is a tedious business, a wearying discipline, but it knows what it knows, is aware of what it does not know, and refuses even to speculate upon what in all probability can never be known. Here is man and his world; let him observe it closely and disinterestedly and thus by finding out all he can about it learn, however partially, to control it. Life may or may not be a dome of many-colored glass; that doesn't matter very much. But poverty matters, unemployment matters, cancer matters, the earth's fertility matters, good housing matters. Let's do what we can about such things and not worry over the white radiance of eternity. Let's cultivate our own little garden, scientifically, and let God, if he exists, take care of the universe! As for death — that's none of our business either. We can't look beyond it, and if we could we couldn't change the fact of it, whatever the fact may be. Man is never so great as when he humbly recognizes his limitations and works within them, not vainly against them. A good plumber is a good plumber, but what is a metaphysician? A wind-bag. And the ages of faith were the dark ages. For God's sake — since you believe in God — don't throw spikes in the wheels of science and bring them back!"

Yes, yes, but my dear friend, I am what I am — I am a man, and *therefore* have immortal longings in me! I didn't put them there. They *are* there. And science must take account of them. Unfortunately, perhaps — for they do complicate things badly. Yet this, too, must be added. If man's transcendental longings did not exist, science would not exist. So let us by all means cultivate our small garden, but let us recognize that it is a creative garden and not a mechanistic slum. And as for your plumber — if he is a good plumber I have nothing against him. Only, what do you mean by "good"? There was an old metaphysical loafer and wind-bag about the market-places of Athens who might still help you to determine *that!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANDARDS

by **JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS**

I

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL historian there are few subjects more fascinating than a bitter controversy which suddenly rolls up like a crashing thunderstorm in the social sky. The interest lies in the fact that the ostensible topic in dispute is as a rule merely like the lightning, something made visible for a moment but telling us nothing of that tension of unseen forces which has brought the storm about. It is the historian's amusing task to discover the forces. In the American Revolution the lightning was "no taxation without representation," and in the Civil War it was the slavery question; but in each instance there had been a tension of many social forces for several decades prior to the outburst of the storm which sent men scuttling.

In the past few years we have had two minor controversies in America which seemed to the casual onlooker as different as any two mild storms could be, and yet which broke out from almost identical tensions of intellectual forces behind the clouds — the "Monkey Trial" at Dayton, Tennessee, and the sudden "Humanistic" ballyhoo in New York and a few other eastern points, the latter astounding a world which could not quite understand why prosperity-bitten Americans should without warning rise up and belabor each other on the subject of an ill-defined "Humanism." (I think capitals were always used.) When the first controversy broke on us, the "Humanists" and "Anti-Humanists" both had a jolly laugh at the shirt-sleeved mountaineers who were trying to prevent by law the teaching of evolution in their schools. What the mountaineers thought of the second controversy, if they thought of it at all, history has not yet recorded.

However different the setting and contestants, the real causes of these two squabbles were identical. The mountaineers had a certain set of intellectual and moral values in life. As a result of education they had seen their children abandoning these values without apparently substituting anything better. Education was somehow to blame, it seemed, and the chief stress in education was laid on science. *Ergo*, science must be curbed because the standards were of approved value and must be saved. "Evolution" was merely the lightning. The forces behind were those of moral and intellectual order, and those of sheer and destructive anarchy, as seen by the mountaineers. In the same way, the "Humanistic" hullabaloo emerged from the tension of the same forces as seen by the participants in that unedifying spectacle. It was order and standards against anarchy.

Both controversies were conducted with equal lack of intelligence. The Daytonians took a wholly unintelligent view of science when in its *proper* sphere; and the Easterners just as unintelligent a one of it when in its *improper* sphere. On the whole, I preferred the Dayton show, though naturally disagreeing wholly with the Daytonian point of view as to remedies. There was less cleverness than in New York, but a refreshing discovery that there were people still left who believed that life was worth while and that ideas (even wrongly selected) did matter tremendously and were not mere chips in an intellectual poker game.

I mention these two controversies because they indicated that under the surface of our disillusioned and weary post-war age there is evidently a good deal more personal preoccupation with the problem of standards than might otherwise have been thought. When Tennessee mountaineers flock down to fight over the question in a court of law, and Eastern illuminati hire New York's Town Hall to debate it, something is stirring. This has been confirmed by letters received from strangers, mostly boys in or just out of college, which have come to me steadily for many months past.

"Events have made us young ones," writes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of the most recent of these, "a little more realistic than previous generations. . . . Nevertheless our idealism needs a main stream into which to flow. At present each man of character or intellect has within himself the impulse toward heroism and improvement, but all this spiritual strength flows in separate little brooklets which trickle alone and sometimes dry up." They need something, he adds, by which they "may achieve some unity of feeling and effort," and he ends by suggesting that "if there are such things as permanent values based on laws which defy disobedience, it ought to be possible to incorporate these values into a set of standards which would be authoritative in the charting of conduct." This letter is merely typical of many which indicate a growing need and search for values by which to chart conduct.

II

As one sits in front of the fire, quite aware that one is not a "great thinker" but nevertheless that one has to have a developing philosophy of life for oneself and has these letters to answer, one ponders a good deal in the light of fifty years' experience of a rather unusually varied existence. *Are* there values and standards? If so, how are they to be found? And when found what are we to do with them?

Let us avoid one source of confusion at the outset. When I speak of values and standards I do not mean a specific code of conduct. A gold dollar, for example, to maintain its value must have 25.8 grams of gold in it, but it may be a cube or flat, octagonal, square, or round. It may be stamped with a buffalo, an eagle, a rooster, or President Harding. Those conditions of form are dictated by custom, caprice, convenience, or whatnot. By experimenting through many centuries and in many lands, it has been found that a flat, round coin is so much better in every respect than any other form that it has become accepted universally, though the design varies infinitely on it. What I am discussing in this article is the gold which gives value; not the form or design in which it is embodied.

With the great changes which came to society with the industrial revolution and applied science, many of the items in our codes of conduct began to suffer strain and to be questioned. With Darwin's evolutionary doctrine and other scientific discoveries or hypotheses, the theology of the Christian religion, which happened to be ours, was made so suspect as to undermine the sanctions which our code of morals had derived from its connection with religion. Then came the comparative study of codes of conduct or morality in anthropology, and Einstein's doctrine of relativity, which latter has had a tremendous influence upon tens of thousands of us who probably have a most inexact if not erroneous notion of its meaning. It was thus a very stormy Cape Horn which we had to round, and many dumped over their belief in standards and values to lighten ship. But, to adopt Daytonian language for the moment, Jonah, who had also been cast over in a storm, got ashore by a circuitous route and lived to make many repent.

Perhaps, because it is the newest and most intellectually exclusive of the above influences, that of relativity has counted most of late in causing many to be confused as to standards. For example, my friend Henry Hazlitt of *The Nation*, whom I hold in intellectual respect usually and personal affection always, had a provocative article entitled "Standards (Loud Cheers)" in his journal recently. He allows only two meanings to standards, *viz.* "standards (loud cheers)" and standards in "a simple, indicative sense." The first I should agree with him in discarding. He thus would leave me only the second; and what this is, is devastatingly shown by his next statement.

"In its simple, indicative sense," he says, "it is obvious that the charge that a given critic or group of critics has no standards is never true. A critic's standards may be low, they may shift with every book he writes about or even in the course of a single review, but standards, *in the sense of implied comparisons*, he must have (italics mine). If a play reviewer on one of the dailies remarks that a play is good, he probably means that it is better than the average play of the season; if he remarks it is excellent, he may mean that it is one of the five or six best of the season; if he pronounces it superb, he may mean that it is the best of the season. Such standards are not high, but they are sensible." Mr. Hazlitt ends his article by saying that the literary critic's "standards in literature, in brief, will not be essentially different from his standards in life," thus extending

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his definition of literary standards to all standards.

If this is all true, there would evidently be no such thing as absolute standards left. They would melt into a mere "more" or "less," even if we had, as Hazlitt says, "a clear idea of just what standard is implied in the reviewer's judgment." But I do not believe that all this is true, and I may add that Mr. Hazlitt himself does not act on it. It is not even, as he says, "sensible."

In the first place, we should not be able to understand the critic at all unless we had that "clear idea" of what his little bit of relativity, instead of a standard, stemmed from as a base. If all his terms are used by him relatively only, it is essential that we know to what they are relative. How much simpler, instead of having to provide us with his personal yardstick each time, to employ words in "standard" English meanings! It is not necessary, as the "Anti-Humanists" seem to think, that otherwise we can use only Æschylus or Shakespeare as bases. Our humanity is a broad leveler which makes reasonable words understood on our own level. The demands of modern advertising and the outshrieking of each other in superlatives, as well as the needs of the business manager of a newspaper dependent on advertising, may make it impossible for a critic to use the English language with precision and decorum, but assuredly so careful a thinker as Mr. Hazlitt should not enact that damnable condition into a philosophic doctrine.

Let us apply one test to this theory. Let us suppose New York produces twenty plays in a season of which nineteen are deplorable, without interest to the playgoer or any quality of excellence in construction, plot, lines, or acting. The twentieth play is moderately good. Would the best two of the deplorable ones and the one passable one really become, by any stretching of language, even if we knew the critic's yardstick, respectively "good," "excellent," and "superb"? If Mr. Hazlitt came back to New York from some backward western town and I asked him whether there was any good architecture there, would he think over ten atrocities in the way of public buildings and, having recollected that the jail was the least offensive, tell me that it was "superb"? He would not. He would have in mind an international standard of good architecture for several centuries, and tell me the truth; nor in doing so would he have in mind, on the other hand, the Parthenon or the older flèche of Chartres cathedral. But he would have in mind a standard not limited to 1931 Kokomo or wherever he had been. In other words, he would have in mind a standard not limited to a single week or one village.

Let us take another example. Business (and most Americans are business men) has a very definite standard of excellence, that of profit. If I asked a theoretical relativist in standards if a certain company were a "profitable" concern, he would not reply that it was superbly profitable on the ground (which he would leave me to discover elsewhere) that it had lost only half a million dollars in a year in which its competitors had lost two millions. If he said it was profitable he would mean it had left a real profit, or else he would tell me it was profitable relatively but unprofitable actually.

III

I HAVE LABORED this point somewhat at length because the conception of relativity has for many played ducks and drakes with their conception of any absolute standards. Of course everything bears some relation to everything else, and in a sense everything may be considered relatively, but as we have seen in the instances cited above, and particularly clearly — because mathematically — in the case of the word *profit*, there *is* a lower limit below which a standard can no longer be used as a measure of comparison positively but only as a negative. In other words, there is something absolute and not merely relative about standards; otherwise we could pursue the "more" or "less" perpetually down the scale, with no zero point between profit and loss, good or bad, virtue or vice.

Moreover, to continue the business example, a concern may be said to be profitable without our having in mind the earnings of U. S. Steel, Standard Oil, or American Telephone. Somewhere between reasonable earnings and the beginning of a deficit, it may be said to be profitable. In the same way, without thinking of the Parthenon or Shakespeare, a building or a play may be said to be good, or even "superb"; but there is also for them a lower level below which such use of words becomes false. This is what the relativists seem to fail to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see, and if I cite Mr. Hazlitt it is only because he has said so clearly what many of them appear to be groping after without his capacity for clear expression.

Mr. Hazlitt got his terms "standards, loud cheers" from Eddington's amusing use of "reality — loud cheers," but lest the reader of *The Nation* might get the impression that Sir A. S. Eddington would indorse Mr. Hazlitt, I may quote from a recent interview with the former in the London *Observer*. In reply to a question, Eddington replied: "I believe that science, like art, enables mankind to approach nearer to the realization of the absolute values that alone can give an aim and meaning to life."

"Then, you believe in absolute values?"

"I think we all do in practice."

When asked whether a man should try to lead a perfectly balanced or a specialized life, he answered that he preferred a specialized life with plenty of other interests, and that "a life spent in complete devotion to an absolute value is a good life."

The more we consider life, the more it seems to me that we must agree that in practice we all do accept absolute standards, and know what we mean by them. These standards in the drama are not the absolute standards which the "Anti-Humanists" would allow us as our only ones, Æschylus, Molière, Shakespeare, *et al.* Neither are they the relativist standards, of the same "Anti-Humanists," of the score of plays being given between Forty-second Street and Sixtieth Street in New York City in the first six weeks of the 1931 theatrical season. They are absolute standards but based upon the reasonable possibilities, achievements, and expectations of humanity over a long period of time and in many places. If this view should leave me nothing to stand on but the hyphen between Humanist and Anti, I am quite content. It seems to me, as to Eddington, the bridge to common sense. I would be much inclined to sit on such a bridge and attend to my fishing while I cried "a plague on both your houses" to either end.

The critic who has no absolute standards at all is likely to lose himself in a confusion of relativities and debauched tastes. This does not mean at all that he should insist upon or look for any Byzantine rigidities of form or expression. Absolute value may be and has been found in a vast number of each. Because he knows the value of gold there is no reason, though there may be much temptation for the lazy-minded, to insist upon its being in the form of a small, flat, round disk. But if he has no sense of the value of "gold," he is likely to fail as a critic. In the same way a business man is likely to fail if he does not believe in the absolute value of a profit. If, to paraphrase Mr. Hazlitt, his standards shift with every business he tries or even in the course of a single job, he will not last long. In precisely the same way, we have to have clear notions of absolute values in our intellectual, emotional, and spiritual life if we are not to flounder about as failures, if we are to achieve, as my young correspondent writes, "some unity of feeling and effort."

This first question of whether there *are* standards and values merges into the second one of how we are to discover them, for I believe that to a considerable extent they are discovered intuitively, and hence for all the purposes of practical life, they do exist. This is true, at least, for the higher types of men, and it is for them only that I am writing at the moment. In the past the lower types have largely had to be coerced by material or spiritual fears into conforming to the standards and values of the higher. How in the future the lower type will be handled is a question outside the immediate scope of this article.

The value envisaged and worked for by the business man is given him by intuition. It is direct. He needs no revelation or authority or science to tell him that his value is a profit and not a deficit. In the same way the values of art come to the critic and ourselves largely by intuition, though for us who are not creative our standards may constantly rise by seeing the best of all ages. There is as much variety in form and expression among a painting by Hokusai and one by Rembrandt, the Ludovisi throne, the bust of Queen Nefertete and the Thinker by Rodin, a play by Æschylus and one by Eugene O'Neill, as the most rabid relativist "Anti-Humanist" could desire to give scope to new genius should such arise, but there is in all of these the pure gold which gives value. Under such variety we recognize it instinctively.

In the same way the higher of us do recognize values in human life and conduct. Whatever biology might have to say of the two bodies as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

functioning organisms, we recognize that on the plane of self-conscious human life the character of George Washington was of higher value than that of Benedict Arnold, that of Lincoln than that of Jim Fisk, that of Father Damien than that of Al Capone. We could continue indefinitely to point out such obvious intuitions. In fact if we considered carefully a hundred men in history or our own acquaintance, listed their characteristics and achievements, and reacted to them intuitively and tabulated the results, we would have gone far toward establishing a set and scale of values. Clearly this would have to be done by an intelligent person and one capable of responding to what was of value, just as a critic has got to be capable of responding to æsthetic values if he is to grow. But, as I have just stated, this is the type for whom I am writing at the moment.

IV

I DO NOT think that, on the whole, although science may help to interpret some aspects of ourselves to us, it is going to help very greatly in arriving at determinations of values for our lives and establishing scales for them, certainly not at present. For one thing, as yet at least, science is at its best at the levels farthest remote from our minds and conduct. As we pass up from astronomy and chemistry through biology to sociology and psychology we come to more and more inadequate data, confused conclusions among inextricable complexity, and a welter of unproved hypotheses and conflicting opinions. The existence of a permanent self is even denied and we are asked to contemplate "ourselves" as transient states of mind or mere reactions to passing stimuli.

Whatever may be the "truth" of all this — that elusive "truth" which seems to grow ever more wraithlike the nearer we approach to it — the plain, everyday fact on which we base our conduct is that we do regard ourselves as permanent and developing entities. We make money with the idea of enjoying it in old age or a year hence, and the values of all things in life must be considered in relation to this permanent, developing core of "self," "soul," or what you will, and not in relation to a mere transient state of mind or instantaneous reaction. To do the latter would prevent any planned life at all.

Apart from this, science is too apt to keep close to the physical and the partial. Even the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst are too likely to overstress a single factor instead of seeing our lives whole. We are extremely complicated beings on the plane of self-consciousness, whatever scientifically we may be, and our lasting happiness and satisfactions are dependent upon a vast variety of resultants of conduct and environment. The psychoanalyst may rightly diagnose that a certain repression at one stage may account for a certain neurosis at another, and such knowledge may have its medical use, but for the vast majority of fairly normal people life is made up of an infinite number of strands. We do not react solely to sex any more than we do to religion, climate, or the economic motive. One cannot with a scalpel isolate one factor. That is the besetting sin of the crank, the faddist, and the too enthusiastic scientific specialist. Science may become increasingly useful as a tool to help us to attain to the things which we believe to have value. I do not think it will help us to decide on values.

Nor in our present mood and intellectual climate can we rely for an index of values upon authority, whatever form it may take. To be sure, our business man in pursuit of his limited but clearly defined value does almost precisely what the religious man did in former times. He follows the voices of his great leaders — Morgan, Ford, or others — with reverent attention. He has his textbooks and his lives of the men who have succeeded as he is trying to do. In conventions and smaller meetings, he joins for inspiration and helpful thought with others whose strivings are akin to his. This is nothing but preachers and theologians, sacred writings, lives of the saints, and church congregations all over again, but when it comes to ethical questions we live in an age which apparently does not enjoy and derives little benefit from such machinery.

The change is not, as a recent clerical writer in *Harper's* asserted, due to democracy, because the machinery has not been discarded by us but has been taken over complete by business. It is due to change of taste or something else. The fact remains that, at present, of the many seeking some scale of values and the means of making their lives conform to them, few can bring themselves to accept authorities or share in group discussions for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inspiration. We do not do it that way. We have preferred individual thinking and experimentation, which perhaps has been a very good thing for a while, both for testing the real values and for introducing variety in forms from which some more consonant to modern needs may arise.

But if one may judge by letters and magazine articles of the personal confession sort, a great many are discovering that the old values somehow persist and that the old forms are more convenient than they had thought. In many cases, though not all, it is as if, having got bored and fed up with all coins being made in flat round disks, we had been trying cubes, or stars, or octagons, and discovered that after all the round coins, evolved nobody knows how from countless experiments in the past centuries, did have their reason for being just that shape after all.

V

But if we leave authority and past experience out of the question, to satisfy our present desire to settle things by and for ourselves, how are we to find what are the values of existence? It seems to me we have only two means of doing so — by intuition, as I have said, and by the use of our intelligence. The intelligent man or woman of any age who is really trying seriously to establish values for himself or herself will certainly discover many by such simple processes of intuition as I have suggested above. They cannot confront two such differing characters as, say, Lincoln or the unstable, egoistically ambitious libertine Aaron Burr, and not confess honestly wherein Lincoln is the nobler and more worthy one. In the same way if they consider one man who yields to every gust of passion or to cheap ambition easily gained, or to winning satisfactions that the lowest natures would be content with, and on the other hand another of opposite sort, they cannot but honestly consider the qualities of the latter of higher value than those of the former. Intuitions honestly sought and honestly recognized would carry one a good way on the path.

A trained intelligence also honestly used should carry us a good way farther. I am not concerning myself here with forms. I am not advocating any choice between the lives of artists, business men, priests, politicians, professional men, or whatnot. One man's food might be another man's poison. But building on our intuitions, intelligence can help us to rise above the moment or the single act. It can play the part which before it fell on evil days, philosophy was supposed to play — that of coördinating all the branches of knowlege into a reasonable synthesis, the making of scattered parts into a coherent whole.

Intelligence should enable us to see that we have got to establish our values with reference, first, to the whole of our being — all our tastes, desires, capacities — and, secondly, to the whole of our lives in point of time and not any one period or episode. It is precisely here that in the absence of a synthesizing philosophy, the individual sciences are most likely to fail us. They are too much like medical specialists who try to understand our whole organism by the way of eyes or teeth or glands. Intelligence will also lead us to see that in considering what may be of value from the standpoint of the whole being and the entire life, we shall often have to set a lower against a higher value, a transient one against an abiding one.

The other day I was talking to a friend, now about forty-five and with three children ranging up to fifteen. He occupies a high, important, and interesting but not very well paid post, and has as sound a scale of values and as great contentment in his life as anyone I know. He told me that when he and his wife were married, they determined that the union should be for life; that whatever irritations might come, they would consider them in the light of the greater adventure of a spiritual partnership which they were going to do their best to carry on to the end with ever-increasing satisfaction. They knew that the sexual side counted heavily but also that age would come when other things would also count, and they were going to prepare for an old age of mutual love, trust, confidence, and the sense of life-long loyalty borne toward each other, as well as for the days of youth. Since they preferred other things in life, such as simplicity of living and hospitality, reading, leisure for each other and the children when they might come, to those things which they could have if they struggled harder to make money in a less interesting career than the man had chosen, they deliberately set themselves to be contented without the things large incomes brought so that money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troubles should not be a source of friction in the home. And so he went on.

Here were a man and woman who established their scale of values on the intelligent basis of their whole mutual interest and the whole of their lives, not any segmented slice of either. When looking at things in that way, it is obvious that one has to choose between whole sets of values. A man or woman, for example, who prefers a succession of amours to a life relationship chosen for what it may give, is not choosing between values of the same sort, merely differing in degree of intensity, but between wholly different ones; and the choice has to be made deliberately and intelligently.

With regard to many of our choices, intelligence has to answer questions of a searching sort. Will the act or course of conduct weaken or strengthen will and character? Is it the result of drifting or intelligent volition? Will it make me more or less capable of guiding and controlling my life later? Is the satisfaction it promises transient or permanent? Is it going to increase or decrease my ability to enjoy a higher and more permanently satisfying range of values? Is it going to make me more or less capable of being, in the long run, the sort of person I should like to be? The list could be extended far.

Are such standards and values, in the words of my young correspondent, "based on laws which defy disobedience"? I think it reasonably positive that they are. Many people may slip through life by luck, denying their own values at times, without notable disaster, just as some people may contract typhoid and pull through where others succumb. Nevertheless we cannot acquire typhoid germs without risk. Let us take, for example, the value of insistence upon intellectual integrity. The law of intellectual integrity would seem to defy disobedience in that if we continually flout it we become incapable of seeing things clearly and become one of those who, as we say, unconsciously deceive themselves.

In many choices between lower and higher values, or transient and permanent ones, a law would seem to be inevitable as that in the physical world which says that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If, as above, a succession of love affairs are preferred to marriage, one simply cannot expect to have the set of values at the end which grow from a lifelong loyalty. For my own part, I believe that in determining values for ourselves, as in any other pursuit of knowledge, we should not disdain wholly the wisdom accumulated in the past; but if we will have none of that, then I can see nothing for it but an honest play of intelligence among our intuitions. If this is carried on with intellectual integrity, I believe it will bring us to much the same point as we should have reached by the other method, only it may satisfy us better in the present temper of our age.

To a considerable extent the older generation abandoned its traditional values and declined the intellectual task of establishing others. One result has been the complete confusion in our educational system. Because that generation which is solely responsible for our colleges and universities has no standard of values, it has been unable to define the ends of education; and with no comprehension of aims, there can be nothing but a muddle in method. Happily, youth, which first revolted against forms, is now revolting against this lack of values, which is much more fundamental. Forms will vary with different values and may even vary with the same value. It is not the form, the particular item in a social code, which counts but the values clothed in the forms. Without a scale of values we are as hopelessly at sea to direct our course as a business man would be who did not know whether he was trying to make a loss or a profit.

To answer the last question — what are we going to do with our scale of values when we have achieved it? — I should say: stand by it to the uttermost possible. At present the whole social and economic machine is so geared as to make that an undertaking of extreme difficulty, but unless the newer generation can base a scale of values on what derives from the best of our whole natures and the consideration of our entire lives, and can swing our educational system, our business and social life around to them, I see no hope for anything but a muddle and chaos which will drown our human personalities in a dehumanized whirl of production and consumption of things without human value.

That youth, and to some extent the older generation, is now searching hearts on the problem of values, is I believe true. That these values can be found is also true. The problem is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how many, after considering these values in terms of their whole lives, like my friend, will have the courage to organize all parts of their lives so as to give the values play in face of the almost insuperable opposition of a society which does not recognize them.

The most deadly weapon in the struggle is the cost of living when the college graduate has been about seven years out of college. At that point I fully recognize that the question is apt to be mercilessly shifted from that of a life based on humane values to life on any reasonable terms unless the sufferer conforms to the standards of the dehumanized economic system which seems to have us all in its grip. The existence of that barrier is perhaps the most fatal indictment that can be brought against our entire American civilization. If enough can gallantly surmount it to capture in time our universities and in other ways make their influence felt on our economic and social ideals, we may be able to rebuild a civilization in which a scale of humane values may again be established and win an authority which is now lacking.

There *are* such standards and values. They can be found. The chief problem is how can the present whirling life of our country be made to provide scope for those who wish to base a sane and intelligent life on such values without warping their every energy not to the making of an undesired great fortune but merely a decent living. That is the problem, unhappily bequeathed to them, of the new generation; and for their own sakes and their children's sakes, it is the biggest that they have to face. If the problem cannot in time be resolved, we cannot be said to have a civilization. That is not a civilization but merely a herd existence in which those who have in youth the vision of a humane life based on the higher values of all man's history are ground underfoot by the galloping horses of our machines rushing madly and uncontrolled.

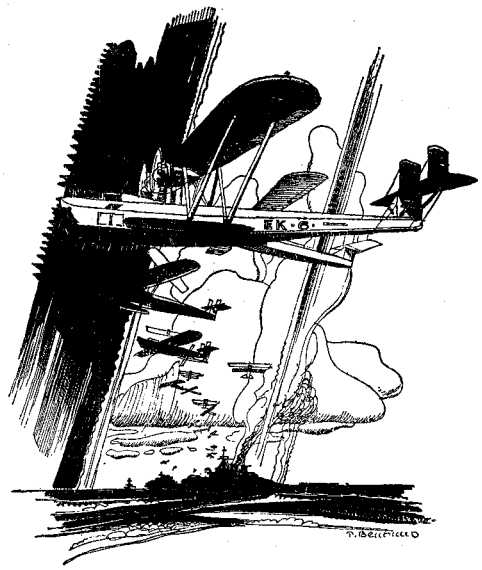
Negro Settlement

Down grassy lanes where cottonwood and peach
Sag with the heavy armor of the sun,
The negro houses sprawl. No tongue can teach
The dark, primeval things they brood upon.
Something survives within this ancient race
That stamps a homely beauty in this soil,
Something that penury cannot efface
Nor long, unfruitful years of aching toil.
Here is a people in an alien land,
Whose primal wisdom time cannot defeat;
These are no stiff, starched houses such as stand
Aloof from earth, upon a white man's street.
These homes are they, who even in pain and dearth
Still keep their olden friendship with the earth.

—**Anderson M. Scruggs**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Morning After



by **PAUL D. GESNER**

Wireless to the Chicago Evening Press

Copyright, 1935, by Chicago Evening Press, Inc.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13. — The lives of 6,000,000 persons in New York City and its suburbs were snuffed out yesterday afternoon at 2:50 o'clock when an air fleet of six hundred Coalition bombing planes laid a blanket of diphenyl chloroarsine and cacodyl isocyanide gas over Manhattan Island and the metropolitan area, killing every man, woman, child, beast, plant, and other living thing in New York City's five boroughs and their immediate environs.

More than 2,000,000 other persons were killed last night when winds bore diphenyl chloroarsine from New York City and scattered it over New Jersey and New York State communities immediately north and northeast of the metropolitan area.

Over 36,000,000 persons are reported to have been killed by gas throughout the world in the past twelve hours.

New York, London, Paris, Calais, Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna are unpeopled cities to-day, for air raids took the lives of all their inhabitants yesterday afternoon and last evening.

Dispatches concerning the toll of lives in northern New Jersey, in New York State, and in European cities will be found in other columns of to-day's CHICAGO EVENING PRESS.

War between the nations of the Alliance and the Coalition came at 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning after five days of futile effort by governments of the world to arbitrate the Sage Harbor dispute. Neutrality of the United States in the controversy was maintained until early yesterday morning, though other nations of the world earlier aligned themselves in two combines, known as the Alliance and the Coalition. At four o'clock yesterday morning when the recently-organized International Arbitration Court was informed by the nations of the Coalition that they would refuse to abide by the terms of the Court's decision in the Sage Harbor affair, the Congress of the United States voted to uphold the Court's decision and assist the nations of the Alliance in its enforcement.

War against the nations of the Coalition was declared by the Congress at 5:31 o'clock yesterday morning, after an all-night session. The President's War Message to Congress will be found elsewhere in the columns of this edition.

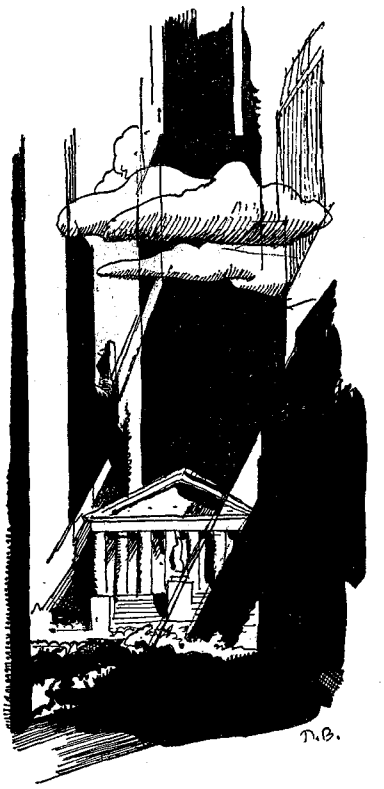
Gas Kills All in New York

Life does not exist in New York City to-day. Its millions of inhabitants lie dead — their lungs burned away by diphenyl chloroarsine dropped from Coalition planes in the air raid.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank Carson, plane pilot, and this correspondent, wearing safety masks and carrying nine hours' supply of oxygen in iron bottles strapped to our waists, landed in an airplane in Central Park, New York City, at 7:28 o'clock this morning. For seven hours we tramped through New York's streets and in and out of New York's buildings. We saw no living person. The air is still heavy with gas. There is little question but that all persons in New York City are dead. Yesterday 6,000,000 persons walked and talked and laughed and lived in the city we have just wandered through. To-day 6,000,000 bodies lie lifeless upon the streets and in the buildings.

Bodies are piled thickest at Broad and Wall Streets, though they are stacked five and six feet deep in disheveled piles before the entrances of all the great buildings in the financial district. There are probably 1,500,000 bodies strewn on the sidewalks and pavements, and in the offices below City Hall Park.



No Warning Given

Evidently no warning of the raid was given, even at the Stock Exchange, where the best telegraph facilities kept members in close contact with what was happening throughout the world. Bodies blocked the entrance to the Exchange building and to the trading floor, but Carson and this correspondent pulled some of them aside and were able to force their way into the building. We walked across the floor over the bodies of hundreds of men who never knew what had happened until the gas seeped in through the windows. One man who apparently had become hysterical when he felt the gas at his throat, had swung his arms and broken the crystal of his wrist watch. The time registered on the watch's battered face was 2:59 o'clock. As the six hundred attacking planes dropped their first diphenyl chloroarsine at 2:50 o'clock, it may be safely estimated that all persons at ground level in Manhattan died within a dozen minutes after the raid started. The gas apparently fell like a blanket over the entire island.

Financial System Gone

It can be said with absolute accuracy and without over-statement that the United States to-day has no financial system, structure, or organization. All workers, from officials to messenger boys, are dead at the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Curb Exchange, the produce exchanges, the Federal Reserve Bank, the other New York banks and their branches, the clearing houses, the brokerage houses, and the other manifold units through which money moved before the air raid.

All of the city's financial leaders are dead.

The body of the President of the New York Stock Exchange lies beside his desk. He put a handkerchief before his nose and lips in an effort to stave off the gas. He died clamping the handkerchief against his face in a futile attempt to stave off the most deadly fumes yet used in warfare.

Lifeless as a great tomb are the halls of the Federal Reserve Bank. The high-ceilinged, massive chamber with soft carpets where sat the men who watched and regulated the flow of gold betwixt the Bank's vaults and the banking institutions throughout the Federal Reserve System, are dark and gloomy and lifeless as the ruins of the abandoned temple of a lost civilization. A body is slumped over each desk in the Bank — gone are the men who were the directing geniuses of the New York Federal Reserve unit.

Within the entrance of the Federal Reserve Bank a guard, with his gun clutched in one hand, lies sprawled upon the floor. He is dead, as are all persons in the greatest of cities. Gold and currency representing hundreds of millions of dollars are unguarded at the bank. Unguarded — except by the gas which fills the air of all New York. No man, no living thing can breathe that gas and live.

Flames Consume East Side

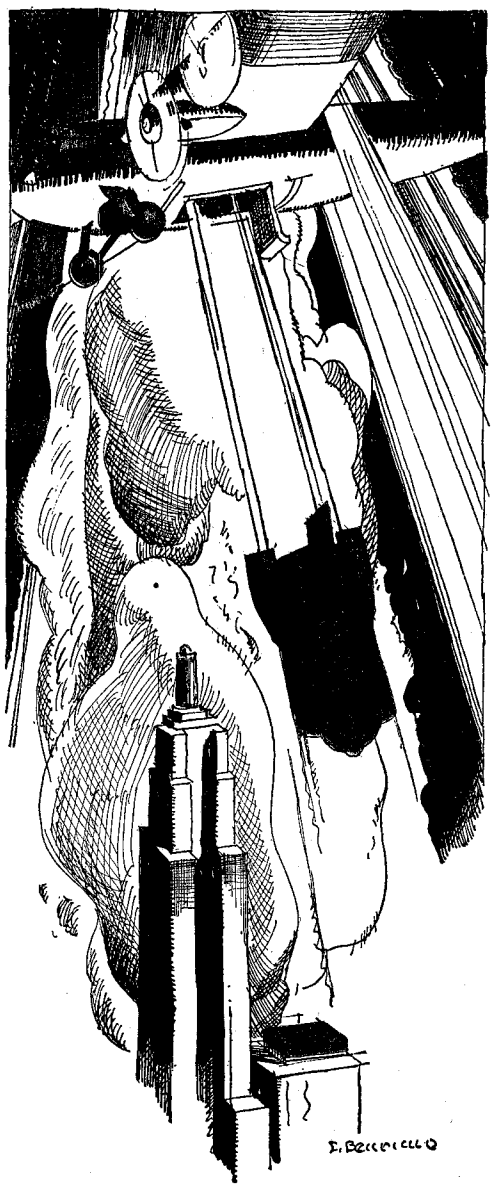
The lower East Side is being consumed by flames.

The murky skies are tinged with red flame

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and black smoke. Though only diphenyl chloroarsine and other gases were dropped by the attacking airmen yesterday afternoon, fires started in several places on the East Side shortly after the raid. Water boilers burst after the men attending them had died from gas poisoning. Illuminating gas mains were disjointed and high voltage wires short-circuited by the boiler explosions. In musty cellars where "lighting" gas pipes and electric wire trunks came out of their underground conduits, a thousand fires were started simultaneously on the East Side.

To-day, however, there is but one fire, and that is the blazing inferno thirty-six blocks square which will eventually consume every wooden structure in lower New York. Only when the fire reaches the districts in which there are fireproof buildings of concrete and steel — then only will the flames die out. Nothing will remain of the lower East Side, save the charred ruins of a community destroyed — a broken brick wall here and a steel electric light pole there — to mark the ground which was once one of the most thickly populated areas in the world.



To-day, the flames leap half again as high as the buildings which they are consuming, and the ends of their tongues fairly lick the low ceiling of smoky clouds. Now and then a deafening explosion comes to the ears as an illuminating gas reservoir gives way before the heat. Now and then there is a low rumbling and a quaking of the earth, as a wall tumbles downward in a pile of blackened and half-burned bricks.

At least four million bodies will have to be removed from the streets of New York and from its buildings before the city can again be inhabited. Six million bodies would have had to have been removed, had there been no fire on the East Side. The bodies of the two million East Siders who died yesterday by gas are to-day being consumed by flames, and only ashes and bones will remain when the fire has spent its force. The bodies of the two million inhabitants of the Bowery, of the Ghetto, of Little Italy, of Chinatown, and of the other tiny national capitols in Manhattan are being turned into cinders to-day by the very flames which are consuming East Side homes, shops, warehouses, wharves, schools, and churches.

That is the picture of lower New York to-day — the West Side from the Battery to City Hall Park stark and silent in death; and the East Side, from the fish markets of lower South Street to lower midtown, crackling in an all-suming and unquenchable fire that carries all before it.

Bomb Hits Trinity

Trinity Church, at the Broadway end of Wall Street, was one of the few buildings in the financial district damaged in the air raid. The raiding airmen dropped no explosives — gas only — but one of the great "cans" or bombs in which the deadly diphenyl chloroarsine was dropped, struck the steeple of Trinity Church squarely. Apparently the steeple wobbled, then fell eastward. The stone of which it was constructed is broken and scattered on the pavement of Broadway. One chunk of the steeple lies half-imbedded in the surface of the street, and there is a jagged hole four feet in diameter in the pavement where another portion broke through the street's surface and dropped onto the subway track or into the sewer main below.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The raiding airmen sought not to destroy property, but to destroy life. The guiding military heads of the Coalition knew that the destruction of life would do more to cripple New York and the nation than the mere dropping of explosives upon the city's structures.

Times Men Worked to the End

The editorial department of the *New York Times*, on the third floor of the Times Annex Building in West Forty-third Street, was in perfect order to-day — save for the fact that the editors, rewrite men, copy readers, reporters, office boys, and other employees were slumped dead in their chairs. Apparently work was continued in the Times offices up to the minute that the diphenyl chloroarsine seeped into the great city room. All windows had been closed, and all staff men had worked up to the moment when the gas began burning away their nasal membranes and lung tissues.

Two dispatches which lay on one of the desks gave information concerning the first reports of the coming raid. The first of the two, with a yesterday's date-line, read:

"The crews of the three Coalition airplane carriers, EK-6, FK-8, and LX-16, carriers having facilities for carrying two hundred bombing planes each, were picked up on the sea in open lifeboats sixty miles off Nantucket early to-day, and captured as prisoners of war by destroyers of the North Atlantic Division of the United States fleet.

"A squadron of United States Navy planes on patrol sighted the three airplane carriers from an altitude of 11,000 feet. The planes, upon dropping to a lower altitude, noticed that the crews of the airplane carriers were taking to open boats. When U. S. destroyers, summoned by wireless from the air patrol, arrived, the three airplane carriers, decks awash, were on their way to the bottom of the sea.

"Questioning of the captured seamen revealed that the crews had opened the sea cocks and scuttled all three ships. United States naval officers believe that at least six hundred bombing planes were put into the air before the carriers were scuttled, and that these six hundred planes, loaded with gas or explosives, may be at present flying towards New York.

"It is believed by naval officers that the airplane carriers were scuttled to prevent their seizure, and to give a convoy of Coalition warships time to steam away and escape open battle. United States destroyers and planes are searching for the enemy cruisers and destroyers which are now believed to have escorted the carriers to American waters."

Apparently the Coalition directed its airmen to fly to the objective, New York City, drop gas bombs in accordance with the plan of the offensive, then fly to open country if possible, burn their planes, surrender, and be interned.

The second dispatch of special significance, found in the news rooms of the *New York Times*, was an "official government release," and read:

"New York is fully prepared for any air attack which the enemy Coalition powers may attempt, the War Department announced to-day.

"Reveille blew at four A.M. this morning at the Governor's Island barracks, and in every military post in the Second Corps Area of the U. S. Army men were aroused from their bunks at this same early hour. A successful combat with a mythical air fleet, which was theoretically staging a mock air raid, was held.

"Hundreds of rounds were fired from the Army's new anti-aircraft guns, which are improved models of the latest design. At the conclusion of the mock battle, officers expressed their approval of the city's first line of defense.

"A new secret anti-aircraft gun, said to be the most powerful weapon of the type yet developed by the government, was given its first test in this morning's practice. The new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gun is equipped with a special range finder which is said to make the weapon the most accurate large-bore anti-aircraft rifle yet conceived by man."

A weather report found on one of the news desks at the *Times* revealed that a low, wet, dripping fog hung over Manhattan at 2:50 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the first bombs in the air raid were dropped. The fog is thought to have rendered helpless the anti-aircraft defense batteries of the Army, and made useless the naval anti-aircraft guns on United States warships outside the Narrows.

Apparently the six hundred enemy bombing planes which participated in the air raid flew "blind" and dropped their diphenyl chloroarsine by instrument.

Mayor of New York Dead

The Mayor of New York was in conference with city officials in his private office in City Hall when bombs began dropping. Apparently those in the Mayor's private chamber knew three or four minutes before they breathed in the lethal gas, that there was no escape. The Mayor, pencil in hand, was drawing little curly-ques on a piece of paper as one does while waiting for a telephone connection to be put through, when the gas struck him. The pencil still clutched in his hand, he died with his head and both arms resting on the table before him.

Many Died in Churches

Many persons rushed to churches for prayer or safety, when the raid started. Though it was a week-day, and though no special services were being held, there were approximately 1,500 dead in Trinity Church, where the steeple was toppled by a gas bomb; 2,000 dead in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-first Street; 1,200 dead in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street; 1,400 dead in Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue at Sixty-fifth Street; and 800 dead in the Riverside Church on Riverside Drive at 122nd Street. The dead in all of the churches were of many races, colors, and creeds, and the majority of the number in each church died kneeling in prayer.

In an operating room at St. Luke's Hospital a doctor lay dead on the floor beside the operating table, a scalpel still clutched in his hand. The patient apparently had died from the effects of diphenyl chloroarsine while still under ether.

In the emergency ward at the hospital, one interne was cleaning hardened wax from a workman patient's ears when the gas struck them both. Another interne was studying a medical book when the gas came. The book he was studying was opened to a chapter on adrenalin, and its uses as a heart stimulant to start life processes in new-born babies.

Columbia President Dead

The President of Columbia University lay dead on the steps of the Columbia University Library on 116th Street, just off Broadway. The President's office was in the library building. Aroused by the rushing of students through the streets, and by the roar of the six hundred planes hidden in the fog over the city, he had stepped outside shortly before a gas bomb struck the cornice of the Law Building, a short distance away, and exploded. His death may have been caused by a flying fragment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children Died in Schools

The overwhelming mass of New York's young people died in the public schools. The raid started but a few minutes before classes would have been let out for the day.

In the public school on the corner of Sixty-third Street and Central Park West, the teacher in one class-room apparently had read a story aloud, and directed the children — all of them under ten years of age — to write the words of the story on a piece of paper as she spoke them. There were thirty-one children in the room. Thirty-one copies of the story the teacher read lay unfinished on the children's desks. Each child had continued writing, it appeared, until he or she had been choked by the gas. Every child except one sat with head and arms resting on his or her desk, as if in sleep. The thirty-first child, a little girl, was in the arms of the teacher, who evidently had gone to comfort her when she became frightened as the gas poured in the window.

The subways of New York are jammed with bodies and stalled trains. At Times Square this correspondent tried to enter several kiosks, but the entrances were so choked with dead forms that it was impossible to get down the steps. At 103rd Street and Broadway, on the Broadway-Seventh Avenue line of the I.R.T., he was able to crawl down the stairs over the bodies and reach the subway uptown platform. A train was stalled there, and its doors were open. Persons were still trying to push through and get aboard when overcome by the gas, evidently believing the train would carry them to safety. They knew that the deadly gas was coming from the skies, and believed that safety would be found further uptown in less congested parts of the city.

Rail Terminals Clogged

Confusion reigned in the rail terminals when the gas bombs began dropping.

The floor of the lobby of the Grand Central Station was in disorder to-day. Bodies were scattered over the polished stone floors, and there were great piles of corpses about the train gates on both the upper and lower levels. The "red cap" porters worked on to the end. One of them, near the gates, died guarding a pair of traveling bags and two sets of golf clubs he was about to take to a waiting train. Another, near the information booth, lay dead over an old-fashioned telescope, three newspaper-wrapped packages, and a lady's umbrella.

An equal number of bodies were strewn over the floor of the Pennsylvania Station. The Long Island Station was so blocked with corpses that this correspondent found it impossible in some places to walk on the floor. The crowd had surged to the gates and down the steps to the train platforms when they noticed the gas in the air. As the gas was evidently heavier at lower levels, many of these persons died on the flights of steps down to the loading platforms. Hundreds of bodies were piled at the bottoms of the train shed stairways, and there they were five and six feet deep — so deep the hand rails along the stairs were obscured by them.

At the Hudson Terminal, ticket boxes were overturned at the train gates through which travelers pass to reach the tube trains. The gray-uniformed station attendants had tried in vain to keep the crowds orderly, and their bodies lay trampled and crushed with those of the persons they had tried to calm. Several had fallen to the tracks in the rush.

Some May Live in Skyscrapers

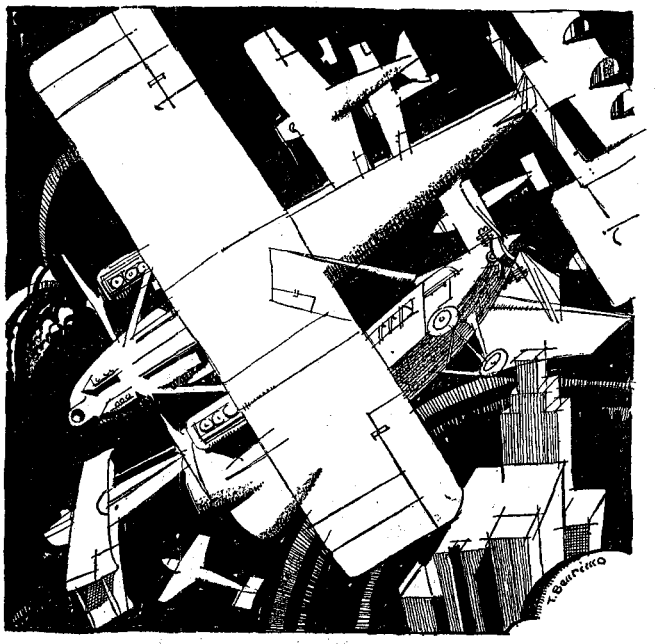
If there are any persons alive on Manhattan to-day, those persons are cowering at this moment in the upper stories of the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Tower, the Woolworth Building, the Metropolitan Tower, and other high structures. Possibly the gas did not seep into some of the offices high above the streets. Carson and this correspondent tried to start the elevators in the Empire State, Chrysler, and Woolworth buildings, but there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was no electric power. We did not have sufficient oxygen, nor the time, to climb the stairs of these tall buildings. We climbed seven stories in the Woolworth Building and found only dead bodies — no life of any kind. Then we abandoned our climb because of the few precious hours our oxygen allotted us.

Central Park Desolate

Central Park is dead and dismal. The enemy's gases killed every tree, every bush, every blade of grass. When we landed in our plane in the Park early this morning, the leaves on the trees and the stretches of carefully mowed lawn had lost their freshness. Overnight, since the dropping of the gases, they had turned a dark brown color. As we took off this afternoon, leaving the City of the Dead which was once New York behind us, the foliage of the bushes, the tree leaves, and the grasses had deepened considerably in color, and were almost black. Bark was dropping from the limbs of trees, and the leaves were beginning to fall. But there were no leaves on the ground. As the leaves were whisked from the branches by the wind, they cracked into small pieces and fell to the ground in dusty swirls, like coarse, black flakes of soot.



For safety's sake, we both waited until our plane had climbed out of Central Park to a height of 4,000 feet before taking off our oxygen masks. As we started breathing in the clean, clear air of that altitude, I took from my pocket a column proof-sheet I had picked off a spike in one of the many New York newspaper offices we had visited. The proof-sheet was of an editorial which would have appeared in a New York newspaper to-day, had not New York City's life been taken by gas yesterday. I smiled as I glanced through the editorial. It was titled "Isolation," and read in part:

"Our nation is indeed fortunate to be in an isolated position, now that war has been declared. The Commander of the Second Corps Area has informed the President of the United States that New York's air defense is perfected, and that there is absolutely no danger of invasion.

"With oceans flanking our east and west shores, any attack by the enemy would have to be directed from a great distance. Because of the thousands of miles of water which would have to be traversed by enemy planes before they could begin an offensive against us, any such movement on the part of our foes would be made not with the plan of destroying lives or property, but merely with the idea of injuring the morale of the American people. Americans, however, are hewn of tough timber, and it takes more than the buzzing of airplane motors to depress the American spirit. Let the enemy attack. . . ."

I smiled once more. The writer of that piece should have said:

"There is no defense against an attack by airplanes. There is no defense against an air attack by a power willing to pay the price in airplane carriers, planes, and men, and willing to watch the weather reports and wait for the cover of a protecting fog. A thousand anti-aircraft guns for every attacking plane, and a dozen defensive planes for every gas-laden attacking craft can't stop a correctly planned air offensive."

Oh, well. Let the editorial writers write the editorials!

Carson shouted back through the speaking tube that we would be in Philadelphia in eighteen minutes. The grim desolation that was once New York was almost out of sight in the distance. Up in that clear, bright atmosphere the horrors of the past few hours seemed a nightmare. I unstrapped my typewriter, put it on my knees, and started writing this story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Security Wage

by **JOHN T. FLYNN**

I PROPOSE, as a source of income for working people out of employment, that we adopt the principle of the security wage.

By the security wage I mean a small margin of current earnings not paid to the workers but reserved for periods of idleness. It is that part of the worker's whole wage which he now earns but does not get. If he did get it he could not administer it for the purposes of security, chiefly because it would be absorbed rapidly and inevitably into his current expenditures to cover the deficits in the so-called living wage.

This security wage would be something apart from the living wage. The latter is the sum which is now paid to the worker, though in most instances it is not yet actually a living wage. The security wage would be a sum — a certain proportion of the actually paid wage — which would be credited to the worker but would not be given to him. It would be turned over instead to a government created and controlled corporation which would administer the wage in his interest and in the interest of society. It would provide him with a limited income in times of unemployment and with a reasonable annuity in old age. It is, of course, in essence a form of unemployment and old age insurance, but it is distinguished from most other proposals by certain differences of basic principle which I have tried to characterize by calling it the security wage. I shall try to set out here the underlying principles of the proposals.

There is no use talking about unemployment relief in this depression. The handling of that is in the hands of time and charity. We are dealing with it by the method we so much denounce, that is by the dole, for which credit must be given to those who are so much opposed to doles. In Detroit 45,000 families get ten dollars a week from funds supplied by taxpayers. That is a dole. Help is being given to as many more from funds raised by the Mayor's Committee from private sources. That is a dole, though it goes by another name. The same thing has been done in one way or another everywhere. Nothing else will be done during this depression until natural laws, unassisted by our business leaders, mend the matter. But it is quite time we set about doing something about employment, not in the next depression, but in the next prosperity. For do not forget that when the boom comes back to us we will still have from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people unemployed.

In this immense population of ours we have always a large army of unemployed people. In the merriest boom periods there are still dislocations here and there — bad spots on the brilliant field of prosperity. The motor industry, the building industry, the electrical industry soar aloft over the gleaming peaks of the business cycle; but others, perhaps the textile industry, the soft coal industry, the wheat farmers, still linger in the sterile valleys of the cycle. We speak of *this* depression. It is only a collection of depressions, noticeable, horribly obvious, profoundly disturbing because there are so many of them all at one time and in one place. The depression will pass — *the* depression — but many depressions will remain, lost among the mounting number of prosperities, just as a few prosperities are now lost among the multitude of depressions.

A couple of million people out of work does not disturb us. But each man out of work is a kind of economic menace. He is, in fact, a walking depression. There is a kind of contagion in the man, not merely because he evokes gloom, but because he is an actual condition of depressive weight to the force which threw him out of employment. At the very crest of the boom these human depressions were scattered everywhere. In one house lives a salesman rejoicing in the good days of the automobile business. His next door neighbor is an unemployed victim of the depression in the cotton business. There is a continual warfare between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these two forces — these prosperities and depressions. Not infrequently it happens that the depression of the man in the silk business, sending its influence out through devious ways, travels around the world, to smite, after a while, the prosperous automobile salesman next door.

The Responsibility of Business

One of the most amazing features of our current journey through the wilderness is, first, the almost universal recognition that we ought to do something about unemployment relief in future crises; and second, that practically nothing *has* been done about it. This year, by a curious chance, marks the one hundreth anniversary of the first unemployment fund set up by the printers in New York. They provided three dollars a week, which, considering the state of wages then, is somewhat better than most of our present plans. So the subject is not new. Ten years ago, Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, named a committee to study the problem. It surveyed, researched, and recommended. Before anyone could get excited about it prosperity flooded over the land and drowned the feeble interest in the report.

Now we are in the midst of another depression. We have been hobbling about on the floor of this depression for about two years. A few unemployment insurance bills, without leadership, have been introduced in some legislatures. About four states have named commissions to study the subject. A few business men in Rochester and Fond du Lac have organized a kind of group unemployment fund. The General Electric Corporation has established a plan. There is a good deal of talk, of course. I do not quarrel that nothing has been done. That is quite natural. My criticism is that no plan, backed by any influential leadership, has ever been proposed.

Why is this? I asked the question because I think there is an explanation of this sterility of leadership. At least I venture to suggest one. It is an apparently rooted conviction that this problem of providing for unemployment belongs to business; that business has the right to deal with it and, given time, will ultimately do so. Jobs are the fruit of business. It is the function of business to furnish the jobs. If jobs are to be made more secure, if means for providing unemployment insurance are to be worked out, why then, of course, should not business do it?

Business men and their critics seem to be at one on this. The former think the problem is theirs by right. The latter think business has the duty of solving the problem as a kind of price which it must pay for the privilege of operating.

The idea is worse than false. It has stood completely in the way of anything being done at all. First of all, when we say the matter must be handled by business we are handing the problem over to something which does not exist. There is no such thing as business, in the sense in which the word is used here. Men have a way of speaking of business as if it were a separate, recognizable, autonomous entity endowed with the means of functioning as an intelligent unit.

A business can act for itself. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, within the limits of the law, can rule itself because it is a definite, highly organized body provided with all the utensils of management. But the oil business, of which the Standard Oil Company is a part, certainly cannot rule itself. What is the oil business? It includes a great number of corporations, some producing crude oil, some refining it into gasoline, others transporting it in pipes, others manufacturing drilling and refining machinery. There are still others engaged as wholesale distributors, thousands operating as retail distributors. The oil business includes all these concerns, their managers, their workmen, and — we might add — the millions who buy the total product and furnish all the money. It constitutes not a group of coherent units, but many groups of hostile units, perpetually at war and all appealing continually for the interference of the state against some special group. If this is a fair picture of the oil business, how much more is all this true of business taken as a whole.

This, it seems to me, is the crux of the whole matter. What do we mean when we say the problem is one which must be handled by business? Do we mean that individual business units will each deal with the matter as it affects their employees? Or do we mean that business as a whole will, through some organized form, take the matter in hand?

Obviously if we mean the latter we are committing this profoundly important subject to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an agency which has no actual existence. If the former, then we are merely quieting our minds in some such way as the man who would advocate in this day that the problem of fire insurance should be handled by each business corporation for itself.

Individual business units cannot deal successfully with the problem. The factors to be controlled are too numerous. Moreover, individual business units large enough to act continuously fail to reach vast areas of the working population. They cannot reach the construction industry, the millions of employees of small independent shops and stores — these are examples of employees which will never get anything from individual private unemployment insurance. If the job cannot be done by business as a whole and if business as a whole has no functional existence; if, in fact, there is no such thing, then we shall have to be content to permit the problem to languish or entrust it to other hands.

The State and Unemployment

But business men are not willing to have the subject withdrawn from the hands of business, for that means handing it over to the state. And they are afraid of the state. That way, they fear, lies Socialism or, worse, Communism. They cannot possibly contrive any method for putting the problem intelligently into the hands of business as a whole. Hence their minds refuse to function beyond that impasse. No plan for dealing with this important subject has been proposed because no plan for handling it through business can be achieved by human ingenuity.

Business as a whole is nothing more or less than the community as a whole engaged in the job of making a living. It is the total of producers, distributors, and consumers looked at in their ordinary daily activities of producing, distributing, and buying. No machine has ever been devised for these people to get together in their producing and distributing and consuming capacities and act as a unit. Separate groups do form at times to act against some other group or against the whole. However, the very people who compose the entire business population happen to have in another grouping a machine for unit action. And this we call the citizenry and the government. It is the only organization which comprises all the elements in business. It is the only one which is capable of adequate action.

Individual business corporations, dealing with their own pay rolls and their own employees, have attempted something in the way of unemployment insurance. But the whole episode of individual corporate action has been pitifully limited in point of numbers and pitifully feeble in point of efficiency.

First of all, almost all the plans have collapsed under the weight of the present severe test. Fifteen such plans have come to my attention. Three of these have been only recently formed and hence have had no opportunity to reveal their weaknesses. Of the remaining twelve, two went quickly out of existence and the others have crumpled under the pressure of the current depression.

Some of them afforded very inadequate relief — nine dollars a week in one case. One of them attempted full pay for a full year of unemployment. But of course that could not stand up. Most of the others provided half pay, with a fixed minimum, but for only a very limited period. Only one or two made any provision for workers let out for any purpose. The relief was limited to lay-offs. In the case of the Rockland Finishing Company, the unemployment insurance was put into effect in 1920 and had to be abandoned after the 1920–21 depression had practically devoured it. A more important case, that of the Dennison Company, started in 1916, was severely taxed by the 1921 depression. I understand the present depression has nearly exhausted the fund. The General Electric plan, announced only a short time ago, provides a maximum unemployment payment for ten weeks and no weekly payments in excess of $200 and is limited to lay-offs.

It would of course be unfair to say that these plans do no good. But one can see how futile they are against the immense field of the problem at which they are aimed. In Rochester fourteen corporations have gone into a group plan in which all of their 26,000 employees are insured. Half of these are in the Eastman Kodak works. They propose to pay, beginning in 1933, as high as 60 per cent of the regular wage of a laid-off employee for from six to thirteen weeks, depending on the length of service.

There is in all these plans a confession of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their inability to cope with prolonged unemployment. All of them disclaim any capacity to provide any insurance for the dismissed man. What is more, up to 1930 the number of workers covered by these plans was only 8,830. Now the number is about 80,000 — 80,000 out of a total of 45,000,000.

Workers themselves, organized in unions, have attempted something. There are about thirty-five local arrangements providing for pitifully small and inadequate relief. Of union attempts on a national scale there have been thirteen plans. Of these nine failed before 1930, even before any very serious strain had been put on them. All these union plans covered less than 35,000 workers.

More ambitious and more important were the plans in which the workers, organized in their unions, and the employers, organized in their trade associations, collaborated in joint schemes of guaranteed employment and unemployment funds. These plans cover less than 100,000 workers, almost all of them in the garment industries. In these plans, however, the greatest stress has been placed upon guaranteed employment and in most instances the firms have been able to furnish the full amount of employment. But even here only a small percentage of the people in the garment industry have been affected. Yet the very effort to provide the guaranteed forty weeks of employment to the factory workers has helped to intensify the unemployment situation among the so-called outside workers. All the insurance plans combined do not reach 300,000 workers.

Looking Out for the Worker

All this can hardly be called dealing with unemployment insurance. The attempts we see have reached less than one per cent of the workers, counting all those that failed and including those new plans which have not yet had a trial and which, upon their very face, carry utterly inadequate relief.

There are other reasons which suggest themselves against the efficacy of privately worked-out schemes. First of all the corporation back of the plan is one which, we have to concede, in the light of business history has little claim to immortality. The worker ought to have some reasonable expectation that, after many years spent with an employer, the unemployment benefit will not fail him when he needs it because his guarantor has ceased to exist. It would be easy to name a score of large corporations whose guarantees ten years ago would have been considered as good as gold, which either no longer exist or have ceased to be considered sound. The fund to protect the worker ought to be in hands which will continue to exist regardless of the fate of the business enterprise from which the accumulated funds are drawn. The right of the worker to the unemployment benefit should be an absolute one which attaches to his status as a workingman and not to his status as the employee of any particular concern. Failure of individual concerns is frequently the cause of unemployment and so the benefit in such cases would lapse at the very moment when it is needed.

Furthermore we will never get unemployment insurance through private arrangement save for those workers regularly employed by very large corporations. Small corporations have not enough employees to be able to handle the purely actuarial problem of risk. When a single plant closes down, the whole risk-bearing foundation of the plan is unemployed — corporation and employees. However, in the nation as a whole, even in so serious a depression as the present one, where 6,000,000 people may be out of work, there remain 40,000,000 who are employed. The risk of unemployment can be distributed over a whole population. It cannot be scientifically distributed over a single plant or even a single industry.

There will be no unemployment insurance in this country worth talking about until the job is undertaken by the state. Mr. Gerard Swope, a far-seeing and socially minded executive, warns his fellow industrialists that they had better set about the job or the state will do it. Now there is good reason for this fear of the state by those business men who are terrified by the word Socialism. But after all there are certain well-defined areas of human control which, if they are to be acted upon at all, must be acted upon by the state. And this business of unemployment insurance is one of them. It will most certainly never be dealt with by business.

When we come to the puzzling question of state unemployment insurance there are many delicate questions to be answered. Shall it be done by the states or by the Federal Government? Shall it be handled by the government

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly, or through a government owned corporation or through private corporations under state or federal laws like compensation insurance? Where shall the necessary funds be drawn from — the employers, the employees, the state, or from all or any two of them? What shall be the measure and extent of relief?

It is in an attempt to answer these questions that we arrive at the principle of the security wage. Here there are certain definite facts which seem to stand out beyond question:

First, unemployment, while it may be greatly mitigated by business men in the more intelligent administration of the business, cannot, certainly not for many years, be wholly done away with.

Second, unemployment is the almost inevitable lot of men past a certain age under our present system.

Third, the wages paid the vast majority of our working people, while better than in any other country in the world, are not sufficient to enable them to provide against extended periods of unemployment.

Fourth, the average workingman cannot save a sum large enough to afford him a living in his old age. Even the thriftiest do not succeed in saving more than a few thousand dollars. The interest on that would not avert starvation for more than a few weeks. The principal itself would be exhausted with harrowing speed.

Fifth, in the absence of unemployment insurance of some kind the man out of work must depend upon charity, given either by private individuals or by the state.

Sixth, if the money for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions is supplied by the state the relief is still charity.

Seventh, if it is supplied from funds paid wholly by the employers, the relief is still touched by the character of charity.

All this being true, we must now recognize that the income to be provided during unemployment should belong to the worker as a matter of right. The funds from which the whole insurance fund is raised should be drawn from money which can be ear-marked as the property of the worker himself.

I propose, therefore, that the insurance fund shall be created through payments made by the employers for the account of the worker. The actual paying of the whole sum shall be by the employer. This sum shall be, not a percentage of the wage deducted from the wage actually agreed on, but a percentage of the wage in addition to that actually paid the worker. Some such provision as the following will cover my meaning:

> "The employer shall pay to the employee, in addition to the wages paid him on a weekly or monthly basis, an additional sum, which shall not be deducted from the agreed wage, but which shall be —— per cent of the agreed sum but in addition to it. This wage shall be considered a part of the regular pay roll of the employer and shall be paid regularly for the account of such employee, to (the corporation charged by the state with the administration of the fund)."

This, it may be objected, is merely a fiction to disguise the payment made by the employer. It is something more than a fiction. It insists on classifying the payment properly. It marks it, identifies it at the outset as a sum earned by the employee and not handed over to him out of the kindness of his boss. The great insurance fund created would be the property of the workers who are benefited. The payments they would receive would be, not relief, not doles, not charity, but sums created by their own earnings, coming back to them like any other form of insurance.

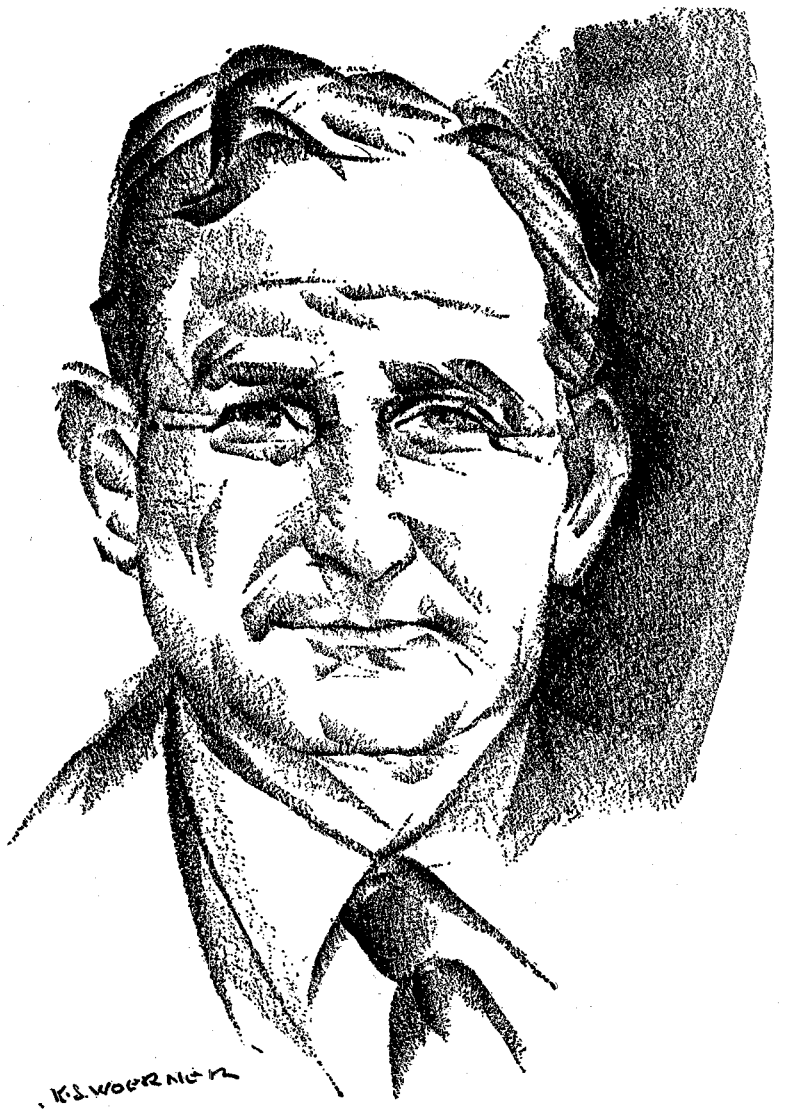
On the score of cost the answer is that now we are compelled to suffer a large part of the cost through public and private charitable funds created in a hurry and administered in a ramshackle fashion. The City of New York will this year pay out $7,000,000 in old age pensions to men over seventy, every one of whom earned in his lifetime enough to have provided his own annuity if the saving had been made possible by some such plan as I have outlined. As it is, the employers of most of these men have retained those sums for themselves and now New York taxpayers must make the sum up *de novo* each year to take care of that neglected duty.

The problem involves many difficulties. There are many details which would have to be settled. I have contented myself here with laying down the belief that we can and will get no unemployment insurance from business; that the initiative will have to be taken by the state and that the state should move to take the whole matter definitely out of the hands of charity and create the necessary fund from the wages of the workers, paid by the employers through the medium of the security wage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph T. Robinson

Presidential Possibilities — III



by **ELLIOTT THURSTON**

No favorite son of the South stands as good a chance of being the next Democratic candidate for President as Joseph Taylor Robinson, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

The fatal qualification in that statement, of course, is "South." Geography remains one of the most vital of political statistics. It may be a myth that we are too close to the Civil War to elect a Southerner to the Presidency, but politicians are as loath to part with their myths as anybody else. According to prevailing standards of political appraisals, Senator Robinson would make an ideal Democratic candidate against Herbert Hoover if the Senator's pioneering father had been sufficiently foresighted to settle a few hundred miles north, preferably in Ohio, instead of bringing his ox-drawn covered wagon to a final halt in Lonoke County, Arkansas, after his long trek across country from New York State.

One who listens often to the thunderous oratory of the Arkansas Senator finds it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult to imagine that he would have grown up to be a Republican had he been born in Ohio instead of Arkansas. If there are any genuine Jeffersonians these days, the Senator ought to be entitled to a place among them. He was elected Governor of his state in 1913 on a home rule prohibition plank, or local option, as it was known in pre-Raskobian days. True, Senator Robinson assured the voters that he would sign a prohibition bill if the Arkansas Legislature enacted one. It did. He signed it. He has always been counted on the dry side in Congress. Nevertheless, remembering how few Southerners are enthusiastically Jeffersonian on the prohibition question, it is worthy of note that Senator Robinson once stood for local option. He also voted to uphold President Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act. The Anti-Saloon League brethren could, no doubt, explain that away on the ground that the Senator was only being regular. He supported Wilson as consistently — or inconsistently — as Senator Fess supports any Republican President.

Aside from the unfortunate choice in political geography, which he could not very well have foreseen in the year 1844, Dr. James Robinson, country doctor, provided his son with an ideal background for a successful presidential candidate. Joe, as he is to the people back home who are not taken in by his spats, the silk topper which does not become him, or his urban polish, arrived at the simple Robinson homestead on August 26, 1872.

Dr. Robinson was to try saving souls instead of lives, and became a Baptist minister. Neither calling brought in enough cash to provide the ten Robinson children with the luxury of an endowed education. The son who was to become Senator trudged through muddy lanes over the Ozark hills to a country school, according to his 1928 campaign biographer. His mother, Mathilda Jane Swain Robinson, daughter of a family of Arkansas pioneers, and his father pieced out from their store of knowledge what the boy gleaned from the country school.

When he had finished his course, at the age of seventeen, he was able to get himself a teacher's certificate and to earn enough to pay his way at the University of Arkansas, from which he was graduated in 1892. Then he paid his way through law school at the University of Virginia. In 1895 he was admitted to the bar. He has had a good deal of success in his private practice, although one discovers with some shock in these times that he, or his firm, has been politically injudicious enough to accept retainers from public utility interests!

The Word Wizard

Robinson's talent — or weakness — for oratory first developed at college. He has been exercising it ever since. It made him successful with juries and with voters. For forty years he has been making speeches. He made speeches as a member of the General Assembly of Arkansas, to which he was elected in 1894; he made speeches until he was elected to Congress in 1900. Followed ten years when there was somewhat of a damper upon his oratory because the Republicans were in control and most of the time Uncle Joe Cannon was Speaker.

However, neither Uncle Joe nor House rules could reach into Arkansas, and the young Congressman talked the voters into electing him Governor in 1913. That was one of the lucky moments which are proverbially the perfect patrons of public men. With dazzling swiftness, Joe Robinson ascended, with but a brief pause in the Governor's chair, to the United States Senate. Within a period of two weeks he was a member of Congress from his state, its Governor, and its Senator.

It happened this way. The death of Senator Jeff Davis, a few days after Robinson took the oath of office as the twenty-fourth Governor of Arkansas, created the vacancy which the Legislature elected him to fill. That was on January 28, 1913. On January 14 he had resigned his seat in Congress. Two days later he was sworn in as Governor, and in twelve more days the Senatorship fell into his lap. Such was the sudden tide in his affairs which was taken at the flood. No rival has made a very serious effort to dislodge him from his present eminence since then.

During his eighteen years in the Senate, Robinson has been free to make speeches, unhampered by rules. Without being by any means one of the most frequent or the longest-winded of talkers, he has discussed an appalling number of subjects in the open forum of that body. Even a superficial acquaintance with perhaps half of the subjects on which he has talked or listened to others talk would, one would say off-handedly, equip him as few other courses in the school of politics could to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand and discharge the duties and responsibilities of the Presidency.

As for the Robinson oratory, apart from its content of wisdom, its chief characteristic is its robustness. It detonates and reverberates. Punctuated with repeated impacts of a stout fist upon a mahogany desk, a Robinson speech often becomes a cannonade. The rugged frame which houses this arresting mechanism is both inherited and cultivated. At the age of twelve, Joe Robinson was doing a man's work on the family farm. He lives as much of an outdoor life to-day as any man can who has an inside desk job in a Senate which Presidents have a habit of calling into an extra session. He plays better than mediocre golf. He shoots ducks, fishes for everything that swims, from mudfish to tarpon. On two occasions he has successfully demonstrated, in public, his pugilistic ability — once, in 1920, on a clerk at the San Francisco convention, and again on an objecting surgeon at a Washington golf course.

However, there is no suggestion of bravado about the Senator, and there is evidence of moral courage. Early in 1928, he concluded that it was high time to challenge the anti-Catholic tirades which Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama was perspiringly delivering almost daily upon the floor of the Senate. Heretofore no Senatorial voice had been raised to question or to check the Alabaman's discoveries of heinous popish plots to capture America by putting Al Smith in the White House. To be sure, some Senators held their tongues lest they encourage Mr. Heflin's to longer or louder wagging. Others were extremely nervous about embroiling themselves with Mr. Heflin, knowing full well that if they undertook to gainsay him, he would be the first to accuse them of being in league with the Vatican or Tammany Hall or both.

Robinson concluded that it was up to him as Democratic leader. He resented having the impression broadcast through the country that the Democrats were acquiescing by their silence in these expoundings of Ku Klux Klan dogma. When it is borne in mind that Robinson is of and from Arkansas, where the Klan spirit survives, where the Legislature voted against the teaching of evolution, where only this last year the electorate was endorsing the mandatory daily reading of extracts from the Bible in public schools, it is evident that silence on his part would have been more acceptable back home than a challenge which to all intents and purposes arrayed him on the side of the Catholic Church, Al Smith, and Tammany.

As the Alabaman finally squeezed himself into his chair after a typical speech in mid-January, 1928, and began mopping off his round, crimson face, Robinson fired back.

"No man who is a Democrat in the finest sense of the word," he said, speaking deliberately and measuring his words, "would ever proscribe another man because of that man's religion. . . . One who looks at history with an unprejudiced eye cannot fail to recognize the fact that the glory of this Republic and the luster of the flag and the promise which the future holds are locked up in the memory, the deeds, the achievements of American citizens, and no distinction has been made or can be made, as to what religion they profess."

Impatiently he waved Heflin down as the Alabaman repeatedly tried to break in.

"I have heard the Senator from Alabama a dozen times during the last year make what he calls his anti-Catholic speech," continued Robinson. "I have heard him denounce the Catholic Church and the Pope of Rome and the Cardinals and the Bishops until I am sick and tired of it, as a Democrat."

"I would like to have the Senator make that speech in Arkansas," Heflin interjected, shrewdly.

"I will make it in Arkansas and I will make it in Alabama, too," returned Robinson, his voice and his temper rising.

"Yes, and if you do they will tar and feather you," observed Mr. Heflin, by way of another reminder of some of the political sentiment back home.

"Oh, yes, that shows the proscriptive spirit which dwells in the bosom of the Senator from Alabama." Robinson was calm and judicial again. "It is illustrative of how a good man can go wrong, and how far wrong he can go and what a fool he can make of himself after he has gone wrong."

Then Robinson proposed to resign as Democratic leader unless a party conference, which he called for the next morning, upheld his view, and not Heflin's, as the expression of Democratic sentiment. It was good strategy. The conference adopted Senator Glass's resolution expressing "confidence in the leadership of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Robinson," by a vote of thirty-five to one. The only dissenting vote was that of Heflin's most intimate friend, Senator Park Trammell, of Florida, who took pains to explain that "my vote meant no disrespect to Senator Robinson."

This was not merely a vindication of his leadership, but by this device Robinson effectively put the Democratic party in the Senate on record, ostensibly at least, as supporting a Jeffersonian principle, and repudiating, if not silencing, Heflinism.

The sectarianism which marked the 1928 campaign rankled with Robinson, and led him to turn on Senator Borah when that redoubtable champion of the natural rights of man essayed, some six months after election day, to appeal for religious tolerance. It was a speech in Borah's best manner. It failed to impress Robinson at all favorably. Brutally, he made this comment upon it.

"Senators can favor freedom of religion, freedom of conscience, freedom of expression in the Senate of the United States when there is no political issue pending, but we never heard even the Senator from Idaho talking about freedom of conscience when the last campaign was in progress and when that was supposed to be an issue. He was as dumb as an oyster on that dominant and overshadowing question."

Robinson and Raskob

Senator Robinson's leadership was put to a greater strain and greater test last winter. He displayed an iron control under an unremitting cross-fire from his own side of the chamber and from the Republican insurgents across the aisle. Not until the day after the tempestuous short session ended did his control snap. Then he all but lost his temper again in public. That was when Chairman John J. Raskob summoned the Democratic National Committee to Washington to hear his proposal for a "home rule" plank in the next Democratic platform.

An angry Joe Robinson it was who climbed upon the platform and, in a voice shaken with violent passion, roared out:

"You cannot write on the banner of the Democratic party, however much you may desire to do so, the skull and cross bones emblematic of an outlawed trade, and expect the masses of the Democrats to accept your recommendation without resistance."

The Senator's outburst drew a rebuke from a woman — Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Congresswoman from New Jersey, who in sorrow but not in anger recalled that she had seconded his nomination at Houston to be the running mate of Al Smith.

"And did any man or woman then hear him rise in opposition to what he has demonstrated to-day?" she asked. "Has the Senator had a change in his political thoughts since that time? I am inclined to think he must have."

The emotions which momentarily engulfed Senator Robinson at this party meeting were echoes of deep feelings running through his own hinterland. For a moment sectionalism overcame him. It contrasted sharply with the calm command of himself which distinguished his party leadership during the turbulence that was last winter's short session of Congress. Throughout the eight years since he succeeded the late Senator Oscar Underwood of Alabama as Democratic leader of the Senate, Robinson has been beset on all sides by conflicting forces within as well as without his own party. He has had to maintain a balance between the conservative Democrats, largely from the South, and the more aggressive, more radical forces from the North and West.

One of the keenest of Republican Senators said last winter that Republican leadership of the Senate for the last eight years has consisted chiefly in ascertaining what Joe Robinson would be willing to do and then agreeing to do it. Like most generalities this is not wholly true. Yet it is a fact that Vice President Curtis, when he was the Republican leader, and Senator Watson of Indiana, the present Republican leader, have succeeded only when they have enlisted the aid of Senator Robinson; and have repeatedly failed when they have been unable to obtain his assistance.

More explicitly stated, the Republicans have been able to enact their measures, to accomplish their program, or to confirm their nominees, only when they have had Senator Robinson's coöperation. Without him they could not have ratified the London naval treaty which he helped to negotiate. They could not have confirmed the nomination of Chief Justice Hughes. They could not have passed the appropriation bills in the last session. Had those bills

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failed of passage by March 4, it would have made inevitable the extra session dreaded, with reason, by the Administration and feared, with less reason, by business.

Without Robinson's aid, they could not have seated James J. Davis of Pennsylvania in the Senate. They could not have ended the ferocious strife over the delicate question of whether Federal funds could be loaned to feed mules and human beings, or only to feed mules.

It is no exaggeration to say that last winter, at least, the most influential political figure in Washington, next to the President, was Robinson. At no time has he shown greater powers of command and persuasion, or greater mastery of himself. One group of Democrats, sympathizing with the Republican insurgents, or progressives, or independents, or radicals, was highly critical of Robinson because, to them, he seemed too conservative, too cautious, too ready to coöperate and collaborate with the Administration. Another group considered him too drastic, too aggressive, too radical. The Republican independents contemptuously regarded him as a mere rubber stamp ready in the hand of the President.

For a man of strong feelings, of combustible emotions, it was not easy to be calm and dispassionate and judicial in the midst of these conflicts and accusations. Furthermore, Senator Robinson was also subjected to a terrific fire, whether it was intended or not, from the White House. The unexpected attack launched by Mr. Hoover and his Secretary of Agriculture upon the drought relief bill which Robinson promoted under the impression that it had the complete support of the Administration, produced disruption and complications that would certainly have ended in an enforced and unwanted extra session, had not Robinson sought and consented to an eleventh hour compromise.

By the compromise, which substituted the word "rehabilitation" for "food" loans, though both meant the same thing, a variety of faces were saved, the Administration professed to have preserved some vital principal or spiritual value, which allegedly had been in jeopardy, and peace was restored. For Robinson it was a victory without laurels, since those who wanted an extra session and those who were for uncompromising conflict with the White House loudly accused him of surrendering.

The significant aspect of the whole affair, from the standpoint of Robinson's leadership and presidential candidacy, was that it vividly illustrated his capacity to maintain his balance amid conflicting tides of opinion and to master his volatile temper under the strongest provocation which has surged upon him in his present rôle. Throughout the prolonged, tense struggle over relief funds, Robinson had the tacit support of most of the Republicans, whose sympathies were with him rather than with the President. In all the impassioned oratory, the only criticism of him to come to the surface arose from those who felt that he had been too temperate, too restrained, too willing to compromise.

Tributes from Wilson

There is a prevalent notion that the acidulous Senator Caraway, Robinson's colleague, has supplied the goad which has forced Robinson onto the firing line from time to time. Nothing in Robinson's career suggests that he needs goading. He was an aggressive champion of Woodrow Wilson, of the League, of the World Court. He was constantly the aggressor against the political enemy throughout the Wilson Administration.

No candid man who has been in public life for nearly forty years cares to go back over his record in the light of maturer judgment. Robinson has, of course, grown. It is unlikely that the Robinson of to-day would be capable of such a war speech as the one he exuded when the war hysteria was running high against "Fighting Bob" LaFollette. Viewed now, that speech sounds self-righteous and slightly foolish.

They linked LaFollette with all the angels of darkness. On October 6, 1917, Robinson was telling the Senate that the Kaiser had sent "hirelings down into the sunny lands of the South" to "lay the South prostrate beneath black domination." He was assuring the Senate that, "If ever there was a holy war, this is one." He advised the uncowed LaFollette to "think of the women who have been outraged, of the boys whose hands have been cut off that they might never become warriors." He talked about the Germans carrying away women into "worse than slavery." And as a cap to the melodrama, he concluded, rather too virtuously, "With me the first consideration is the honor of our flag, and the safety of our nation. We are fighting in the noblest cause that can inspire human hearts with courage."

Such is the irony of life that the very next patriot to pour the vials of his outraged hundred per cent Americanism upon the LaFollette brow was the Hon. Albert B. Fall.

Nine years later, at memorial services in the Senate for the dead LaFollette, Robinson was able to say:

"It is doubtful whether his long public record reveals a single instance in which he forgot or overlooked the general welfare." And: "No one could question his sincerity or his consistency."

His fiery quarrels with the irreconcilable Jim Reed of Missouri over the League and World Court are tempered by amenities. Robinson's mention of his membership in the Methodist Church elicits from Reed the comment, "But it is in your wife's name!" Robinson with his broadest smile agrees. Loudly as the Wilsonians are crying for Reed's scalp back in 1922, Robinson cannot forsake a friend. He hustles out to Missouri to take the stump for him.

Robinson has steadily gained prestige in his own party. In March, 1922, Woodrow Wilson wrote him to say "how deeply I value your confidence and good opinion," and to add, "I have come to feel for you a genuinely affectionate regard." In another note at the same time, the late Democratic President declared: "I regard you as the real moral and intellectual leader of the Democrats in the Senate," to which he added, "I know that you will understand. You always do."

The 1920 convention of the Democrats in San Francisco gave Robinson his first important recognition in Democratic counsels by making him its permanent chairman. Four years later Arkansas was booming him as its favorite son, George Harvey was calling him the logical man for the Democrats to nominate — and on the hundredth ballot in that famous Madison Square Garden mêlée Robinson polled his peak strength, 46 votes out of more than a thousand.

Four more years and the Houston convention was agreed that a native son of the South was indispensable as a running-mate for Al Smith. Robinson was the logical choice.

"Joe Robinson," his friend, Will Rogers, noted, "got the nomination with more Democrats agreeing than ever agreed on one thing in the history of the party."

Another four years will soon have rolled around. What rôle is Robinson to play in 1932? He has steadily gravitated toward the leadership of the Democratic forces of the South and West who want to go to the country upon economic issues — not upon prohibition. Robinson will enter the 1932 convention not alone as the favorite son of his own state, but as a rallying point for all the forces arrayed against northern and eastern domination of the party. They will have an important, if not a controlling voice. And if through some characteristic Kilkenny process, the wet favorites of the North and Middle West cancel each other out, Joseph Taylor Robinson may emerge as the compromise candidate. That is his chance — an outside chance. But are not Democratic chances in 1932 at a premium?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Healthful tropic sunshine — Hawaiian cane sugar

A real world traveler — Hawaii's golden Pineapple

Coast down the white crest of Waikiki's surf-*this winter!*

Waikiki! A soft breeze sways the coco palms above you, and shakes a crimson carpet from the royal flame tree. Idly you watch a slim outrigger speed in on a foaming roller. The native beach boys clowning in the water. Those nice looking girls that were on the boat coming over. They're five shades darker now. A great ship noses out to sea . . . to the South Seas? What does it matter? A *don't care* laziness steals over you.

Hawaii's lure. It haunts you. First on board ship, as you neared the magic isles . . . then, when you lived its beauty and its song. Too soon it must go home with you. But that's the finest thing of all—it will go with you . . . yours to live with and smile with, always. Of Hawaii, Mark Twain said, "Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing . . . in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

Come this winter! There are no seasons in Hawaii. Winter rages . . . somewhere else. There's so little variation throughout the year that the native language has never found need for a word similar to "weather." Come and enjoy the sports you like best, in strange settings. You'll find a new relaxation and you'll find a *new self.*

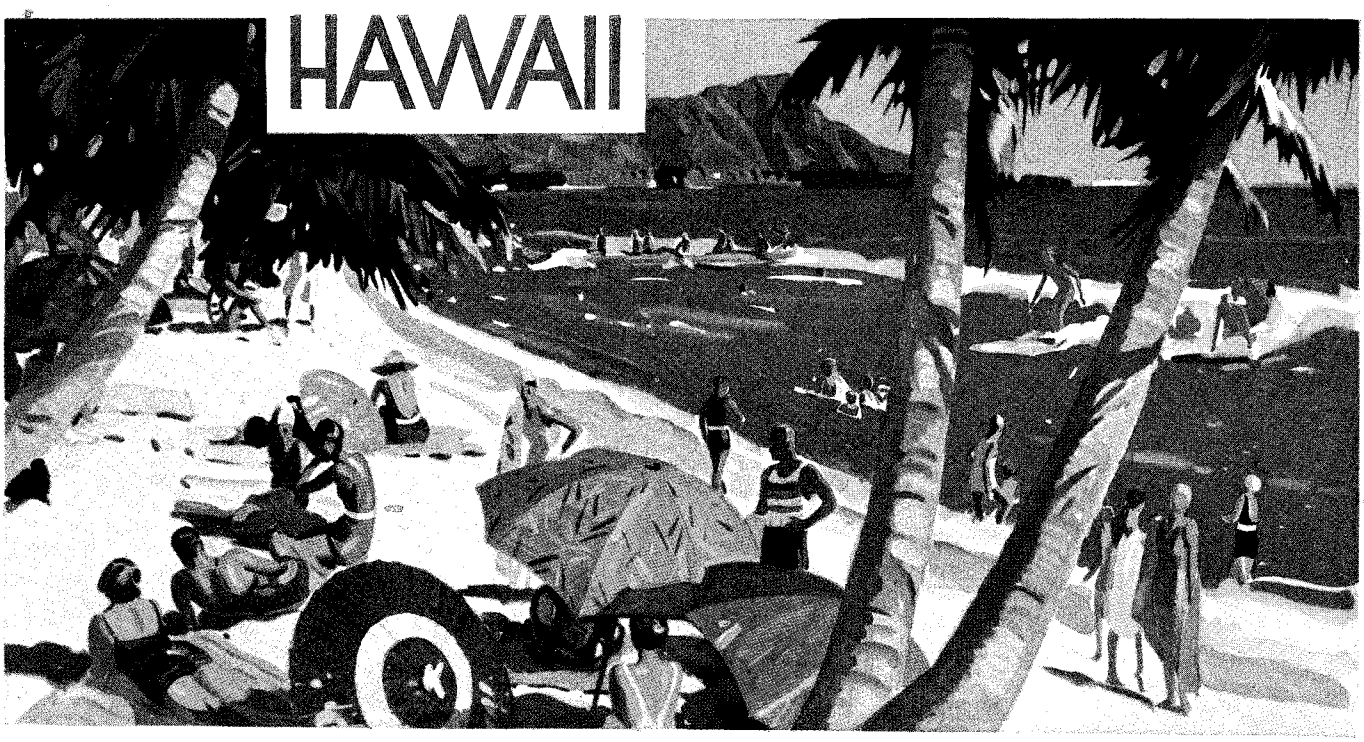
Luxurious hotels edge coral sand. Modest cottages and inns hide beneath shady palms.

An Inexpensive Trip

A trip to Hawaii need not be expensive. A roundtrip from the Pacific Coast, including all expense afloat and ashore can be made for less than $350, some lower than $300.

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, upon request, mail you FREE, authoritative information about the islands—costs, what to see and do, etc.

For a special book on Hawaii, profusely illustrated in full color, with picture maps, enclose 10c in coin or stamps to defray handling charges.



H A W A I I T O U R I S T B U R E A U

(OF HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

227 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO or 1153 SO. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

MATSON Line *from* SAN FRANCISCO

215 Market Street, San Francisco
730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
535 Fifth Avenue, New York
814 Second Avenue, Seattle
140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago
271 Pine Street, Portland, Ore.

LASSCO Line *from* LOS ANGELES

730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
685 Market Street, San Francisco
213 East Broadway, San Diego
140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago
535 Fifth Avenue, New York
412 Thomas Building, Dallas

ANY TRAVEL AGENT WILL GIVE YOU FULL PARTICULARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Market

of men and women busy in Community and National Affairs

The hundred thousand men and women who read The FORUM constitute one of the most important national markets—a representative cross-section of American competence and initiative, covering commerce, industry, and the professions.

Busy men and women, people who play an active part in community and national affairs, find an intelligent companionship in The FORUM. They respond to its spirit of vital, swift-moving inquiry. They find in its method of outspoken controversy a welcome relief from the commonplace in journalism. It is a magazine for those mature minds whose reaction to to-day's news will shape to-morrow's intellectual leadership.

FORUM readership is self-selective. Its circulation policy and practice are conservative, and restrained. FORUM subscriptions are sold on the merits of the magazine alone, without resort to special inducements, premiums, or "high-pressure" salesmanship. Every subscriber on the list has made a voluntary decision in favor of The FORUM, on the basis of a straightforward statement of the magazine's field and policy. No conscious effort is made to secure by artificial means any special class.

All the more remarkable, therefore, are the facts established by periodic analyses of the subscription lists. Personal study of the FORUM market reaching large numbers of subscribers and newsstand buyers, as well as frequent questionnaires sent to still larger groups, show a surprisingly homogeneous public. More than two-thirds of all readers are of the executive-professional class. Sixty-seven percent live in trading areas in cities of over 100,000 population. In and about Boston suburbs, fifty-nine percent of FORUM readers have incomes in excess of $5,000. In New York sixty-one percent have incomes in excess of $5,000.

To the alert advertiser, this compact market offers many important advantages. It is, first, one of the largest of the truly "quality" subscription groups. A large proportion of its members live within easy access to the great trading centers. Its buying power is sufficiently high to assure the means to buy, where advertising can create demand. Its individual reader is alive to the trends of the busy modern world in which he lives—not easily swayed in judgment, but a valuable prospective patron for any advertiser whose product or service deserves his approval.

FORUM

and Century

441 Lexington Avenue New York City

ONE OF THE QUALITY UNIT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wipe Out the Gangsters!

A Proposal for an Anti-Crime Legion

by SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

Major-General, United States Marine Corps

No war ever was won by an army employing purely defensive tactics, engaging in constant, if strategic, retreats, and by compromising with the enemy. Yet we, as a nation, too long have been content to wage this sort of defensive warfare against the gunman, the racketeer, and the bandit. The result is recorded, from day to day, upon the front pages of our newspapers — an appalling and ever-growing toll in life and money. So emboldened has the underworld become because of our feeble attempts to give them battle that now it shoots down police officers on sight, with baby-killing as a side racket.

It is time that this nation assumed the offensive. Let's take off the heavily padded boxing gloves and don brass knuckles; let's put the law books in cold storage and bring out the high-powered rifles and machine guns. Let's quit shadow-boxing with the murderous gangster and use the bayonet on him. Let's stop promising short jail terms (with all privileges) and small fines in return for pleas of guilty to minor violations, and send the killers and thugs and hoodlums to the electric chair or the penitentiaries for life terms.

Our police, alone, cannot wage this war. That is obvious to us all. The National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement (the so-called Wickersham Commission) in its eighth formal report to President Hoover, early in August, denounced the American police system as inefficient . . . graft-ridden . . . a toy of dishonest politicians . . . completely lacking public confidence.

We need a new set-up. In times of emergency extreme measures are necessary. And this is an emergency. In August I was among a number of speakers at a mass meeting in New York City where twenty thousand persons had gathered within a hall, and twenty-five thousand more attempted to gain admission, to voice their displeasure at the continued lawlessness in America's largest city and the inability of the authorities to cope with the situation.

There is no question that an emergency exists, but mass meetings and speeches won't do a bit of good. We need some iron. As in war, we must mobilize an army, train and arm its members, give them competent, uncontrolled, and courageous leaders, and then tell them to go out to do or die.

The Anti-Crime Legion

And, if there is to be war, who but the veterans of the World War should be called to the colors? The members of the American Legion and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars are ready to battle again. They have said so, innumerable times, in the resolutions of individual posts and in the public utterances of their leaders. These men, whose loyalty to our nation cannot be questioned, are trained in the ways of warfare. There are thousands of these veterans walking the streets to-day, seeking jobs that do not exist. Let's enroll the best of them to form an Anti-Crime Legion. The problem is national in scope, and the Federal Government might well assume the task of directing and financing an offensive war against the underworld.

In a previous article in The Forum ("Making War on the Gangs," March, 1931) I advocated the creation, by the individual states, of single, state-controlled police forces of young men, as the answer to our crime problem. I still favor such a plan, but that is for normal times. At this particular period I believe it is essential that gangdom be dealt a crushing blow lest it soon control the entire machinery of government. This is no time to temporize, no time to plan for the future. It is time to attack.

What do police do? In their ineffectual way, they seek to prevent murder and other crimes. But no one, not even a severe critic of our police personnels and systems, expects police to be present at scenes of crimes to prevent them. After a crime has been committed, police seek

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to establish the identity of the criminal and to apprehend him. They are not having much success in most of our large centers of population.

What happens in our cities to-day? A band of gunman stages a pay roll hold-up, kills the paymaster and possibly an honest and courageous policeman who dares to give chase, and escapes. That's all. Where do the killers go? They may remain in seclusion for a few days until "the thing blows over," but within a very short time, if not that very night, they can be found, with their women friends, in the speakeasies and night clubs of our cities. And yet police are reported in the newspapers as "combing the haunts of the underworld for the killers," "spreading a dragnet for the bandits," and so on. Yes, they are looking in pool rooms and on street corners, and the dragnet catches the corner loungers.

I venture to say that a detail of three thousand Anti-Crime Legionaires, simultaneously invading every night club in and around New York at two o'clock tomorrow morning, let us say, could arrest the three hundred foremost "public enemies" of that city — its racketeers, beer barons, vice-overlords, its cop-and-baby killers and bandits, its gamblers, and other outlaws.

A body of picked men, armed with Federal authority, having no tie-ups with local grafting politicians and commanded by a man with guts, *would* go out into these night clubs and drag out from among the so-called respectable patrons these marked men, haul them to police station cells, and put them in cold storage pending investigation. Under such circumstances the politicians who protect the killers and who make the present intolerable conditions possible could not get them out the back door or out on small bail from their controlled magistrates or fix the judges they elected to the bench so that they would get easy and short terms.

Wartime Tactics

Let us say the Federal Government formed an-Anti-Crime Legion of twenty thousand men. This could be divided into a number of smaller units. After an outbreak of crime in New York, such as is raging as I write, five thousand of the "Federals" could be hurried there to aid the local police. The latter could attend to their minor duties, watch for housebreakers, control traffic, and so on. The Legionnaires, with their speedy motor cars, armored and equipped with all the necessary arms, could go after the killers, bandits, and racketeers. One thousand police cars, each covering an area of one or two square blocks constantly, would frighten criminals from the streets. Then, in systematic raids on the places where criminals spend their ill-gotten gains, the Legionnaires could round them up, score by score.

I have never favored brutality in any circumstances in the handling of suspects or even known criminals. When I was Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, the third degree was not practiced. Prisoners were not put in cold storage for long periods. But, I repeat, emergencies require extreme measures. The Wickersham Commission to the contrary notwithstanding, who (but the underworld, the shyster lawyers, and the crooked politicians) could object to a police officer punching the jaws of the gunmen who shot down five children and killed two of them in an effort to get valuable information? Who could object if police kept the cold-blooded murderer of a pay roll messenger and a police officer in a police station, without a hearing, for a week in an attempt to get a confession, or while efforts were under way to apprehend his accomplices? Lawyers will say that it is withholding from a man his constitutional rights. But what rights has a baby-killer or a murderous bandit?

So, the Legionnaires could keep these hoodlums in jail without hearings and without advice of counsel until their investigations were complete. Confessions would be forthcoming; accomplices would be rounded up; evidence would be overwhelming; convictions would follow. A city would become safe for the decent citizens.

I do not intend to convey the impression that a state of martial law should be established. I do, however, strongly favor clothing the crime-smashers with sufficient authority to enable them to meet gangdom on an equal basis. Gunmen do not ask, before they send a spray of machine gun bullets spreading terror along a street, "Is this in strict accordance with the Constitution of the United States and the Criminal Code of New York State?"

This suggested Anti-Crime Legion, to be successful, must be carefully selected, well-trained, and properly commanded. Only the finest and most able of the unemployed war veterans should be selected. They should be subjected to the severest tests as to physical condition, character, and general fitness for the task at hand. Upon their selection they should be sent to training camps, where they would be given rapid-fire Plattsburg courses in police work; general instruction as to their rights, powers, and limitations; pistol, rifle, and machine gun practice; and such other essentials as would be deemed necessary by those authorized to train and direct this force.

They should be enrolled for the "duration of the war against crime," should be uniformed, should live in barracks as do enlisted men in the armed branches of our government, and should be subject to the same sort of discipline as soldier's, sailors, and Marines.

It would not require a great deal of preparation to organize the "school." It could be modeled after that conducted by the New York or Pennsylvania State Constabularies. Army, Navy, and Marine Corps officers who served in the World War and have since retired from the service are among those in the ranks of the unemployed. They could be enrolled to lead the Legionnaires. Competent police executives, high officials of the government force engaged in the present federal activity against the rackets, experts on criminology, and others fitted by experience could be drafted for the task of training the new force.

It might become necessary to swear in for service in the Legion the most competent and honest of the members of the detective forces of the cities. They know the gangsters, their hangouts, and are familiar with their movements. Usually, for one reason or another, they dare not bring them in. They could be used as scouts by the Legion; their aid would be essential in picking out the thugs in any gathering.

An American Devil's Island

This Legion of Legionnaires should be a mobile force. It should be possible and practical to shift, at a moment's notice, units of from fifty to twenty-five hundred Legionnaires from one locality to another where some outrage had been committed, where gang warfare on a large scale was imminent, or where some emergency existed or was developing. They would move on their own power — high-powered motor cars and speedy motor cycles.

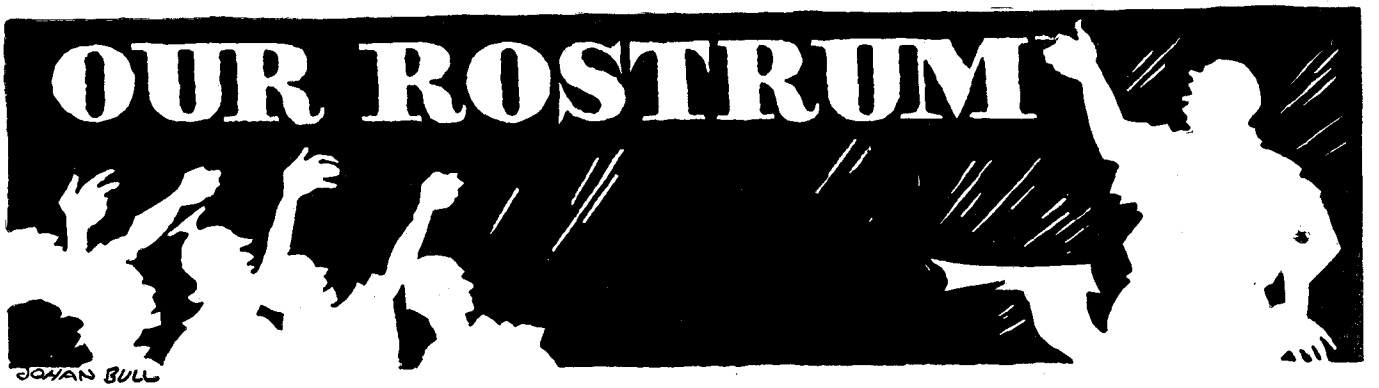
A national criminal identification and investigation bureau — an American Scotland Yard — with jurisdiction throughout the land, would be essential to the work of the Anti-Crime Legion. The government now has the nucleus for such a system. It could be enlarged upon and improved.

An American Devil's Island for the baby-killers and other racketeers would help to instill the proper amount of fear and respect for law and order in the minds of the lawless. A national prison, on some isolated island owned by us in the tropics, where the men could not be pampered by well-meaning social workers, where discipline would be strict, and where they could not purchase the privileges of near-freedom, would be the proper place for the "Legs" Diamonds and the Al Capones.

This plan, so roughly sketched on these pages, may seem radical. It is. It is too late for conservative measures. The underworld seems to have the upper hand. That cannot be permitted. So here's to an Anti-Crime Legion of Legionnaires and the end of gangland's bloody and costly rule of our American cities.

[Note: *The opinions or assertions contained herein are private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.* (Signed) S. D. Butler.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article that has appeared in The Forum or any topic of contemporary interest. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

Mr. Pitkin and Vox Populi

"Down with Walter B. Pitkin, and pooh for his 'Great Dirt Conspiracy'!" is the theme of most of this month's Rostrum letters. Apparently Mr. Pitkin's plea, in the August FORUM, for corporate farming and the elimination of "quarter-section half-wits" has met with unanimous disapproval, not only, as he predicted, from the farmers themselves and the country merchants, bankers, lawyers, editors, and faculties of agricultural colleges, but also from those few city residents who were sufficiently interested in the proposal to comment on it. Mr. Pitkin seems to be defending a cause which was lost from its beginning. Excerpts from some of the less vitriolic comments on his article follow.

"I have never read a better exposition of the trend of modern industry, and if it succeeds in agriculture as it has in manufacture, the displaced farmer will be in the same condition as the displaced wage earners — and what can be done for them is an unsolved problem." (C. W. Martin, San Antonio, Texas.) "Mr. Pitkin seems to think that mass production on the farm must come because it has held full sway in industry. Mass production has never solved any social problems; it has created thousands. Mass production is the major cause of the seven million unemployed to-day. Bigness is not always a virtue, neither does it insure success. He also appears to believe that the farm home is a freak unit in civilization. I maintain that it has been an important factor in American life — it is not an accident in society, but is the result of man's cumulative experience; can it be plowed under overnight and no one suffer?" (J. W. Walker, Ordway, Col.)

"Professor Beard, an acknowledged economic expert, has, if anyone has, the right to mere opinionated expression, but in his 'Five-Year Plan for America' he was most careful to be modestly suggestive, and for the most part based his conclusions upon carefully stated fact. But Professor Pitkin, who is no such expert (as those of us who have read his books, *How To Write Stories* and *The Art of Thinking* have most reason to know), is unwilling to use that tentative method. Having concentrated his attention always upon fields far different from agricultural economics, what right has he now to oppose his opinions dogmatically to those of experts or to 'accuse at least one-half of our agricultural college scientists' of anything? . . . It seems uniquely discreditable of Professor Pitkin to have published in THE FORUM an article which for crudities of technique and expression would have disgraced a tabloid. To some

degree this was an insult both to other writers of the August issue (to that painstaking craftsman, Struthers Burt, for example) and to its readers." (Richard L. Brown, Middlebury, Vt.)

"In Mr. Pitkin's short article he was so indiscreet, to put it mildly, as to refer *seven* distinct times to farmers as 'half-wits.' It would be difficult to find any term less appropriate to the indigenous farmers — inevitably versatile and self-reliant — from whose ranks, as we all know, come many of our most level-headed, able, and often distinguished citizens." (Anna Merrill Foster, Long Beach, Calif.) "'The Great Dirt Conspiracy' comes pretty near being the perfect magazine article. Gayly building his main thesis on the most fragmentary phenomena (the success of the big farm in the wheat regions has not been duplicated elsewhere); abounding in rough-and-ready solutions of the most delicate problems (fancy deporting five million aliens!); unsubtly flattering city dwellers by classing the great majority of farmers as half-wits; Mr. Pitkin seems to have reached almost the summit of a certain kind of excellence." (F. H. Foote, East Jordan, Mich.) "It is apparently less than nothing to Messrs. Pitkin and Hickman Price that their engaging proposal, put into effect, would wipe out the countryside as we know it to-day and substitute for such sweet ruralities as the locust has not devoured the hellish clangor of machinery, raze a million homes, and uproot millions of lives. Oh, well, when a man walks with economic destiny hand in hand he has no time to waste on trifles such as these." (H. O. Wise, Ventura, Calif.)

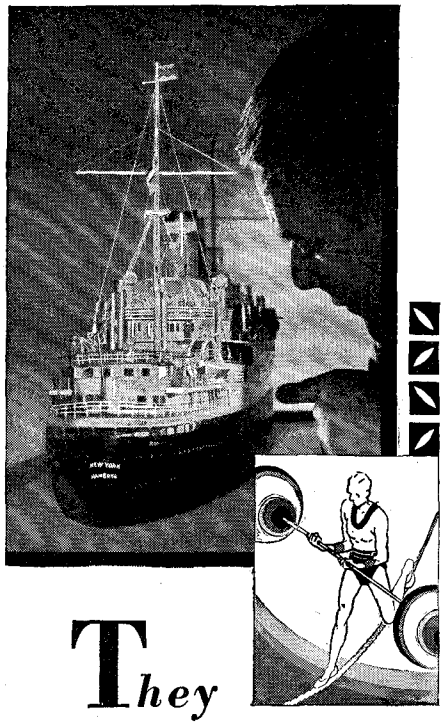
"Farm production does not concern grain alone. Beef, mutton, eggs, butter, and milk are as indispensable as wheat. Mr. Pitkin concedes that it might not be wise for the big farmer to consider raising potatoes, a 'costly crop.' Pray tell, then, who *is* to raise the potatoes if the present individual farmers are made ditch diggers to supplant the Latins and Slavs who, in turn, are to be quietly but pointedly told to contemplate the beauties of the Mediterranean? A giant tractor cannot grow a baby beef, even if operated under flood lights. Livestock production demands a husbandry that the small farmer can give at the minimum cost in connection with other activities." (William S. Anderson, Rochester, N. Y.)

"The Professor labors under the obsession that city life offers the social utopia for human progress. There are millions who are not so sure of that. Only a shallow understanding of human nature would ever propose the pouring of our space-loving rustics into the foul-smelling back alley of the city. That would be a conspiracy more dirty than the Dirt Conspiracy itself. Leave the rural folks in the country — it is not so bad, nor the city so good, as Pitkin would have us believe." (Raymond V. Ebbett, Cabot, Vt.)

These are but a few of the castigations hurled at Professor Pitkin. There are, also, two letters so telling in their arguments that we reproduce them in fuller detail on the following page. The farmers come off pretty well in this particular battle — though of course Mr. Pitkin may have his rebuttal all ready.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE



They
Call 'em Frahm's
Anti-Rolling Tanks

PERHAPS you've never noticed those bulges along the sides of the "Famous Four"—

NEW YORK · DEUTSCHLAND
HAMBURG · ALBERT BALLIN

But you can feel the presence of Frahm's Anti-Rolling Tanks within these bulges—feel 'em by the remarkable steadiness of the ships.

Engineers, who refuse to let Nature alone, have perfected these amazing stabilizers which in test have reduced roll over 68 per cent.

FIRST CLASS FROM $195

So, in addition to especially LOW RATES, and swift, 7-day crossings of luxurious comfort, you have the extra steadiness that spells doubled enjoyment of every day at sea.

Sailing every Wednesday midnight to Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg.

Also fine "Cabin" Liners to Ireland, France, Germany—$135 up.

Consult Local Agent or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH DETROIT ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES SEATTLE MONTREAL TORONTO
WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON VANCOUVER

Our Rostrum

One Professor to Another

To the Editor:

It seems to me that if Mr. Pitkin actually knew conditions in agriculture and something of the history of agriculture in other civilizations, he could not conscientiously write as he has. He treats very lightly of the seriousness of agriculture's decline, indicating that the sooner such might come, the better for the nation. In every one of the six great civilizations preceding ours, when agriculture has started to decline the power of that civilization has also declined. I don't feel that half-wits are any more generally found on quarter sections than they are in apartment houses or even great city mansions. Mr. Pitkin assumes that the question of mass production in farming is as definitely settled and accepted by all agronomists and economists as are the multiplication tables. All the illustrations that he gives to prove the worth-whileness of corporation farming are in wheat farming. Of course, I presume that we must be led to believe that wheat farming is really all that is necessary.

The American farmer has as much right to his American standard of living, to the maintenance of a home, and to those intangible things we call the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness as any other American citizen. I presume that if Mr. Pitkin were selling shoes and he found that the customer's foot would not fit a certain size, he would cut down the foot to make it fit the shoe rather than get a shoe that would fit.

J. O. CHRISTIANSON, *Principal, School of Agriculture, University of Minnesota*
St. Paul, Minn.

They Farm and Like It

To the Editor:

Having lived in four different states where we have been in close contact with farmers, I have been unable to recall any such pitiful conditions as Mr. Pitkin pictures. If it would do any good, I should like to have him as my guest and take him into farm homes I know in any of these states for a real, mid-day country dinner. No city home sets a table equal to that of the farmer — with its chicken or other fowl, its home-cured pork or home-canned beef for meat, its abundance of every kind of vegetable, its home-baked pastry and cake and bread, its real butter and thick cream and rich milk, its fruit.

The farmer *does* work long hours at heavy labor, and drags work-sodden feet in weariness to bed. But it is healthy work in clean, sunshine-filled air. He seems to thrive on it. Contrary to the impression given by the Pitkin paper, he seldom dies at forty. My less-than-quarter-section-dirt-farmer father is past eighty-one, and is still farming. His father died by accident — train, not farm — at seventy-nine. Neither do we live in filth in shacks from which the farmer, to quote Mr. Pitkin, drives "his family into his fields along with his mules." Really, we have radios and autos and all the electric helps. Our homes are clean. We do not even have the grime and smoke of cities to clean up. Finally, we are not really half-wits, you know. Numbers of us are university-trained. Some even graduate from Columbia. Our children hold their own with any city children in our consolidated schools, and they are good schools, too.

Of course we do have the occasional ne'er-do-well family which the city spews forth to find shelter where it may. But usually with us they are less wretched than they were in the metropolis. Even the hill-billy of the South proves himself a good farmer when given a chance.

What *we* want to be shown is why a bushel of wheat to-day sells for the price of only three loaves of bread, when that same bushel will make *twenty-seven* loaves, corporation-baked. We ask why our hogs sell for only eight or nine cents a pound, and our cattle for nine or ten cents a pound, while if we want to buy it back we must pay nineteen or twenty cents a pound for bacon, twenty to twenty-five cents for ham, and seventeen to thirty cents a pound for beef, at corporation grocery prices.

One wonders just what kind of a farmer Mr. Pitkin really was.

MARY HURON BLAIR
R.R. 1, Danville, Indiana

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's monthly Rostrum prize of twenty dollars has been awarded to Mrs. Blair. She had many competitors in deflating Professor Pitkin's proposal, but she covered the most ground in the most thorough fashion.*]

Strafing Dr. Cadman

To the Editor:

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman in his reply to Robert Neville, under the caption "Strafing the Church" (August FORUM), did not by the remotest conclusion touch the point at issue, side, edge, or bottom. As usual, the ingenious radiotician dodged here and there until, like the fabled snake, you couldn't tell whether he was going in or coming out. He altogether overlooked the fact that Neville did not in any sense "strafe the church": he strafed the prima donnas of the pulpit, one of whom is Dr. Cadman. This is an old trick of the clergy, and Bishop Cannon resorted to it in defense of his stock market transactions. When they are assailed for their imperfections and predilections they hold up their hands in holy horror and say the *church* is being attacked. Fortunately for all of us, the prima donna pulpiteers are by no means the church.

JOHN M. MELOAN
Frankfort, Ky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

A Convent in Spain

by **ALICE CURTIS DESMOND**

We had come to Burgos to learn more of Rodrigo Diaz, whom the Arabs called the Cid (the Lord), that dashing soldier of fortune produced by the long struggle between Christian and Moslem, and who has come down in legend as the most picturesque type of the Castilian gentleman of the twelfth century.

Yet after my husband and I had been in Burgos several days, had been shown the birthplace of the Cid, and his final grave and that of his wife in the Burgos Cathedral, we were still unsatisfied. Although I knew it was a distance from Burgos, and that our train from Madrid left at noon, I longed to see San Pedro de Cardeña.

In this convent founded in 537 by Queen Sancha, the Cid, after a lifetime of fighting the Moors, had requested to be interned beside the woman he loved. For generations his wish was sacred. Then prosperity made him the favorite hero of Spain. His skeleton was removed from San Pedro de Cardeña, carried to the town hall of Burgos, finally to rest in pomp in the Burgos Cathedral. This magnificent building was not built for two hundred years after the Cid's death, but I felt that he would not have requested to be buried there. I wanted to see for myself why, when the Cid thought of eternal sleep, he thought of this convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.

From "Far Horizons" (McBride)

The Square-towered Church

But when we suggested to our chauffeur that he drive us there in the two hours before our train left for Madrid, he protested. He had lived all his life in Burgos and never been there. "It is far away in a desolate valley over bad roads, Señor" he declared. "The caretaker may be away, and our trip will be in vain. Besides, you would miss your train."

But the more our chauffeur objected, the more we wanted to see this neglected shrine romantically colored by one of the great love affairs of history. Its remoteness only added to its lure. Here was no Baedekered tourist sight but a poetic spot we could discover for ourselves. So we insisted.

As the spires of the Burgos Cathedral disappeared behind us, the Castilian plain stretched dull-green and brown to the horizon, solitary but for a scattered herd of cattle grazing on the brown stubble, or a mounted herdsman, fierce and watchful, wrapped in a great coat, his dog crouched beside him. The wind, without a tree to break its violence, whisked the dust of the road over our car in clouds or sang and hissed around us like a mountain torrent.

Occasionally we would pass large white farms, but most of the treeless roadside was given up to dust and wind. Just as the elements threatened to engulf us, from the clouds of dust would appear long troops of charcoal-laden donkeys, trotting merrily along to the tinkle of the large bell worn by the leader, and driven by men in blue shirts and corduroy trousers, red kerchiefs around their heads like gypsies.

At a fork the road to Madrid turned to the right, while we dashed off to the left on a cart track filled with rocks over which our car leaped like a mountain goat. But our chauffeur had warned us back in Burgos. It was too late now to protest.

When our journey across this rocky plain had begun to seem not only a rough but an interminable pilgrimage, we were cheered to see ahead of us a village, so much the color of the parched soil around it as almost to fade into it. The Plaza Mayor proved to be a square of wind-swept dust, deserted except for a gayly festooned mule hitched before a little brown square-towered church, around which the houses clustered like frightened chicks around their mother hen.

The chauffeur disappeared into a hut. Tom and I, waiting in the car outside in

FRANCONIA
WORLD CRUISE

Intimate, priceless contacts with the world at large . . . rich and varied experience . . . stimulating associations. A superb itinerary . . . including, without extra cost, glorious primitive Bali . . . Saigon . . . Indo-China . . . Canton, Korea, Nikko . . . and all the other worthwhile highlights of a round-the-world voyage.

140 eventful days, 33 ports.
Greatly reduced rates . . . $1750 up.
A proven cruise ship, built for world cruising . . . ensuring direct docking at the majority of the ports.

EASTWARD FROM NEW YORK, JAN. 9 NEXT.
Literature from your Local Agent or

CUNARD LINE
25 Broadway, New York
THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST INDIES
HAVANA
BERMUDA NASSAU

CUNARD

again does the

UNUSUAL

The world-famed MAURETANIA in all its splendour and distinction . . . now at your service for WEST INDIES CRUISES. A travel opportunity of unprecedented value.

Spend Thanksgiving Day in Havana . . . via the MAURETANIA. She sails from New York on Nov. 19th, stopping first at Bermuda and Nassau; Dec. 3rd is her next sailing date for the same ports. 10 happy, glorious days, and what value for your money! Rates as low as $140.

Or 16 days aboard the CARINTHIA with Christmas Day in Cartagena and New Year's Eve in Havana. Sailing from New York, Dec. 18th, calling at Nassau, Kingston, Colon. Rates from $195. A 9 day cruise in the SCYTHIA sails from New York on Dec. 26th, to Nassau and Havana. $140 up.

Your choice of other cruises of 9, 10, 16, 18, 23 days. Greatly improved accommodations . . . much lower rates . . . and largely increased variety of itineraries. Sailings up to and including April, 1932. Rates $140 to $225 minimum.

Your Local Agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

Travel

the blinding sunshine, proved a sensation in this village that saw few strangers. The deserted square quickly filled with people who issued from the tawny houses around us. Housewives, passing with baskets laden with bright colored vegetables, stopped to stare at us. A girl, a brass water jug on her head, wedged her way through the crowds of curious ragged children clustered around our car.

As the minutes passed without our chauffeur reappearing, I was afraid that Tom would declare that we must return to Burgos without seeing our convent — or miss the train. But finally our driver appeared with a smiling Castilian woman, who dipped us a curtsy before she climbed into the front seat beside the chauffeur. She held a key of ornate workmanship red with rust.

"She has not unlocked the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña for five years," the chauffeur explained his delay as he started his engine. "She had forgotten where she kept the key. Finally she found it under her *fiesta* dress."

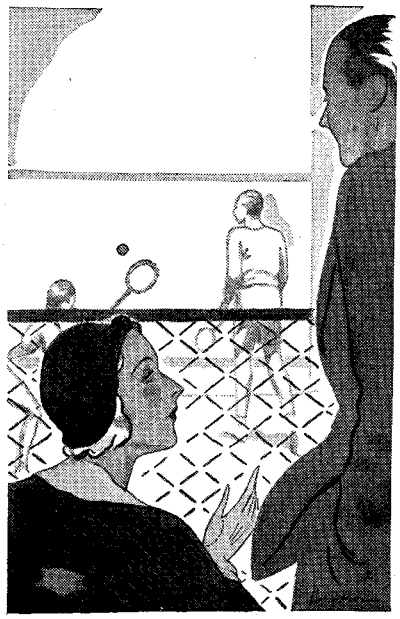
Again we started across the vast barren plain of Castile by an even rougher road than before. The village quickly faded behind us into the tannish soil. The market carts of the Madrid road no longer diverted us. Across the plain as far as we could see there was neither tree nor sign of human life. I began to remember the bandits who still infest the unpoliced back roads of Spain. Would our driver rob us in this lonely spot? Was the caretaker an accomplice? Where, *where* was the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña? Was any place worth coming so far at such risk to see?

"Are you sure you know the way?" Tom spoke anxiously to the chauffeur. "The convent's said to be only six miles from Burgos. We must have come twenty!"

"Six miles, Señor?" the youth flung over his shoulder as he navigated his car through the ruts. "Possibly as the crow flies but not by the road."

To distract my mind from fleeting time and the rough road, I visualized the Cid, before going to fight the Moors, riding out along this road to say farewell to Ximena, his adored wife, whom he was leaving with the nuns. Years later, I saw the Cid's dead body being borne this way on the back of Babieca, the favorite charger, his sorrowing followers bringing him from Valencia to the spot of which he had dreamed — the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña.

Our car maneuvered a steep hill down into a ravine whose green vegetation watered by a brook was refreshing in contrast to the arid plain roundabout. Here, among a cluster of poplars stood a church, its steeples not high enough to be seen from the plain above. Hence the suddenness with which we came upon it.



WE PRESCRIBE A

tonic

WHEN you get to the point where you're a little run down, a little irritable, the obvious prescription is — a trip to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall . . . where there's every facility for toning up tired systems.

First, exercise! Play squash, workout in the gym, try a game of golf on a nearby course, or gallop along the edge of the sea. Then, take an all-over sun bath, or a health bath supervised by an expert. Eat . . . and enjoy . . . the meals of master-chefs. Relax in a deck chair over the ocean, inhaling the bracing salt sea air. And at night — *sleep.*

If you want a new lease on life, try the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall prescription. Write for information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

"The Convent of San Pedro de Cardeña!" announced our chauffeur, as we drew up before the large church and adjoining cloisters, originally of creamy sandstone, which years of exposure to the sun and wind had darkened to a golden brown.

The Castilian produced her large rusty key, unlocked the great wooden convent door with its iron nails and motioned to us to follow her into the cloister.

THE SUN streamed into the ruined courtyard, touching with gentle fingers the crumbling balconies. The grass, grown waist high, had long obliterated the path on which the nuns had strolled. Pear trees made shadows across the waving grass. The caretaker offered me a fallen fruit with a smile.

Somewhere about this cloister made for the dreams of young nuns, I knew Babieca was buried. But nothing indicated where this steed, one of the few four-footed heroes to attain world-wide fame, had found rest.

After lingering for minutes in the sun filled cloister, the Spanish woman led us up a flight of crumbling steps, into the refectory of the nuns, where faded frescoes of soft reds and blues peeled from the walls. At the end of this big room still stood the altar above which was a fresco blackened by candles which had long since burned away. But it was dangerous investigating here. Through wide holes in the roof floated the blue sky, while through the gaps in the floor we could look down into the nuns' cells.

We picked our way down the broken stairs again, and through a side door from the cloister into the chapel, restored by Charles V. Here was none of the ruin that threatened the rest of the convent, nor the gloomy grandeur of the Burgos Cathedral where the Cid is now buried. Entering this chapel flooded with bright sunshine, I seemed to be entering a church that had been swept clear by vandals. The chapel contained neither crucifix nor golden candlesticks, choir screens or stalls. Its beauty lay in the purity of its richly sculptured walls and marble altar. Where the Burgos Cathedral had awed me, the chapel of the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña filled me with peace.

When he had come to bid farewell to his wife, the Cid had found her on her knees before this altar, her medieval dress a touch of flaming color against the white marble. Here they had said their lingering farewell. The *Poema de Cid*, an early Spanish epic, said of their parting: "It was like tearing nails from the flesh."

In an adjoining chapel we found their empty sarcophaguses ornamented with carved recumbent figures. In the statue which decorated his coffin, the Cid was pictured in his armor, his hands crossed on

"GO
EMPRESS"
via HONOLULU
or Direct Express
● The record-breaking speed of the great, white Empress fleet narrows the Pacific... gives extra days in the colorful Orient. Flagship Empress of Japan is the largest, fastest liner on the Pacific.
● Two routes...both from Vancouver (trains direct to ship's side) and Victoria. Empress of Japan and Empress of Canada go via Honolulu, connecting with San Francisco and Los Angeles sailings. Empress of Russia and Empress of Asia sail the Direct Express Route to Yokohama in 10 days.
Actual records on Both Routes by the Empress of Japan
Between Yokohama and Victoria . . .
Direct Express: 7 days, 20 hr., 16 min.
Via Honolulu: 10 days, 18 hr., 27 min.
First Class designed for the most fastidious traveller ...new, lower-cost, "Empress" Tourist Cabin! Also an unusually fine Third Cabin.
Information and reservations from your own agent or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, Montreal and 32 other cities in United States and Canada.
HONOLULU
YOKOHAMA
KOBE
NAGASAKI
SHANGHAI
HONG KONG
MANILA
TO THE
ORIENT
Canadian
Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUXURY CRUISE
MEDITERRANEAN

PALESTINE—EGYPT
in the entirely modernized
Cruising Steamer
ROTTERDAM
Leaves New York
FEB. 6, 1932
under Holland-America Line's Own management
69 days of delight
Her itinerary for 1932 is Unsurpassed—Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algeria, Tunisia, Naples, Malta, Greece, Turkey, Rhodes, Cyprus, Palestine, The Holy Land, Egypt, Jugoslavia, Venice, Sicily, Monte Carlo, Nice, Southampton, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam—EASTER IN ROME.
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. in charge of shore excursions
For choice accommodations make reservations now.
NEW LOW RATES FROM $900.
Holland-America Line

Passenger Office—21-24 State St., N.Y.C.
Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities
Please send me illustrated booklet
NAME.....
ADDRESS .....

At All Good Newsstands
THE FORUM
25 cents a copy

BOUND COPIES

From time to time the Circulation Department acquires miscellaneous bound volumes of The FORUM for the convenience of subscribers who wish to complete their back copy files. There are on hand at the present time 41 odd volumes for the years 1892–1909.

A file of the Century Magazine, for the years 1883–1912, inclusive is also available.

PRICES ON APPLICATION

•

Circulation Manager
FORUM & Century
441 Lexington Avenue
New York

Swimming pool free to guests
The SHELTON
at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK
Combines all the attractions of a private club and a metropolitan hotel
You'll enjoy it.

Travel

his sword. His face was strong and finely chiseled, but there was a boyishness about the mouth. On the sarcophagus beside him lay a carved statue of his wife, to all appearances a lovely woman asleep. Blood seemed pulsing under the white alabaster of her cheeks, her eyes about to flutter open, breath stirring in the marble laces of her dress.

Looking down at these lovers of history, I remembered that the *Romancero de Cid*, published in 1612, told how their love had blossomed from hate. Ximena had demanded of King Leon, her uncle, that the Cid be punished for killing her father.

"Command the Cid not to frequent my street, for a man of merit does not avenge himself on women," she told her uncle. But Leon had other plans.

"I must not offend the Cid, for he defends my realms," the king answered her. "But I will get him to marry you."

Apparently, Ximena had no objection to marrying her father's murderer. Especially when he explained: "I killed your father, Ximena, but not treacherously. I killed a man and I give a man; here am I at your orders. . . ."

I heard a whisper. Was it the wind among the poplars? Or the ghosts of the Cid and Ximena returning to the place they had loved? Their skeletons might lie in pomp in the Cathedral of Burgos, but I knew that their spirits haunted the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña. And I wanted to be near them.

It was time to go if we wanted to catch our train to Madrid. As we hurried reluctantly to our car, the caretaker locking the chapel behind us, I looked back to engrave the convent for always on my memory, yet I realized that it would take a week's quiet sojourn among its ruins to appreciate fully its charm. I had seen it under the brilliant noon sunlight, but I longed to see it again at dawn when the first rays of the sun touched its ancient walls, or by moonlight when the ghosts of the Cid and Ximena would walk again.

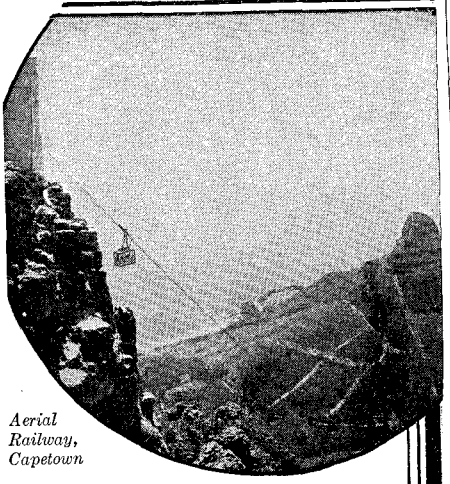
Coming up out of the ravine onto the plain again, was like returning from fairyland to earth. Even the towers of the convent quickly disappeared from view. Had I dreamed of the loveliness of San Pedro de Cardeña!

As we raced back to Burgos, I no longer minded the bad road. The peace of the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña still bathed my soul, as the memory of this green oasis, cut off from the barren Castilian plain, must have soothed the Cid during a lifetime of warfare and constant strife. After a wild ride, we finally reached Burgos and caught our train to Madrid by a few minutes. As we threw our baggage into a compartment and jumped in after it, our chauffeur's expression said plainer than words:

"Those crazy Americans!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AFRICA



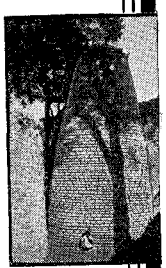
Aerial Railway, Capetown

AN alluring country, firing the imagination with novel thrills, South Africa offers an amazing combination of wonderful sights, romance, mystery, modern travel comfort, and a glorious climate!

Historic Cape Peninsula, Kimberley's Valley of Diamonds, the gold mines of Johannesburg, colorful Durban, the Cango Caves, Zimbabwe's mysterious ruins, Kruger National Park (the world's greatest natural "zoo"), a profusion of gorgeous flowers — are but a few of South Africa's fascinating marvels.

Charming seaside resorts and country clubs contrast vividly with the picturesque Bantu life and its quaint kraals, weird tribal ceremonies, witch doctors, and wild war dances.

South Africa is easily reached by a delightful, health-giving sea voyage.



Conical Tower, Zimbabwe Ruins

A Capetown Theatre

For full information, address: 3-1937

Thos. Cook & Son
587 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
or
American Express Company,
65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
or any office of Thos. Cook & Son or the American Express Company

Travel

IN THE SIERRA VERDE

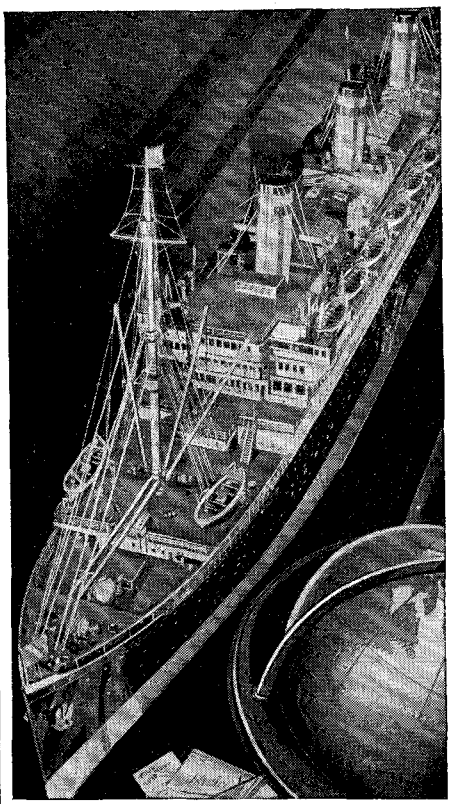
THE seven-day Sierra Verde Circle Cruise by special automobile presents a delightfully varied itinerary through some of the most beautiful country in New Mexico and Colorado. Leaving Santa Fé, the cruise proceeds south to Albuquerque, thence west and north past Crown Point in the Navajo country to Chaco Canyon National Monument, with its Pueblo Bonito and Chettro Kettle. From there the route leads through San Juan Valley to Durango and Mesa Verde in Colorado. At Mesa Verde tourists are given an opportunity to see the famous cliff cities, built centuries ago by the ancestors of the modern Pueblo Indians. Then the cruise turns eastward and follows along the Colorado-New Mexico border, over the Continental Divide, and across the Cumbres Pass, 10,000 feet above sea-level, to the Conejos Valley and Taos. After a short stop at the Puye ruins, the cruise returns to Santa Fé.

CRUISING TO NOWHERE

THIS YEAR the Matson and Lassco Lines inaugurated a series of four-day cruises to Nowhere. "Nowhere" is really a misnomer, for the cruises follow a very definite route to places of interest along the coast of Southern California and Lower California. The palatial Lassco flagship, the *City of Los Angeles*, leaves its home port on Saturday afternoon and sets a course for Mexico passing close to the islands of Santa Catalina and San Clemente. It arrives the next morning at Ensenada, site of the Casino which Jack Dempsey was instrumental in building, and which is declared to surpass Monte Carlo in its luxury. There one may enjoy the automobile racing on the wide expanse of hard sandy beach or partake of the refreshments of free Mexico while watching gay senoritas perform the intricate dances of Mexico and Spain. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, the *City of Los Angeles* weighs anchor and continues on its way to Nowhere. Monday morning finds the ship steaming past the San Benitos, Cerros, and, finally, Natividad. It continues along the Baja California coast until three o'clock and then turns sharply to head toward Guadalupe. On Tuesday, as this strange volcanic island comes into view, one can see great herds of sea-elephants basking on the rocky shores or sporting in the surf. William Beebe made an interesting natural history study of this sea-elephant colony several years ago. The *City of Los Angeles* rounds the northernmost extremity of Guadalupe and then heads out to sea on the way back to Los Angeles, where it arrives early Wednesday morning. The rates begin as low as forty-five dollars.

To see the World at its Best, go

RESOLUTE
WORLD CRUISE



A ship of graciousness — this RESOLUTE: — Spacious rooms air-cooled to your desires. Delightful Veranda Cafe overlooking the passing scene. Swimming Pool flung open to tropical moonlight. Superb cuisine that captures the spirit of foreign dishes. Everything to inspire the mood to enjoy the world.

Then, too, the 1932 itinerary combines an abundance of odd, mysterious places with real visits in countries of tremendous and immediate significance . . . 12 days of luxurious travel in Gandhi's INDIA without extra cost, 11 days likewise in CHINA, 10 days in JAPAN . . . a most complete itinerary of 38,000 miles . . . 143 days through five seas and thirty most attractive countries, at rates from $1750 inclusive of incomparable shore excursions. Sailing from New York, January 6th.

Send for descriptive literature. Local Agent or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 BROADWAY . . . NEW YORK

BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH DETROIT ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES SEATTLE MONTREAL TORONTO
WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON VANCOUVER

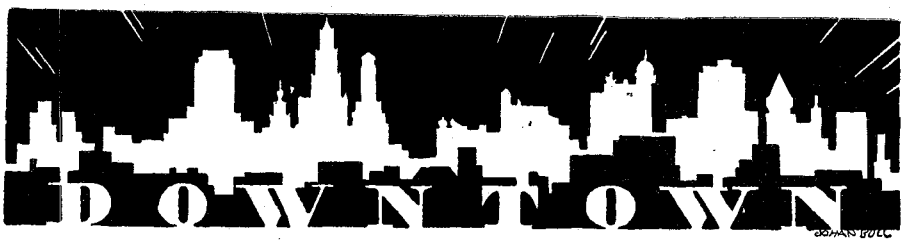
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD NEWS
for Travelers

ROOM RATES AT ALL 23 UNITED HOTELS have been reduced 10% to 30%

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*. The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. . . . . The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. . . . . The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. . . . . The Robert Treat
PATERSON, N. J. . . . . The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. . . . . The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. . . . . The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. . . . . The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. . . . . The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . . The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. . . . . The Niagara
ERIE, PA. . . . . The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO . . . . . The Portage
FLINT, MICH. . . . . The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . . The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. . . . . El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . The Washington-Youree
TORONTO, ONT. . . . . The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. . . . . The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, BWI. The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS



Taking Advantage of the Bear Market

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

TWO YEARS have now passed since the historic carnival of speculation in Wall Street reached its dramatic climax. The striking contrast in conditions requires no elaboration. That the common-stock-for-investment theory had its weaknesses is self-evident, and the revulsion of feeling on the part of investors toward common stocks is clearly illustrated by the mere comparison of the volume of trading on the New York Stock Exchange then with that this year. For the better part of 1929 the average daily volume of shares sold on the Stock Exchange was around the 3,000,000 share mark, with a peak volume of over 16,000,000 shares on one day after the bubble had burst. This year the volume of business has steadily diminished until recently a daily volume of 1,000,000 shares or less has been commonplace, with occasional sessions of less than 600,000 shares. That following the crowd is not a profitable policy in investment or speculation has been poignantly demonstrated. Nevertheless, it is time to raise the question whether following the crowd now by abstaining from purchases of common stocks for investment or speculation is not as poor judgment as it was in buying them in 1929, when everyone, from corporation executives to bootblacks and from professional men and women down to maid-servants, was speculating in the stock market.

To-day most of the active stocks listed on the stock exchanges of this country are selling for prices anywhere from 10 to 33 cents on the dollar of 1929 quotations. More often than not the value of representative American industries, as represented by quotations in the open market, is less than the actual investment of cash in the business. In many instances these industries are being offered in the market place at prices which represent less than the net quick assets per share, which means that their shares are valued at less than the amount that could be realized promptly if their businesses were to be wound up to-morrow. In fact, cases have occurred in the course of the liquidation of the past year where some stocks are selling for less than the amount of cash assets in the treasuries of the companies represented. Thus, following the crowd would appear to have reached the other extreme of stupidity in speculation, and the argument might readily be defended that under conditions as they have existed this year common stocks are entitled to investment consideration as much as bonds.

Notwithstanding the antipathy that has been aroused against speculation in the stock market as a result of the unfortunate experiences of the past two years, it is just as well to bear in mind that speculation has been a very necessary factor in the economic progress of the world. When Queen Isabella pledged her jewels in order to finance the expedition of Christopher Columbus in search of a short route to India she unwittingly made the initial deposit in the greatest and most successful speculative venture the world has ever seen. When Baron Rothschild bought French *rentes* while the streets of Paris were drenched in blood he was simply following the speculative principle which formed the basis of the great Rothschild fortune. And when the late E. H. Harriman bought control of the Union Pacific Railroad, then described as "two streaks of rust in the desert," courageously raised a $50,000,000 bond issue against the property, and then developed the company to a splendid degree of operating efficiency, he launched a speculative enterprise which richly rewarded the community served by that carrier and incidentally returned him a huge fortune.

FOUR TYPES OF SPECULATION

SPECULATION, as it exists in the financial markets, follows four distinct types. First is the speculation that accompanies the initial launching of any enterprise. Second is the speculation that accompanies development of a commodity or service from the birth of the idea to the full maturity of the industry. In the case of most manufactured products this ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Downtown

turity may be considered as reached when the replacement business substantially exceeds the sales to new consumers, or those who are buying for the first time. Third is that type of speculation which endeavors to take advantage of the ebb and flow of economic tides and political fortunes. And fourth is speculation that can best be described as the rehabilitation type. Taken together, they form the most common routes to fortune.

That type of speculation that accompanies the birth of a new industry is of an order that is rarely presented, if ever, to the average investor. It is also, without question, the riskiest. The dreams of the inventor more often than not fail to materialize, or the initial capital is provided by friends of the inventor or capitalists. Luck plays the greatest part in success of this type of speculation. The mechanics who took their wages in Ford Motor stock nearly thirty years ago were richly rewarded in their speculative venture; but instances of this sort are rare.

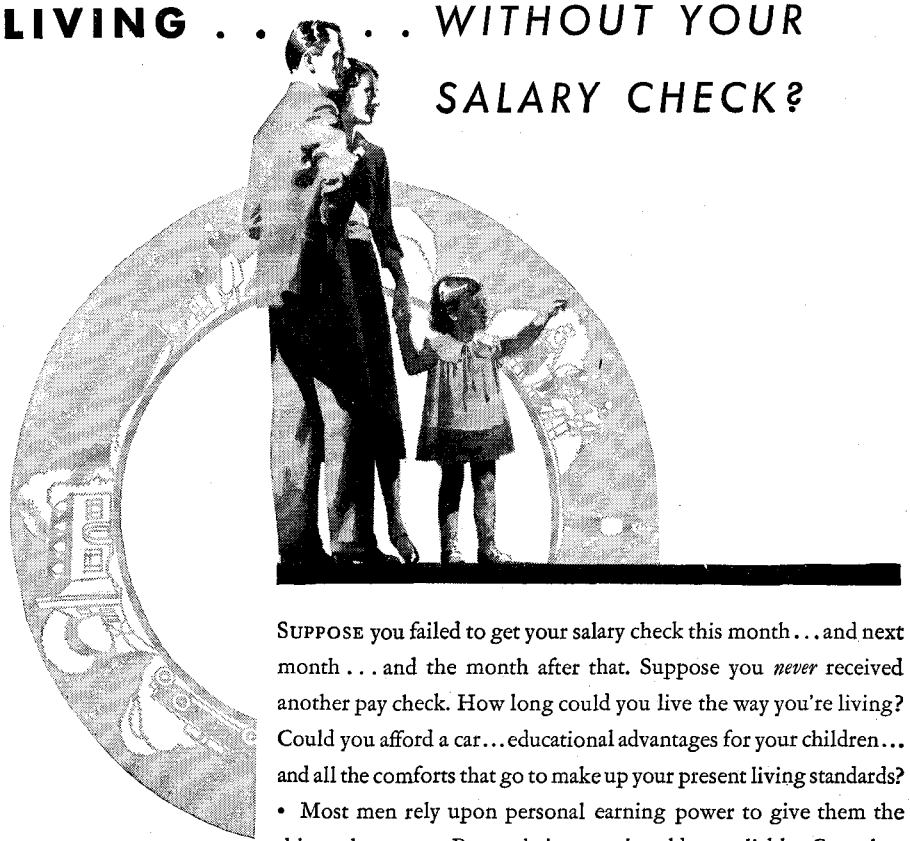
Speculation in the development of an industry, in the stage that reaches from the period of initial financing to maturity of that industry, is the type that has produced the greatest reward for the average foresighted individual. That type of speculation provided the basis of some of the greatest fortunes in this country. Instances of it are the building up of the fur trade in the Northwest by John Jacob Astor, the expansion of the United States Steel Corporation under the Morgans, the growth of the General Motors Corporation under the du Ponts, and the building up of the petroleum business under the Rockefellers. The experience of the past decade has shown that some of the largest speculative profits in corporation equities were realized in shares of infant industries whose products were hardly known a decade ago. Among such industries may be mentioned the radio, airplane, and rayon industries.

REFRIGERATION OPPORTUNITIES

SECOND SIGHT is given to no one, and to predict what is going to be invented in the course of the next decade and to forecast what industry is to make substantial and profitable strides in that period is obviously impossible. Nevertheless, common everyday powers of observation will assist most people in forming an opinion. One of the most logical fields in this respect, it would seem, is the electrical refrigeration business.

The domestic refrigerator is of comparatively recent origin, less than 100,000 being in use prior to 1925. Last year slightly over 1,000,000 were manufactured and there are but 3,500,000 electrical refrigerators in use in this country, or in

COULD YOU LIVE THE WAY YOU'RE LIVING . . . . . WITHOUT YOUR SALARY CHECK?



SUPPOSE you failed to get your salary check this month . . . and next month . . . and the month after that. Suppose you *never* received another pay check. How long could you live the way you're living? Could you afford a car . . . educational advantages for your children . . . and all the comforts that go to make up your present living standards?

• Most men rely upon personal earning power to give them the things they want. But such income is seldom reliable. Countless factors may affect it adversely . . . unexpected business difficulties . . . illness . . . the loss of your position through reorganization or a merger . . . and many others. Even though a man may be spared from these contingencies, advancing age will, in all but exceptional cases, eventually take its toll in lessened earning power.

• It is short-sighted to be dependent upon so uncertain a source of income. The sensible way is to establish a solid financial foundation for yourself that will enable you to face the future with confidence. You can build *stand-by* income with sound bonds . . . income that is independent of personal earnings and that will stand by you in times of unexpected reverses, and also in your later years when personal earnings almost inevitably decline.

• Halsey, Stuart & Co., aims to serve those who recognize that well-secured income is the essential purpose of investment. Bonds are ideal for that purpose, and from its very beginning this house has confined its business to that class of investment securities. We shall welcome the opportunity to help you build a bond account which will provide *stand-by* income . . . to supplement and eventually replace uncertain personal earnings. Our booklet, *Looking Ahead Financially,* discusses this subject fully. Write for booklet FM-XI.

•

BUILD 'STAND-BY' INCOME . . . WITH BONDS

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, 201 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET • NEW YORK, 35 WALL STREET

AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

•

• *The Program That Does More Than Entertain*

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. radio program over a nation-wide N B C network. Music by symphony orchestra.

9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time • 8 P. M. Central Standard Time
7 P. M. Mountain Standard Time • 6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ratio of one for every seven homes that are wired for electricity. The idea of preserving food by cooling is not new, but the commercial value of coolness is something that is not commonly appreciated. Man has been accustomed to the comfort of heat in cold weather, but he has never had the comfort of coolness in hot weather.

This development has radically altered the sales of some industries and as it is developed it may alter the sales of many more. One of the largest American trunk lines has reported a substantial increase in its railroad passenger traffic this year, while its competitors were losing business, merely because it has cooled the air in some of its trains by electric refrigeration. Ten years ago the American public was not disposed to attend the theater or the movies in hot weather, but since then the practice of artificially cooling such establishments has largely overcome this objection. It is conceivable that the practice of taking vacations in the summer may be altered considerably when artificial cooling of business offices becomes the general thing. It is conceivable that food consumption might be considerably increased when people work in cool offices, live in cool homes, and dine in cool restaurants in the summer. The collateral advantages of artificial cooling are numerous and the progress of this industry is one that doubtless will provide plenty of speculative opportunity in the next decade or two.

No infant industry has been more widely heralded in advance of its perfection than television.* It is now believed that television is sufficiently practical so that some of the leading companies will be marketing it on a large scale by the end of 1932. At present only 25,000 receiving sets are in operation, but as it is developed the chances are that it will become not less popular than radio. Speculative opportunities are just as likely to be opened in collateral lines as in television itself, however. If it is to be possible to receive on a television set in the home the latest theatrical entertainment, the new movie release, or the football and baseball game there will doubtless be developed commercial opportunities in this connection. Telephone conversations may be more effective when face-to-face, and it is pointed out that salesmen may then be able to display goods to customers without direct contact.

Among other industries that appear to be merely at the threshold of their real development are the aluminum business, natural gas, the autogiro, the Diesel engine, the construction of homes with steel, and a host of minor mechanical and chemical developments which are being sprung on a waiting world with astonishing rapidity.

GET IN ON THE BOTTOM

More obvious opportunities for speculation have arisen from the extreme depression in security prices, the third of the four types to which we have referred. Those whose experience in investments extends over a period of thirty or forty years can recall when Pennsylvania Railroad stock could have been bought at 46½ in 1893 and sold at 85 in 1900, or bought at 32¼ in 1921 and sold at 110 in 1929. They have seen American Telephone rise from an infant industry to $186 a share early in this century, drop to 88 in 1907, rise to 153 a few years later, fall to 90⅝ during the war, and lift to 310¼ in 1929. At half that price this year it begins to look attractive to them once more.

They have seen United States Steel sell at 38 in the panic that followed the outbreak of the war and they have seen the same people buying it back three years later around 136. They have seen steel common sell at 70¼ when the steel business was as flat in 1921 as it has been this year and they have later seen it sell at the

* See p. 218–223 of this issue.

Leading the Way Back

Customers in the area served by the Associated System purchased 19,489 automatic refrigerators during a recent six weeks' refrigerator sales campaign. About half, or 9,592 of these sales, were made by dealers who were assisted by a plan of cooperation established by the Associated New Business Department.

Stability from Domestic Use

Growing domestic use of electricity from sale of appliances increases the natural stability of the industry. Stability from this source is becoming even more pronounced. During 1930, use of electricity in homes accounted for 33½% of the total revenue as compared to 28% in 1921.

This trend of the electric industry is of interest to those seeking sound investments with growth possibilities. The achievement of dealers in cooperation with employees of the Associated System in the face of conditions generally unfavorable to business expansion shows that the utilities are an important influence in leading the way back to business recovery.

To invest in Associated securities, write

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway New York

The Associated System serves 1,432,108 customers in 3,117 communities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Downtown

equivalent of $366 a share in 1929, allowing for the stock dividend. Knowing the financial strength of the corporation, they are inclined to allow something for the effect of these rhythmical cycles upon the price of the stock, when they see it sell under $85 a share again, as it has this year.

None of these stocks, or many others, looked like attractive investments when they were selling at their low prices in previous depressions. The world had its economic and political problems then as it has had them this year. But eventually common sense and hard work brought the world's business back to a prosperous footing on those previous occasions and none can doubt that the same thing will be done this time.

Speculation of the rehabilitation type, however, waits not upon cycles. As often as not the opportunities in this direction occur in times of prosperity as well as in times of depression. Seven years ago the New England railroad systems were in a serious plight. Few in New England and probably nobody elsewhere ever believed that the carriers in that section could ever be restored to a profitable basis again. The Boston & Maine went into receivership and the New York, New Haven & Hartford only averted a receivership through a spirit of generous coöperation by the local business community when a large bond issue fell due. The common stocks of both roads were available at one time or another at less than $10 a share. Opportunities were remarkable.

The same story was true of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé in the early nineties and has been repeated in many other railroad and industrial corporation receiverships since. In fact, at one time Atchison stock was selling for less than the amount of the assessment per share that had been paid in to enable it to recover to financial health. But those who had faith and confidence in the intrinsic soundness of the position of these carriers, of their fundamental necessity to the community, and in the ability of the people identified with the reorganization of these properties, and those who demonstrated that faith by purchasing the equities while they were cheap, were well rewarded. But they were not people who followed the crowd.

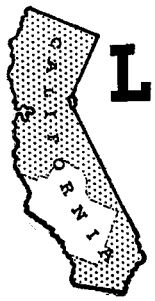
Individuals easily influenced by mass psychology might have gained the impression during early 1929 that that was a period of great speculative opportunity. It is clear now that 1929 offered fewer real favorable speculative opportunities than any other period in the past decade. Those who are influenced by a similar psychology now will of course fail to recognize that speculative opportunities in 1931 are infinitely more attractive. They, of course, will not buy.

Dividend Notice

Pacific Lighting Corporation Common Stock; Dividend No. 88, payable August 15, 1931, to stockholders of record July 20, 1931.

Pacific Lighting Corporation $6 Dividend Preferred Stock; Dividend No. 96, payable July 15, 1931, to stockholders of record June 30, 1931.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION



DIVIDENDS OF SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES:

Unifying the following companies [together with the Santa Maria Gas Co.] to form a compact and completely interconnected utility system, for economy of operation and of supplying capital for extensions and improvements. The Pacific Lighting group, established in 1886, supplies natural gas throughout the major portion of Southern California and both natural gas and electricity in the city of Los Angeles, serving 976,000 customers.

Southern California Gas Corporation

$6.50 Dividend Preferred Stock; dividend payable August 31, 1931, to stockholders of record July 31, 1931.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation

6% Preferred Stock; dividend payable August 15, 1931, to stockholders of record July 31, 1931.

Southern California Gas Company

6% Preferred Stock; dividend payable July 15, 1931, to stockholders of record June 30, 1931.

Southern Counties Gas Company of California

6% Preferred Stock; dividend payable July 15, 1931, to stockholders of record June 30, 1931.

Dividends on all of the foregoing issues have been paid uninterruptedly since the initial dividend.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION, 433 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

NOTICE of a change of address, to be effective with the November issue of FORUM must reach the Subcription Department by September 30.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

Please give your former address when advising the Subscription Department of your new.

For Your Foreign Trip

TO HAVE your travel funds in convenient and safeguarded form take a Guaranty Letter of Credit with you.

It will assure to you also the courtesies and varied services of our foreign offices and of our banking correspondents in every accessible section the world over.

Obtainable at banks throughout the country or from this Company direct.

Booklet "Banking Facilities in Europe," on request

GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

140 Broadway New York

BANK *of* NEW YORK & TRUST COMPANY

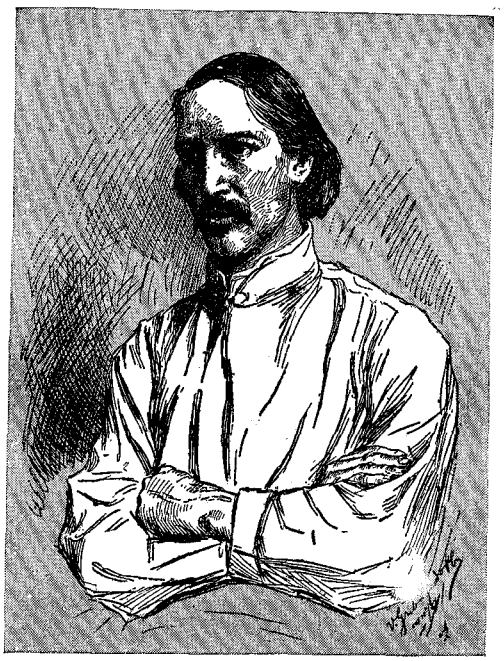
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits $20,000,000

48 WALL STREET NEW YORK

Uptown Office: Madison Ave. at 63rd St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Amazing Cannibal King



Who Wore a Shawl —and Died in His Boots

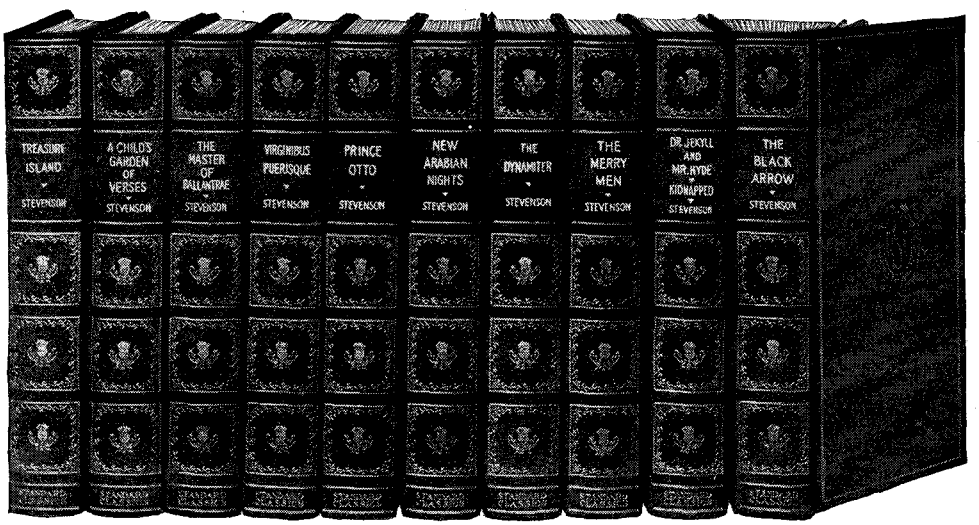
Robert Louis Stevenson

Ten thousand thrills has this astounding adventurer left for us in this magnificent library.

Stevenson LIVED his fantastic episodes—then wrote them. That is why he grips us in horror, excites us with adventure, charms us with romance, soothes and cheers us with verse. Every line, every word, has the sting of reality. We know it must or could be true. Even his most fanciful flights are no more fanciful than his actual experiences.

No cloistered scholar this! Here is a roving, lovable romancer who takes us with him on his travels. He ran away with a wife and family, explored in a sailboat, canoed in the Sambre, bivouacked in the Cevennes, went steerage to San Francisco, camped on Mt. St. Helena, sailed the South Seas, feasted with cannibals, governed a tribe of savages, planted a wilderness—and died in his boots.

Yet his was a bitter fight against disease and weariness—a veritable contrast; as much so as his Jekyll and Hyde. Are you bored? Is your life without excitement? Then delve into Stevenson, live with Stevenson. Soon every day will be an adventure. Each hour of your life can become tensely exciting, at will.



10 VOLS. Full Size 5½ x 7½ 2438 PAGES Clear Type Easy to Read GOLD TITLES

Here in this specially prepared *Balmoral Edition* are the selected works that will thrill you most. Mystery—romance—adventure—love—poetry—all are here in beautiful array, at a low price and on easy terms. Next to your Bible and Shakespeare you will place this great treasure store of good reading. A classic that is and must be a part of every library, private or public, large or small.

Well made in Artcraft binding, with silk headbands and colored tops. Only a dollar a volume, and worth easily three times this price. Look them over without charge! We want this exquisite set to be its own salesman. Use this convenient coupon today!

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP. FOR 10-31
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, on approval, the *Balmoral Edition* of *Robert Louis Stevenson*, 10 Vols. After 10 days' free examination I will either return books or send you *$1* first payment; then *$1* a month until *$10* is paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

☐ *Check here if you are sending $9 full payment with coupon, thus saving $1. Money refunded if not satisfied.*

FREE Examination

$1.00 Per Month

Not a penny to pay until you have seen and thoroughly examined this treasure chest of thrills. Easy to keep if you decide that you want the set. Send only $1—then $1 a month until $10 is paid; or, send $9 with this coupon and save $1, the same guarantee of satisfaction applies. Don't hesitate. Don't deny yourself this great opportunity to enjoy the thrills of a lifetime—to possess this outstanding classic of our literature, the Balmoral edition of Robert Louis Stevenson.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

BALMORAL EDITION

Contents:

Vol. I TREASURE ISLAND
The Old Buccaneer—The Sea Cook—My Shore Adventure—My Sea Adventure—Captain Silver.

Vol. II CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES
The Child Alone—Garden Days—The Feast of Famine — Ticonderoga—Christmas at Sea.

Vol. III THE MASTER of BALLANTRAE
The Master's Wanderings—The Enemy in the House—Passages at New York—The Journey in the Wilderness.

Vol. IV VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE
Crabbed Age and Youth—An Apology for Idlers—El Dorado—The English Admirals—Walking Tours—A Plea for Gas Lamps—Memories and Portraits.

Vol. V PRINCE OTTO
Prince Errant—Of Love and Politics—*Fortunate—Misfortunate.*

Vol. VI NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS
The Suicide Club—The Rajah's Diamond—Providence and the Guitar.

Vol. VII THE DYNAMITER
The Squire of Dames—Zero's Tales of the Explosive Bomb—The Brown Box—Story of the Fair Cuban.

Vol. VIII THE MERRY MEN
The Treasure of Franchard—The Body-Snatcher—Olalla—Will O' the Mill.

Vol. IX DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE; KIDNAPPED
Probably the two most popular of Stevenson's works.

Vol. X THE BLACK ARROW
Prologue — John Amend — All — The Two Lads—The Moat House—My Lord Foxham—The Disguise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A Chain of Service. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

The Life Insurance Trust. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

Products of General Foods. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

The Care of Your Securities. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Looking Ahead Financially. A humanly interesting presentation of the surprising accumulation which results from systematic investment and reinvestment, made graphic with tables and illustrations. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

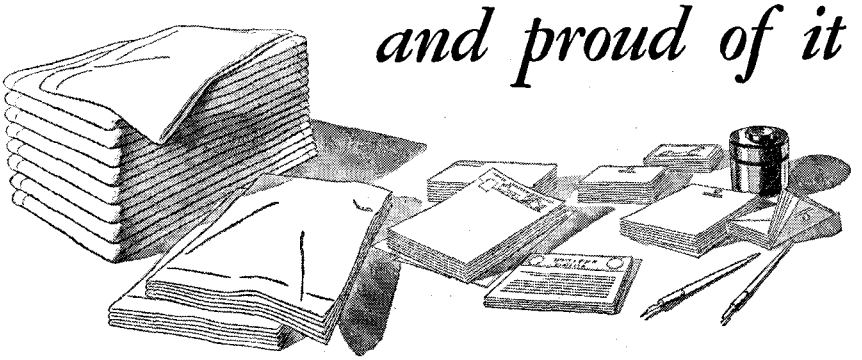
The John Hancock Home Budget. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

See How Easy It Is. How to act as your own insurance agent and save money by dealing directly with the company. Description of special full life policy. Folder upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Ave., New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department
FORUM MAGAZINE
441 Lexington Avenue New York

WE'RE LAVISH HOUSEKEEPERS *and proud of it*



HOW irritating are the economies of too frugal housekeeping! You rush into your hotel room late in the afternoon, hop under the shower, reach for a fresh towel — and there isn't one. The day's skimpy supply completely exhausted! You can either use a rumpled towel or phone — and wait — for an extra one to be sent up.

Or you sit down to your desk to dash off a few letters... find rusty pens, a caked ink well, only a few sheets of stationery. More inconvenience of sending — and waiting — for additional supplies to be brought!

Economies like these are not practiced in the Statlers. In our houses we provide such an abundance of supplies that you don't need to phone — or wait — for *anything*. Your bathroom boasts a liberal stack of bath towels and linen face towels — pure white, extra size, of the *finest quality*. Even the shower curtains are kept fresh and clean.

Moreover, your writing desk is amply stocked with stationery—letterheads, note paper, correspondence cards, postals, blotters, telegram blanks, new pens of different types, fresh ink in a clean, non-caking well — even the year's calendar. A quantity generous enough to satisfy the most industrious correspondent!

And we're not only lavish housekeepers, but *good* housekeepers — proud of the extreme cleanliness of our rooms, our beds, draperies, walls and carpets.

During our years of hotel-keeping many have told us we're *too* lavish. Some even called it lavish when we were the first hotels to provide *every room* with its own private bath, circulating ice water, free radio reception — a newspaper under the door every morning. But we shall continue to provide *unstintingly* all the conveniences — and supplies — which mean so much to the comfort and satisfaction of our guests.

HOTELS STATLER

BOSTON BUFFALO
CLEVELAND DETROIT ST. LOUIS
in* NEW YORK, *Hotel Pennsylvania

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOASTS

BORN in Chicago in 1898, JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD was graduated from Williams in 1920 and from the Harvard Law School in 1923. After two years of practice he turned to literary pursuits and wrote, he says, a great many articles that were never published. "When the rejections grew too hot for me, I did a mild bit of interstate and foreign travel until everything blew over. Then, from New York, I assaulted the editors again and with better luck." Mr. Pollard's legal articles and studies of judges have appeared in a variety of magazines, and he is also a contributor to *The New Yorker*. For the past year he has been in Colorado.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

STANLEY WALKER has been City Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* since January 1, 1928, and for a time was something of a curiosity as the youngest city editor of any large paper. (He adds that he has aged considerably since then.) Mr. Walker was born on a Texas ranch in 1898. His first newspaper work was at the age of seven, when, with an old Oliver typewriter, some paste, and big sheets of paper, he got out a weekly paper telling of the doings around the place — and a pretty good paper it was, too. He would be a rancher to-day if it were not for two things; a bitter dislike for all cattle, and a physical make-up which is, to put it gently, rather frail. He is a natural flyweight, weighing in at 112 pounds. Mr. Walker came to New York in 1919 and served his apprenticeship under Frank Munsey, remaining with the combined paper when the *Tribune* bought the *Herald* in 1924. His love for newspaper work borders on the fanatical, so that he finds it difficult to understand why anyone would want to do anything else.

DESPITE the fact that he has been a journalist, a college professor, and an editor, GEORGE N. SHUSTER claims to have remained primarily a writer with an independent mind. His three books on modern Catholic culture — especially *The Catholic Spirit in America* — have embodied his conclusions regarding the present position of the Church to which he belongs, while his other writings, including most of what he contributes to the *Commonweal* as Managing Editor, bear upon modern American social and cultural conditions. He is soon to publish a book on Germany. In private life, according to his own account, Mr. Shuster appears as a tall, thin man who is fond of Connecticut, grows roses, hales from the Middle West, and sometimes translates a book.

EDWARD ANGLY, who has recently contributed several articles to THE FORUM, is on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*. For seven years he was foreign correspondent for the Associated Press and spent much of his stay in France, as well as in Great Britain and Russia.

BORN in New Orleans, GEORGE TICHENOR attended Tulane University, majored in classical languages, wrestled in the A.A.U., worked on ships, was a reporter for the *Times-Picayune* and first radio editor of that paper. Since he came to New York five years ago he has been editor of the Universal Trade Press Syndicate and has done publicity work for a bank and a railroad. He contributes to the *Theatre Guild Magazine* and *Theatre Arts Monthly* and is writing a book on folk theaters of New York.

IN the lingo of the professional chairman, GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON belongs to the company — actually a small one — of those who "require no introduction." In this issue he applies his famous paradoxical method to matters of economics. Just a year ago, Mr. Chesterton gave a six weeks' lecture course at Notre Dame University on the Victorian Age in English Literature and History. He also lectured in the eastern states and in California. His latest book, called *The Resurrection of Rome* and written in that city, was published in the autumn of 1930. Mr. Chesterton has previously contributed a number of times to THE FORUM.

STANLEY WALKER

PLAYWRIGHT, poet, novelist, essayist, and critic, LEE WILSON DODD is well known in all his various rôles. His last book, *The Great Enlightenment*, contained a long satire in verse together with selections from the whole body of his poetry. Mr. Dodd's home is in New Haven. During the past summer he taught at the Play-house-in-the-Hills in Cummington, Massachusetts, and also at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS has just published his one-volume history of the American people, *The Epic of America* — thus providing a successor to *The Adams Family* and to his other distinguished historical works. Another volume of his collected essays, including several that appeared in THE FORUM, will also be published shortly.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS lives in Atlanta, Georgia, and is a frequent contributor of verse to the magazines.

PAUL D. GESNER was born and raised in the small town of Marshall, Michigan — where his father is a physician to whom a night without an S O S from a gallstone patient, or the husband of an expectant mother, is an event. He is a graduate of Alma College, Michigan, and of the Columbia School of Journalism. He has done newspaper work in and about New York since 1925 and is at present on the financial news staff of the *New York American*. "As," he says, "I intend to take the first train for open country and safety when the next war is declared, I decided to write 'The Morning After' before it happened, and thus fulfill my obligations as a newspaper man to get the story first, then think of self afterward."

JOHN T. FLYNN, many of whose articles have appeared in THE FORUM, has just published a new book called *Graft In Business*. Its immediate predecessor was *Investment Trusts Gone Wrong*, which created quite a furor in Wall Street. Mr. Flynn recently spent some months abroad.

ELLIOTT THURSTON was formerly Washington correspondent for the New York *World* and head of that paper's Washington Bureau. He is now corresponding for the Philadelphia *Record* and is also more or less engrossed with a news service. "In ten years in Washington," he says, "I have learned not to predict what the Senate is going to do, and not to write stories hinting that Senator Borah may bolt the party. I am also learning to identify a Red menace or a tariff iniquity when I meet one. I mean I am trying to learn. I have learned to take politicians seriously. It isn't so important with statesmen, but as I sometimes mistake one for the other I still find it best to take everything seriously." Mr. Thurston was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, and educated at Andover and Brown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED